

THE ART JOURNAL.

THE LAND OF EGYPT.

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THE DRAWINGS BY GEORGE L. SEYMOUR.



EGYPT, whose name was made familiar to us in our childhood as the land of the Pharaohs, as the scene of the thrilling history of Joseph, as the place of servitude of the Israelites — Egypt, the cradle of the earliest known civilisation, and the spot most envied, coveted, and fought for by Asiatics, Persians, Greeks, and Romans, is undoubtedly the most interesting and instructive country in the world.

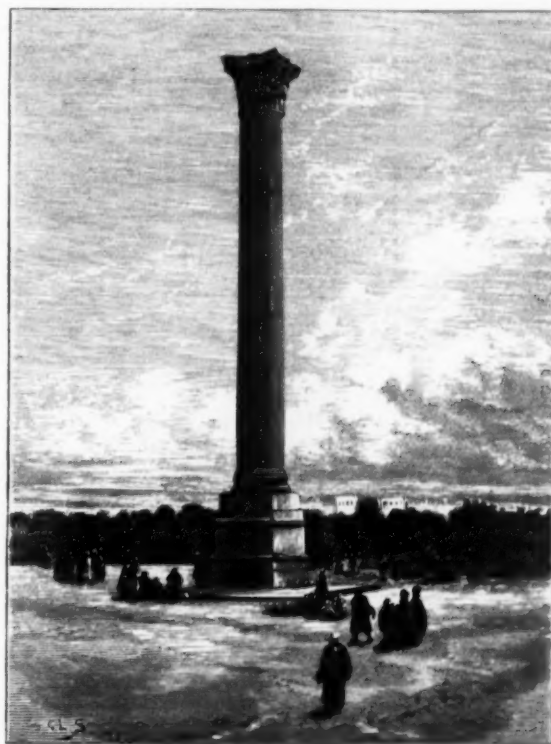
It is doubtful whether our fathers, or even we ourselves in our early days, positively realised the fact of the actual existence of Egypt and

of other distant countries of which we were taught to read in our biblical and classical lessons. Did we believe that Egypt, Jerusalem, Joppa, and Damascus were places still inhabited, and that the manners and customs of their inhabitants had undergone but little change during thousands of years? Probably most of us must give a negative answer to this question. But our ignorance was at that time perfectly excusable. The means of communication in the beginning of this century were few; travelling, either by land or by sea, was accompanied with great danger, and the number of travellers who had visited Egypt and had given any account of their travels might have been counted on our fingers.

But during the last fifty years the adaptation of the motive power of steam to navigation and to land travelling has brought distant countries within such easy and speedy reach, that a professional man in London can now, during his annual holiday, visit Cairo or the Holy Land with less fatigue than would have been experienced by our fathers in a journey to Paris.

A voyage of three days from Brindisi, or of five days from Marseilles, will now convey the traveller to Alexandria. The land is here so flat that it is not seen until the vessel is within a very few miles of the shore. An Alexandrian pilot, in a well-trimmed sailing vessel, here meets the steamer, and nimbly swings himself on to the companion ladder which has been

lowered to receive him. He takes his stand by the captain on the bridge, and keeping a careful look-out for buoys and landmarks known to him, guides the vessel skilfully through the tortuous passage over the treacherous bar and between the hidden rocks and shoals which have hitherto rendered the entrance to this harbour so dangerous to vessels of large size. The pilotage into the harbour of Alexandria is a privilege granted to, and retained exclusively in, one family, who for centuries have held this position, and have been confirmed in it by special firman from every successive Ottoman sultan. About



Pompey's Pillar.

sixteen or eighteen members of the family now follow this profession, and have naturally shown themselves averse to any improvements which would render the navigation more easy, and tend to enable captains to dispense with their services. The new breakwater and mole in course of construction by

JANUARY, 1879.



Messrs. Greenfield & Co. will make this one of the safest places of refuge in the Levant, and when the sunken rocks are removed the entrance to it will be attended with comparatively little difficulty.

The principal objects first seen on approaching Alexandria from the sea are numerous windmills on the west of the town, the white domes of mosques and palaces, the masts of the shipping in the bay, the lighthouse, and the isolated column called Pompey's Pillar. The sea is beautifully limpid and of a bright emerald green, but it suddenly changes to a turbid brown colour,

produced by the outflow of the Nile. The modern lighthouse must not be confounded with the ancient Pharos built by order of Ptolemy Philadelphus. The new one is on the western end of the present peninsula, whereas the ancient one was at its other extremity, at the entrance to the eastern port.

Arriving in the harbour, we have on our left hand the Viceroy's palace of Ras-et-teen, and on our right the wharfs and warehouses, while in front are the arsenal, the landing-stage, custom-house, and passport office.

No sooner is the vessel moored than a number of small painted



Alexandrian Pilot.

boats surround her. They are manned by men of all Levantine nationalities—swarthy Egyptians, black Nubians, active Greeks, and Maltese. Presently an official boat is seen approaching, rowed by eight or ten men in naval costume; we cannot call them blue jackets, for they are dressed in white linen, with red girdles and tarbushes. The Egyptian flag in the stern has a square of yellow bunting in one corner, showing that it belongs to the quarantine department; and it bears an officer of the Board of Health to examine the ship's papers. If all be found satisfactory, and the ship's doctor give a good report of the

health on board, this quarantine officer pronounces the ship clean and free to communicate with the shore. This is a signal for the hovering fleet of boats to make a simultaneous rush towards the newly arrived vessel. The boatmen clamber up the ropes and sides, and soon swarm her decks. Hotel touts, travelling dragomans, interpreters seeking the patronage of the travellers, soon produce a scene of the utmost noise and confusion in a perfect Babel of languages.

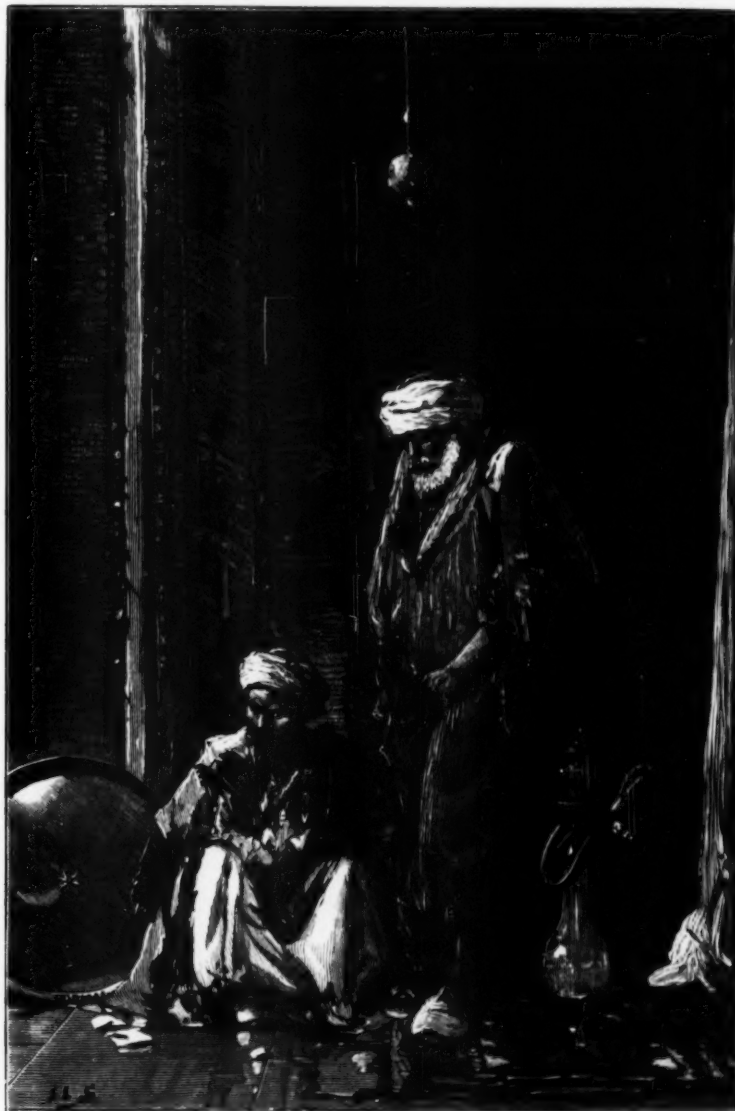
The traveller who has selected his dragoman is then conducted into one of the boats and rowed ashore, and having passed

through the usual formalities at the passport office and custom-house, emerges into a street crowded with carriages, donkey boys, camels, trucks, and bullock carts, and is soon driven in a carriage or omnibus to the hotel at which he has decided to alight. The streets are narrow and tortuous, and are not provided with footpaths; thus the safety of all pedestrians is being constantly endangered by the traffic of carriages, carts, laden camels, and donkeys. The shops are small and open-fronted, and the wares, both European and Oriental, are exposed for sale by the shopkeeper, who is either seated cross-legged on the counter or on a chair in front of his merchandise.

The carriage suddenly emerges into a fine oblong piazza planted with trees, with a fountain at each end, and an eque-

trian statue of Mohammed Aly in the centre. Here the traveller observes European houses, that are in remarkable contrast to those between which he has just passed. Hotels, consular residences, shipping offices, and other important public edifices surround this splendid square. Looking down from the balcony of the hotel in the cool of the afternoon, a motley crowd of loungers is seen strolling up and down under the shade of the trees. European merchants are there discussing politics or the state of the funds. European children, under the care of neatly clad Italian or native nursemaids, are playing about in rather a listless manner, for they all seem pale and influenced by the heat of the climate.

The principal object of interest in Alexandria is the column



Boabs, or Watchmen.

commonly called Pompey's Pillar, of which our artist has made a very graphic sketch. It is situated on an eminence outside the precincts of the modern town, in the vicinity of the Mohammedan cemetery, and is a prominent landmark, towering above every other object in any exterior view of the city. Its total height is nearly 100 feet, including base, shaft, and capital. About thirty years ago some English sailors, by means of a kite, hauled a rope over the top of the capital, and were then drawn up, and recorded their names there. An English lady was so venturesome as to consent also to be drawn up, and she still boasts of her remarkable feat. On the top of the capital were found the remains of a statue, which has been shattered in the lapse of time. The column was erected in honour of the Emperor Diocletian, as certified by a Greek inscription on its base.

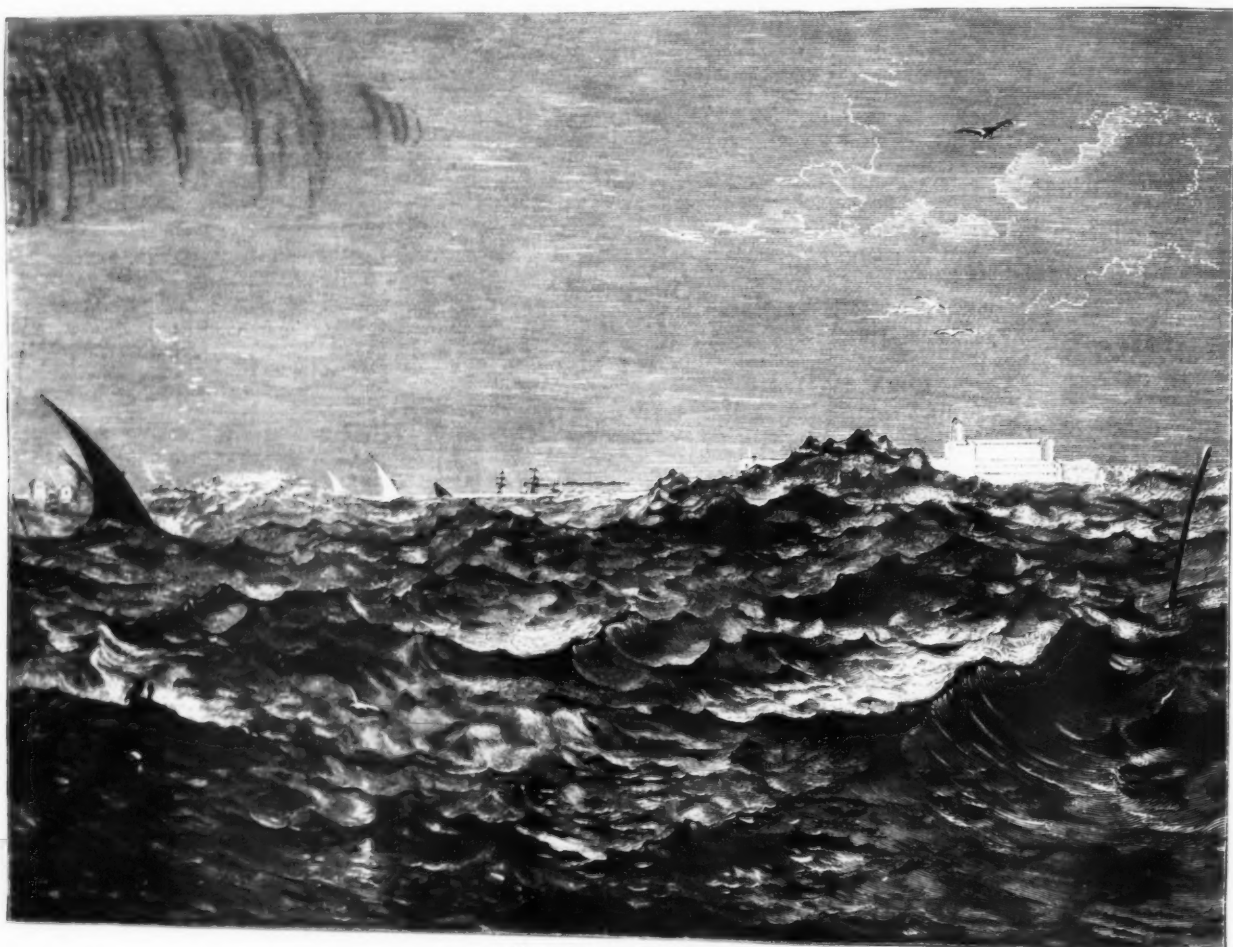
The object next in importance, and one which has lately obtained special notoriety, is Cleopatra's Needle, which stands on the shore of the eastern harbour, near the Ramleh railway station. Here formerly stood two obelisks belonging to the period of Thothmes III., a Pharaoh of the eighteenth dynasty. They were brought from Heliopolis in the reign of Tiberius, and set up in front of the Temple of Caesar. One is still erect, and the one which had lain prostrate for centuries has recently been transported to London, at the expense of Dr. Erasmus Wilson, by the engineering skill of Mr. John Dixon, and now adorns the Thames embankment.

The Mahmudiyah Canal is well worthy of a visit. It was dug in the reign of Mohammed Aly, in 1819-20, for the purpose of connecting the Rosetta branch of the Nile with the city of Alex-

andria. On its eastern bank are numerous villas, situated in prettily laid-out flower gardens. The broad road in front of these villas is a favourite resort of the fashionable world of Alexandria, who drive up and down in open carriages in the cool of the afternoon. On the way to this promenade the traveller has to pass several squalid native villages, where the mud hovels present a strange contrast to the magnificent country seats of the wealthy inhabitants. Indeed, Egypt is a country of striking contrasts throughout. Enormous wealth and abject poverty; dazzling light and sudden shade; richly embroidered garments and dirty rags; highly cultivated fertile fields abutting abruptly on the arid desert; imperishable buildings of the highest antiquity and modern constructions already crumbling to dust; primitive, almost archaic agricultural implements side by side with the most modern inventions of steam ploughs, pumps, and threshing machines; whilst express trains run at full speed parallel with the routes followed by the tortoise-paced camels.

Alexandria contains a mixed population of about 220,000 inhabitants, of whom about one-fourth are foreigners. Amongst the native population we have the Ulema, or learned men, students or professors of Mohammedan theology, jurisprudence, or rhetoric. They are generally scrupulously clean in their persons and in their habits, and are attired in the kumbáz, jubbeh, and white turban, which, with but slight modifications, have been their distinguishing dress from time immemorial. The Arab still wears his woollen cloak, which serves as a protection both from heat and from cold, whether by night or by day. The peasant is poorly clad in one, or at most two, garments of coarse linen or cotton stuff, and wears a felt skull-cap on his head. The Turk and the modern Egyptian officials wear black surtouts, cut square and single-breasted, somewhat like an English clergyman's frock coat, and a red tarbush with small black silk tassel.

The clerical element is also well represented in Alexandria.



Alexandria from the Sea.

Carmelite monks, with girdles of rope and dangling rosaries, Franciscan friars and Latin priests, with their black robes and broad-brimmed, flat-crowned hats, are often met in the streets. The Oriental clergy wear long flowing robes of a dark colour, and are chiefly distinguished by their head-dress; the Greek orthodox priest, in his black camlet robe, is recognised by his peculiar cap of stiff black felt or cloth, with broad circular crown, but without brim. The cap of the Greek Catholic priest differs from that of the Greek orthodox, in that the crown, instead of being circular, is hexagonal. The Coptic priest wears a black or dark blue turban carefully twisted round his dark tarbush, and the Armenian covers his head with a large black hood.

For several miles along the sea coast to the east of Alexandria a series of pretty country houses has been built, chiefly by European merchants and officials, which form a straggling

village named Ramleh. Here they enjoy the sea breezes and sea bathing. A railway, constructed by a local company, has stations at convenient distances along its line. Here may be seen the wonderful effect of the Nile water on the native sand. This district was, until the last few years, simply an arid waste; but wherever it has been irrigated and planted its latent fertility is developed, and the labour is amply repaid by the flourishing of luxuriant trees and pretty flower gardens around the well-built, convenient houses. In open spaces near every little cluster of European dwellings is a Bedouin camp, the men acting as guards or messengers, the women rearing poultry and doing other work for the European residents, and are generally faithful to any trust reposed in them. The terminus of the Ramleh railway is about half-way between Alexandria and the Bay of Aboukir.

(To be continued.)

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A STATUE.*

By PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A., F.S.A.



THE first matter of difficulty in conceiving a statue is what the figure is to be doing, or shall it be doing anything? The prevailing receipt is to represent him as doing something that is connected with the calling that made him famous. Thus the orator has his arm out as in some "hortatory" gesture; the mathematician is measuring with a pair of compasses; the geographer has his globe; the painter his brush and palette; the general is giving orders for an advance. In this there is a sort of vulgar expressiveness, easy and obvious for the passing multitude. And yet it is the least expressive mode, because, being so familiar, it has ceased to convey, just as when moving our feet we do not think of the steps or details of the process. On the stage the vulgar theory is that perfect realism—that is, the introduction of real incidents and real "things"—must in truthfulness far exceed any imitation. Yet it is a fact that a generalism is truer to life than a mere replica of a particular object or incident, and this it is that excites dramatic interest. For the true dramatist has the art of generalization, but any individual can find a particular instance for himself. It was thus that the "teacup and saucer" school of comedy delighted for a time; but it has become flat and unendurable, because every one sees that the process of transferring incidents of vulgar life to the stage is easy enough to be done by himself. Not but that, in the case of a figure, these evidences of profession may be allowed; but they must be accompanied with evident inspiration. They must be accidents, not essentials. This impression should really be conveyed by the artist, and breathed, as it were, from the figure; and if the artist be a genuine one, and not a mere modeller, he will have so saturated himself with the spirit of the subject, that this effect will be conveyed almost without effort. It will be said that this is a fine theory; and that bronze and marble are not like words or poetry, to convey an abstraction, as in the story which Chantrey used to tell of the Irish deputation which came to him on the subject of Grattan's statue. A leading member declared that their wish was that the small base placed under the feet of every statue should represent *the rock of the Constitution*, which the sculptor found it impossible to carry out. And yet it might have been possible to convey this sentiment without the assistance of "a rock." This can be illustrated by the famous and imposing statue of the great Frederick at Berlin, which has none of the strutting military essentials—the pointing to distant smoke with a field-glass, or flourishing of a sabre. The composition speaks, as it were, and tells the whole history of the man; and, as the stranger looks, he feels he has before him the great soldier he has read of, something that revives the character, incidents, all. This magnificent and effective conception, as is well known, is an equestrian figure of the King, in his habit as he lived, set on an imposing piece of architecture rather than a base, round which are grouped the whole series of distinguished men who rose to civil and military renown during his lifetime. It is the contrast of this magnificence and state with the quaint, simple figure in the old rusty suit and well-known cocked hat, jogging along, as it were, that gives the effect. In the attitude there is the air of almost domestic repose and old fashion. We recall Potsdam, the flute playing, and the drilling of the Grenadiers. Even the crowd, ignorant, it may be, of those particulars, is arrested by this plain and Quakerish simplicity, and learns the lesson that one so unpretending in air was the master of the more conspicuous beings strutting in gaudy trappings below. It is the old principle conveyed in the story of the undecorated great man among all the stars and ribbons,

and who was pronounced *très-distingué*, not, as the superficial might suppose, because he was without such ornaments, while they had them, but because his real greatness was emphasized as being independent of such adornment—a principle which the Americans follow, though no one calls their minister *très-distingué*. This is certainly one of the finest compositions in Europe, and exactly expresses what it was intended to express.

Taking this principle with us, we may compare with it the monument to another hero, which is wonderfully and mysteriously placed on the top of the large arch at Hyde Park Corner. That this is an eternal memorial of bad taste and ignorance is universally conceded; everything that it expresses is wholly opposed to the Duke's character, ludicrous grotesqueness and absurdity being the first impression, with a theatrical conspicuousness and self-assertion in addition. For this, of course, the situation is accountable. The attention settles on the horse and the Duke's arm; indeed, there is a sort of comic character and individuality about the animal which almost withdraws attention from the rider. One could fancy an equestrian image of the Duke during a critical moment at Waterloo: the responsibility—the anxiety as to the delay of the Prussians—the firm purpose—all which could be more expressed by concentration rather than by expansion; *i.e.* a general in such a position does not flourish or extend his arm, but is rather "drawn together." Indeed the moment of giving an order or of pointing with a field-glass is the unimportant and mechanical part of the action, and therefore scarcely worthy of representation. It is the moment before that is of interest, when the mind is in council with itself. The present Commissioner of Works might earn renown cheaply by having this figure taken down and placed on a fine architectural pedestal—where it recks not, for *any* position would be superior to the one it now occupies. As well might it be placed on St. Martin's steeple. The arch, too, an imposing piece of work, is equally spoiled.

But there is another statue in London in which sentiment and feeling are very satisfactorily displayed—that of Sidney Herbert in Pall Mall. The ordinary sculptor would probably have treated it in the ordinary way. Being a Parliament man and statesman, there should be the scroll either in his hand, or at his feet, or by his side, unrolled on a short column or altar, kept in its place by the tip of his finger. Then for expression the invariable one, somewhat haughty, and in the act of pompous refutation, "Does the honourable member venture to assert," &c. But would this convey any idea of Sidney Herbert—the patient army reformer, the soldier's friend, the amiable and popular statesman, the official worn to his grave by anxiety, a sense of duty, and the gallant effort to repair failure, and assume the responsibility of errors for which he only was not responsible? Again it will be said that this would be about as fecund as a certain famous shake of the head, and impossible to convey in metal or marble. Yet those who pass by the sad, pensive image in Pall Mall will not find it difficult to gather something of this from the memorial.

It is a mistake to think of employing merely the military costume, under the plea that this it is which must speak to the crowd and tell the story. The "Iron Duke" is the key-note to be struck: the conqueror of Napoleon—not so much by bloody shock of battles as by resolution, reserve, and calm foresight. The sculptor should fill his mind with this, and express it in the face, bearing, and attitude. The Americans have been very successful in their representation of their hero, Washington; and at Boston, I think, he is shown in the effective and familiar dress of the period, always welcome to the sculptor—witness Foley's Goldsmith and Burke. But he is not set out in that theatrical mode of riding which is supposed to give state and dignity, such as may be seen in Marochetti's horseman at the Houses of Parliament; but

* Continued from page 114, vol. 1878.

in a familiar, almost "jogging" fashion, with that singularly calm, composed, and capable air which was significant of his character. Now this has far more effect than if his gifts were displayed in dress and attitudes. And there is even the surprise for the crowd, astonished that so quiet a being could have been so great; while the experienced and cultivated know that this composure does attend great gifts, and they are gratified to find that the hero is no exception to the rule. In short, it comes to this: a true artist can express the character and effect in face and figure, and without any aid from dress or mimetic attitude, far more effectively than by the common accidents of dress and posture. A French sculptor, Dubois, in his 'Le Courage Militaire,' lately exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, has shown this to perfection. Purity of expression was rarely so well illustrated as in this sitting figure. The arms and accoutrements are mere accidents; what is required is the human elements of calm confidence, bravery and strength in reserve, and quiet expectancy and devotion; much, in short, of the feeling one has to the capable captain of a ship in a crisis, and which depends not on his attitudes or gestures, but on what is hidden.

It may be said, of course, that this is adopting the very highest standard, and that the ordinary sculptor who receives a commission to "do" the local benefactor cannot deal with his subject in so purely intellectual a fashion, and must tell his story through the simple and vulgar medium of dress and symbolic attitudes or occupations. This is, in a certain degree, true; and the answer is that, under such low conditions, no statue is needed; but still, if his efforts, however halting, were in the direction named, there would be still better effect, and the result more satisfactory. Anything would be better than the present theory of a statue, which seems virtually to amount to this:—*A metal or marble figure of a human being, in some attitude connected with the different professions or occupations of life, and labelled below with a proper name, to prevent mistakes.* In other words, we have plenty of memorial images, much as tombstones are memorials; but not memorial likenesses. The true likeness is not in body, but in mind; not in outline or surface, but in action; for a giant of good mimetic power might give a capital and lifelike imitation of a dwarf, though utterly unlike him in any point. Further, an artist who works from within will find abundant variety of original attitudes which, without being pronounced or significant of the profession, shall yet perfectly indicate the nature of the subject character.

Most intolerable is the conventional monotony with which such a type as a great statesman or speaker is invariably dealt with, in this country at least—Pitt, Peel, Canning, and the rest, all "strutting" forward in a most priggish fashion. Now it is

certain that each of these famous men had a special style of his own, something peculiar in gesture and manner which gained him influence as a speaker, and this should certainly have been reproduced to give an individuality in each instance. In the Royal Exchange at Dublin is a truly remarkable figure of Dr. Lucas in the attitude of speaking, full of vivacity and life, his very clothes reflecting the animation of the limbs. The body makes a sort of curve from the ground, the head and chest stooped forward, the arms bent as if "gathering up something;" in short, the whole is as different from the conventional attitude assumed to be that of speaking as could well be imagined. This remarkable effort is by one Smith, and is in the style of Roubilliac, which, extravagant as it is conceived to be, gives some wonderful lessons in variety, and shows what unbounded resources are open to the sculptor, whereas, from the modern performances, one would think that the field open to him was of the most limited kind. This individualisation, it may be urged, is hopeless, where the artist has not known the original, but not so difficult as may be imagined if he have studied human character and special types, such as are met with even in the public streets. There is even an art in studying photographs, which are faithful to a certain degree; and it would not be even too fantastic to study a person whom the friends considered to suggest him in shape, bearing, and manner. Anything, however, would be better than this lay figure of the studio, and the "property coat" buttoned on it.

Foreign statues are wonderfully successful, and, though often extravagant, always atone for excess by spirit. The French provincial towns are full of "dashing" performances. The one of Jean Bart at Dieppe is pleasant to look at, from its costume and fiery attitude. The visitor knows that he is in the presence of a personage of a romantic sort. We might wish that a French sculptor would favour us in London with a specimen or two by way of example; not, however, that we should have an English celebrity dressed and treated as a Frenchman, which would be out of place.

In many statues it may be noted that one foot is made to project a little over the ledge representing the ground, with the effect of a certain lightness and freedom, though its meaning is rather difficult; for if it be taken as a sort of step or the edge of a platform, men would scarcely stand in such a position. Nor should the edge be "bevelled" away, as is so often done, in imitation of the undulations of the ground, for the only meaning of such an arrangement is that the figure is on a little hillock. In the theory that the figure is *standing on the ground*, but at an elevation, the base should be *level*, a portion, as it were, of the greater surface.

(To be continued.)

ART IN THE COTTAGE.

WITH a paradox for a title, standing out like a monolith in a sandy plain, which refuses to sing when smitten with sunlight, and merely acts as a gnomon on the dial of the desert, not much, perhaps, can be expected from a dissertation on Art in the Cottage, either in the way of instruction for the wayfarer or suggestion for the wise. What can Art have to do with the Cottage, except as a part of a picture? The artist who can paint a cloud, until you can repose upon it with rapture, or you must needs fly from it with terror as from a winged spirit of evil, is a heaven-born genius whom Nature has taken by the hand and made her pupil. But anybody, a school-girl, a mere copyist, a moon-faced Chinaman, learned only in the lore of tea-papers and willow-pattern legends, can paint a cottage with its simple lines and its homely beauty. Does it not stand for all students as the alphabet of Art, the point at which lessons on straight lines and angles join together, and the force of combination begins to bear upon future ideals or more imposing landscapes? A

cottage is to a complete picture what an epigram is to an essay; what a splash of colour on the palette is to a gorgeous sunset; what a blood disc is to the frame of beauty which may grow out of it, Madonna or Venus. As a fraction of some larger possibility, then, it may be said that Art can be fairly connected with the Cottage, but not otherwise.

Dropping away from the pictorial aspect, and falling gently down into a more philosophic mood, or rising upward, if the idea be preferred, there is yet much to urge against the paradox. Art implies wealth, leisure, refinement, and largeness of view. It is essentially aristocratic. Visions of palaces, temples, churches, domes and galleries, spring up as we dwell upon its achievements, leaving no place for the lowly cottage, the poor and the simple-minded, the serf to toil, the tiller of the field, the rude speller of words amidst a mighty library, the being of one tongue, to whom the chorus of Nature is but the chaos of Babel. Art, you say, is not and cannot be democratic. It might please

a king to fancy that if you did not teach a child, but let him speak his natural language, he would gabble in Hebrew, not in English, begin with the first language and scorn the rest; but there can be no such levelling in Art, no such descent to things primordial and fundamental. It is a grace of culture, not an instinct of Nature, and to force it down to the level of the Cottage is to degrade it from its proper place—the Palace. The boor may become an object of Art, touched into a fictitious splendour by the brush of the painter and by the conceptions of the poet; but he is a boor all the same, rough in his raiment, rude in his ideas, if he has any, and gazing out upon life with the unsyllabled wonder of an ox, or at best with the timid and tearful eyes of the fawn. Feelings he must have—of joy, of hope, and of sorrow, of love, of hunger, and of yearning for rest. But closed for him are the gates of the Paradise where Art reigns and creates; and the flaming sword has no terrors, because he is never touched by the ambition to enter, or by the sense of broken or imperfect being in remaining outside. If he ever nears the border-ground of Art, it is only as plants touch the province of human sensibility, as birds and beasts come near the domain of perfect speech. To all who consciously speak or unconsciously muse in this fashion the Cottage is the symbol of an incurable deprivation, the sign of an impassable barrier, the terminus of a rank or an order of intellect which soars one way into exalted regions where spirits have wings, and grades down the other way into a monotonous plateau where animals merely have feet, to descend still lower to the plain where all that is living can but crawl.

A bold spirit may be forgiven if it rebels against this cruel disfranchisement, against this artificial division of mankind into souls whose rightful home is the Palace, and souls whose just prison is the Cottage. Art is surely for the race, not for its accidents, as speech is for all, as sun and showers, stars and sea, are for all—a splendid democracy, not needing institutions, not scorning high birth, not recognising the difference between the emotion which expresses itself in a jargon of phrase, and the wonder which folds itself up in a dusky corol of silence. The true artist works for what is common to man as a whole, and it is small care for him whether his work be enshrined in a cottage or ensconced in a palace, so that it be reverently regarded, teach its lesson, and perpetuate the spirit of his life which he poured into it. Nay, he would rather have the dim but earnest love of the cottager than the patronage of one who follows a fashion, and grovels in meanness amidst the richness of his lot. Wealth insures possession, but it cannot of itself sanctify use. Poverty forbids possession, but it denies little else; it may be more swiftly led astray, but it can be as easily led aright. The Cottage stands in its barrenness as a symbol of man's first abode, fashioned by his own hands from the trees of the forest and the stones of the hillside. The Palace rears itself before men's eyes as a more perfect thing, as a home of light, and not a mere shelter against the elements; as a collection of the spoils of the world of man as well as of Nature—a type of the completer conquest which has come in the fulness of time. But we shall err if we make of them permanent divisions, representing the impossible and the possible, the termini where Art may just hope to begin, and where it is glad to end.

Is it not as well to reverse the ordinary test, to discover whether Art be capable of the high things prophesied concerning it, whether it be making that progress amongst us which we fancy it is in our more self-satisfied moods, or whether it be wandering astray in obedience to the false theory already set forth about its aristocratic spirit? Let us leave the Palace, and all it stands for in men's minds, and let us come down to the Cottage. We will avoid the towns where "soot and despair" prevail, where the machine spirit pitilessly grinds away men's lives, and where even the blue sky is a rarity, unless fierce winds are driving at the smoke as if they would sweep it away as an abomination. We will leave the iron track, the electric wire, and seek out some idyllic spot in the shadow of mighty woods, close to some ancestral home, where birds and beasts seem less startled at the sight of the human form. Here are trim hedges, rows, luxuriant fields, peaceful industries, and a wide sweep of

country, broken by the mountains which "bring peace." And here, surely, we shall catch some glimpse of all that is best and brightest in our English civilisation. Take that roadside cottage, with its pretty garden. It was not built yesterday, or probably by anybody but a village architect. Its old framework, newly painted black, with the brickwork whitewashed, gives its exterior a quaint appearance. The thatch is suggestive of endless chirrupings in the early hours of morning. There is a letter, with a fresh stamp on it, stuck in the lead-work of the window for the rural postman as he passes to see. A red-brick footpath leads to the door with its jutting porch, and a tabby cat sits on the whitened step blinking in the sun, fit type of the subdued Nature we see about us. We have finished our discourse upon the fine family pictures at the Hall we have just visited, and the rare books, and the Dutch gardening, and the long interlacing avenues of elms. Are we about to enter another world altogether, to lose our waxen wings? By the deep fireplace, in the flickering light of a wood fire, sits an old man with dim eyes, as if looking far away beyond present things. He is the father of the occupant of the cottage, who remembers the Squire's father, and is full of old tales and family history. The son is eating, and his good wife is helping the children. They are fair specimens of the English peasantry, brown and ruddy, squarely built, with light eyes and large hands and feet. What is Art to them? Look round the room and answer. It has its space, its power in their lives. The furniture is rude, solid, made for hard use. The walls are yellowed, and hung with pictures in black frames—not many of them, but very curious; a print of the old Squire, finely done, but spotted with damp; some German sacred pictures, coarsely coloured; a sampler, very much faded, worked by the wife of the old man in the corner when she was in her tenth year; an old mirror, once part of a fine room, square in form, with its gilded frame paled with age, and so fastened to the wall that seldom anything human but a Sunday hat is reflected in it; a shelf with a few bits of old china and one or two books, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," the Bible, a hymn book, some odd magazines; and in the corner near the stair door some prints pasted on the wall, cut out of a cheap serial, and representing the siege of Sebastopol and the bombardment of Odessa. "Ah! my son stuck 'em up, sir," says the woman, rising from her chair. "He 'listed. Nothing would do for him but sodjering. He's in India, sir, in the —th Regiment." Here, then, we have three streams of influence. The print of the Squire represents what we call feudality, the one vivifying bond in so much of our rural life; the German prints touch, however feebly it may be, the religious sentiment; the pasted pictures on the wall show us romance, the true English spirit of adventure. It is not often Art can be found so solidly established in a cottage, but it always makes a pretence of being present. If we were to hazard any remarks about Art in one of them, however, we should not be understood, and we might as well quote Homer or talk French. We might, however, raise a pleasant smile on the face of the good woman of the house if we drew attention to her well-polished side-table, or her bright candlesticks on the shelf over the fireplace, or her well-scrubbed stairs. The floor, perhaps, is not at the present moment as clean as it will be on Sunday morning, nor are the children so tidy, nor is the housewife herself so homely-looking. But we have thoughts in our minds, and, as we leave the cottage, we say to ourselves, "There is more hope for Art here than in many of the more famous places of the earth."

What can we be thinking of? More paradoxes, replies the cynic, who has in mind, perhaps, the cottage of a miner or a collier, where the only thing suggestive of Art is a clock, with garish pictures on the enamel of the face, and a little carving on the long brass-hinged door. No; we are thinking of some of the countries where Art has reached its highest expression, where great men, famous for all time, lived and wrought, where the master builders, the master painters, and the master sculptors found their home and their inspiration, leaving behind them, not "great verse unto a little clan," as Keats finely expresses it, but great works for all time, "treasured up," as

Milton says, for "a life beyond life." The links of our thought are not apparent, nor do they, at first, suggest them to ourselves. It may be only a freak of the mind. We pass forward to the church; it is cold and poor, but ancient. No painted windows are visible, no gorgeous altar-piece, no marble pillars to the pulpit; no sense of mystery creeps over us. All is plain, unpretending, substantial, even to the few high oaken pews looking dusty with age, and the remnant of a crusader's tomb which some pious incumbent has preserved. As we emerge again into the green-bordered road, our thought has completed itself. It is a contrast which has been troubling us with an internal tumult. Hall and cottage and church have carried us away to sunnier lands, where the first and the third would have been more splendid, and the second more squalid, more utterly unlike anything resembling Home. The thought forces itself into speech. "What has Art done for the home of the Italian peasant? It has beautified his churches, it has given him grand villas to look at, shimmering in the golden haze of noon, or tricked out in fantasies in the moonlight. When he journeys to the town with his produce, he beholds splendid buildings, pretty fountains, quaint shops, perhaps a picturesque procession, and many fine dresses. His eye is well educated, and he takes in everything. But follow him to his cottage, and note its contents. The furniture is rude, fit only for a village ale-house. It is scanty and dirty. No pictures are visible on the dingy walls, no antique links with bygone times; no books, no hints of romance or of human attachment. Perchance you may find a daub of the Virgin, many degrees inferior to a German coloured print. The pottery is coarse, the people are dirty, the very garments suggest unpleasantness. Was it so in the days of the great masters? We fear the answer must be in the affirmative."

But our examination is not ended. We stand in imagination at the doorway—in reality we are leaning over a gate, watching the smoke of the cottage we have left behind, and it may be that it is the smoke which makes us dream, with wide-open eyes—and we look down the road, missing the pretty gardens, but struck with the picturesque groups of villagers. Their dress would be considered dirty and untidy in England, but the bright atmosphere beautifies even dirt, and rags become an embellishment. The faces are not unpleasant, the forms are elegant, the motions of men, women, and children are graceful. Here is a woman in holiday clothes—a perfect picture in costume, bearing, and manners. The comely matron of our English cottage would take her for a grand lady. And then the eye wanders to the rich vine-clad slopes, the luxuriant trees, the deep blue of the sky, and we begin—by another freak—to compare English rural life with Italian and Greek, as if we were musing there, and not in England. Is it Nature, after all, we ask ourselves, who does so much for Italian and Greek, and so little for the English peasant? Where the artist is in raptures, should not the man be saturnine? If climate can glorify dirt

and rags, what would it not do for cleanliness and order, for our heavy, squarely built peasants, upon whose faces there settles the sadness of unfinished combat, whose limbs move without elasticity, whose eyes have no fire? Can we wonder that the sense of colour is but in embryo when we dwell upon the paler tints of our landscape, and the absence of warmth in the air? Are we quite fair to the masses when they are almost frenzied with some crude work of Art, in which startling vividness and fierce contrasts pain the cultured, whilst they catch the untutored eye? The holiday aspect of life rarely gladdens us in England; our pulses are slower, our sobriety more manifest, our very devotion more matter-of-fact. The artist loves the crisp clearness of Syrian, Greek, and Italian air. He revels in the beauties about him, whether they be beauties of Nature or of Art. He thinks of our smoke-grimed manufacturing towns; he remembers that a cardinal said there were more pictures in Perugia than in all the provincial towns in England. He is a joyful exile, living his life at the level of the Palace, and forgetful of the Cottage; contrasting Perugia with Preston, and, perhaps for the moment, preferring the peasant in rags to the peasant in decent fustian or smock. It may never occur to him that if Art can do nothing for the people, it has but a mission to the rich, and hence is lower in its spirit than religion, to which it ought to be allied, and even more exclusive than politics, which it scorns. He may not have put the matter to himself in this simple light, or have asked himself, Shall Art always be a something to the poor which they must issue from their dens of misery and dirt to behold, in a church, a square, or a palace? Is it never to be present with the toiler in his home, blessing his simple lot, widening its range, touching him with larger feelings, ceasing to be a superstition, and becoming a companion? If the rich would win Art over to themselves, and parcel it out as they have divided the lands, and sometimes seized the charities, and would even now make religion something which is to excuse their pleasures and insure the continuance of their privileges, it is not the true artist who should be seduced by the notion. There is no law which ordains that the connection is just and eternal between misery and dirt in the Cottage, and a glorified Art in the Palace. Our own best teachers do not toy with the temptation to think such a double dispensation just. Hear what Ruskin says about romantic mediævalism. "Gothic is not an art for knights and nobles, it is an art for the people; it is not an art for churches or sanctuaries, it is an art for houses and homes; it is not an art for England only, but an art for the world: above all, it is not an art of form or tradition only, but an art of vital practice and perpetual renewal." What is true of Gothic art is true of all Art, or the Art is false, a mere tinsel sentimentalism; or, as Jean Paul Richter expresses it, "the sweet manner of pretentious knowledge," which easily dissolves upon the tongue.

EDWIN GOADBY.

(To be continued.)

ADORATION.

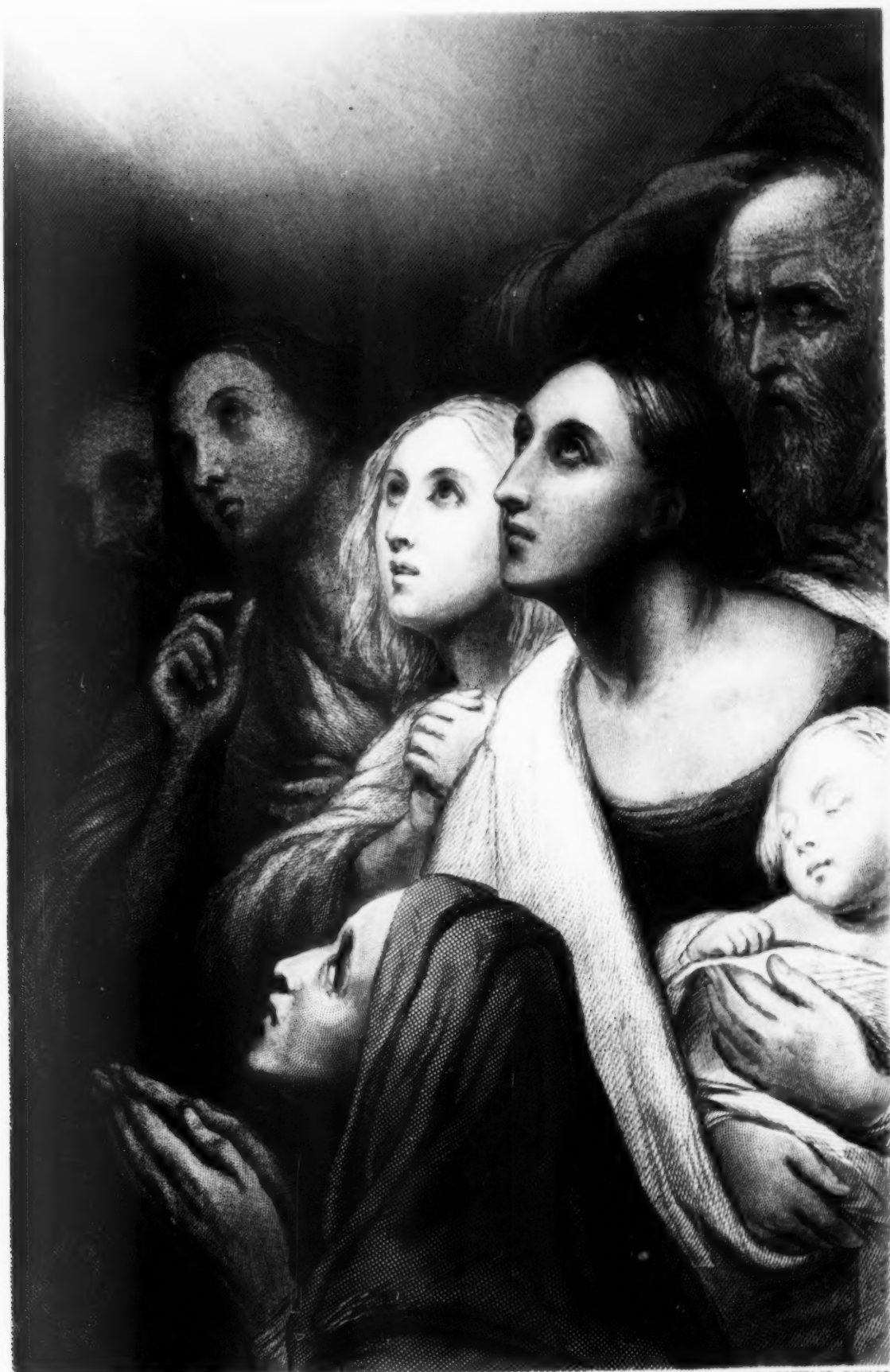
FROM A DRAWING IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

ARY SCHEFFER, Del.

J. C. ARMYTAGE, Sculpt.

THIS engraving is from a sketch, drawn with pen and ink, in a free and masterly manner; the effect is laid in very slightly with sepiæ. The engraver has aimed to imitate the original, so far as the means at his command would enable him so to do. The composition is nothing more than a study of heads in the attitude of adoration, a sentiment or feeling which justifies the title we have given to it. It is only reasonable to suppose that a painter like Ary Scheffer, who in the latter part of his career especially made religious Art the peculiar feature of his practice, should study the human face with reference to such subjects; and we fancy we recognise among this group

individual forms and features which have appeared in some of the artist's finished pictures. Be this as it may, there are here two or three heads wonderfully expressive of the feeling they are assumed to represent, besides being, as in the case of the females in the centre of the group, very beautiful in themselves: the old man behind them is a venerable and venerating figure, fine in feature, and the elderly female in the foreground is unquestionably an earnest supplicant, at least mentally, to the Deity before whom she bows the knee. The group of heads, attractive as it is, does not call for any lengthened remarks: each seems to express its own feeling.



ARY SCHEFFER DELT

J. C. ARMYTAGE SCULPT

ADORATION.

FROM A DRAWING IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHERS

LONDON: T. & A. CO. LTD.



THE WORKS OF JOHN MACWHIRTER, A.R.S.A.



HIS excellent landscape painter, who a few years since left the North to settle in London, was born on the 27th of March, 1839. He is son of Mr. George MacWhirter, paper manufacturer, of Colinton, Edinburgh, a descendant of an old Ayrshire family, a skilful draughtsman, a botanist, geologist, and an enthusiastic lover of nature. His maternal uncles are, or were, great travellers, the most distinguished being the late Major Gordon Laing, who, having penetrated into the interior of Africa in an attempt to discover the source of the Niger, was murdered by the natives. So that from his father Mr. MacWhirter inherited a taste for Art and natural objects, and on his mother's side a love of travel, which he has frequently turned to good account.

It was the intention of the elder MacWhirter to put his son into business, and the lad was articled for five years to a publisher in Edinburgh; but five months brought the engagement to an end, when the former left his employment, and entered the Art schools known as those of the Board of Manufacturers, where so many of the Scottish artists have studied, and to good purpose. The schools were at that time—at least the “antique”

and “life” schools were—under the superintendence respectively of Robert Scott Lauder, R.S.A., and John Ballantyne. Among Mr. MacWhirter's fellow-students were Messrs. John Pettie, R.A., W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., Peter Graham, A.R.A., and others. From the very first landscape was his favourite study, and he pursued it diligently in the neighbourhood of his birthplace, among the Pentland Hills, and on the banks of the Leith. Love of detail led the young artist to make innumerable studies of botanical objects, weeds, flowers, &c.; and this he continues to do up to the present time, having visited for the purpose Norway, Belgium, Italy, the Tyrol, and other countries. Some of these flower studies are, I understand, in the possession of Professor Ruskin, a complete set having been used by him, as examples of minute foreground detail, in his instructions to the Art students at Oxford. It may be remarked that when Mr. MacWhirter was about the age of fifteen he paid a visit to the Isle of Skye, with the object of making some sketches there, but found the “material” to be beyond his youthful powers.

So rapid, however, had been his progress in the development of his artistic talents, and so highly had his pictures commended themselves to the good opinion of his “brethren of the pencil,”



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

“Land of the Mountain and the Flood.”

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

that in 1864, when he was only twenty-five years old, he was elected Associate of the Royal Scottish Academy, the seven pictures—six of them being views in Rome and its vicinity—he exhibited in the gallery that season no doubt contributing in no small measure to the result. The impression they made at the time upon the Art critic of this Journal was as follows:—“Among the most promising artists of the Scotch school, though not connected with the Academy”—he was elected at the close of the exhibition—“is Mr. John MacWhirter. This young painter has drawn his inspirations not only from the beautiful scenery of his own country, but also from the wild, romantic, and almost weird scenery of Norway; and he has wisely studied in Rome, where it is impossible to fail in getting information

and improvement in the technical details of his art. His pictures of ‘The Arch of Titus’ and of ‘The Campagna’ deservedly excite much attention; but it is in his remarkable power to delineate woodland and rocky scenery that his talent is most conspicuous. In a small picture, ‘The Barberini Pine, Rome—Sunset,’ his wonderful talent for tree painting is unmistakably shown; but not to the same extent as in his ‘Old Mill in Norway,’ where so true are the trees, shrubs, and flowers, that they would satisfy the botanist, while at the same time they are all that Art can wish. Mr. MacWhirter feels and expresses the genius of each tree, but he makes no effort to give its microscopic details: he is essentially an artist, and not a copyist.”

In 1865 his works made their first appearance in the Royal

Academy, to which he sent 'The Temple of Vesta, Rome;' and in 1868 'Old Edinburgh,' a moonlight scene, wherein the quaint but picturesque architecture of the ancient portion of the city is seen to great advantage, though but faintly revealed under the half-shadowing rays of the moon. In 1869 Mr. MacWhirter himself followed his pictures from Edinburgh to London, where he has since resided. By this time the artist felt he had strength enough to encounter the scenery of the Isle of Skye, from which he shrank back in conscious weakness in earlier years; and accordingly he sent to the Royal Academy that same year a large landscape, 'Loch Coruisk, Isle of Skye,' where

"All is rocks at random
thrown,
Black waves, bare crag,
and banks of stone."
SCOTT.

It was characterized in our columns as "one of the grandest landscapes of the year;" the scene itself, as presented by nature, is vividly described in Mr. W. Black's "Daughter of Heth." The next picture exhibited at the Academy by the painter was in 1870; it was called 'Day-break,' the subject suggested by Longfellow's beautiful song—

"A wind came up out of
the sea,
And said, Oh mist, make
room for me," &c.

The picture pleased us, as a whole, less than that of the preceding year, though it is poetically treated, and shows some fine passages in it; for example, in the movement of the stormy clouds as they clear away before the rising wind, and "cross the graveyard with a sigh."

In the year following Mr. MacWhirter had two pictures hung at the Academy: one, 'The Depths of the Forest,' shows a horseman riding into the gloom of a pine forest. It was placed very near to Mr. Millais's 'Chill October,' and suffered somewhat in consequence, by forcing into relief the latter picture, painted in a higher key of colour. Mr. MacWhirter's second exhibited work had no special title, but two lines of an old song:

"A great while ago the world began,
With her-foe, the wind and the rain."

which introduced to the spectator a miserable donkey patiently standing in the seashore exposed to the pitiless storm.

In 1872 he contributed to the Academy a large canvas entitled 'The Isle of Skye,' a grand, daring, and powerful composition; "most suggestive," as we remarked at the time, "as a piece of romantic painting," wherein we see "the evening mists with

ceaseless change" rolling over and beneath the range of lofty mountains, now almost hiding them, and now leaving "their foreheads bare;" a noble landscape this. It had for a companion 'Moonlight,' a scene painted with much tenderness of feeling. In the following year Mr. MacWhirter exhibited in the same gallery two pictures, one called 'Desolate,' the other 'The Fisherman's Haven.' It so chanced that we made no notes of either at the time, but have some recollection that the latter, a large canvas, showed some fishing-boats, as they made for the harbour, passing a near coast on which stood a church

in the midst of a churchyard. Possibly the artist intended by this introduction to point indirectly to the latter as the "haven" of rest when the fisherman's life work was done. His two works in the Academy in 1874 had a better fate at our hands, one of them especially so, from the appeal it made to the feelings of ordinary humanity. A miserable-looking donkey stands 'Out in the Cold'—the title of the work—at the doorway of a ruined hut, possibly intended for his stable, but which he cannot enter, for the rickety door has been closed by the wind, and the drifting snow has blocked it up, and the poor disconsolate animal looks wistfully and ruefully at his accustomed place of refuge from the inclement weather. There is a half-humorous feature in the subject, but it is closely allied with pity for the donkey: "the colour is admirably treated, and the sense of complete isolation given by the outline of the animal against the blank back-



Drawn by W. J. Allen

The Lady of the Woods.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.]

ground of deep snow is well marked." The second picture of the year had for a title—

"Night—most glorious night, thou wert not made for slumber;"

and a "most glorious" landscape this is—a summer moonlight glittering on the almost waveless sea, and shedding a softened brilliancy on the figures and over the entire range of the composition.

In the Royal Academy exhibition of 1875 Mr. MacWhirter was unusually strong, for he sent in three works, all very different in subject, and one of them of large dimensions. Taking them in the order of the catalogue, the first on the list bore as its title the well-known Scottish motto, "Nemo me impune lacessit," in allusion to the thistle, of which numerous specimens appear in the picture, mingled with creeping brambles,

dog-roses, and other wild shrubs of spontaneous growth in forest brake and glade and jungle; and among this mass of uncultivated productions of nature are beautiful specimens of butterflies disporting. The picture is full of that detail which may be designated as the artist's "early love." The next represents a number of 'Strayed Sheep'—the name given to the composition—straggling along a lonely shore: it shows much to commend it both in design and execution. The last of the three was a grand landscape, about seven feet wide—a scene in Scotland—bearing as its title

"Land of the mountain and the flood,"

and fully sustaining, as our engraving testifies, the aptness of the quotation in the characteristics of the material of the picture. At the base of a range of "cloud-capped" mountains a river, of comparatively narrow width in its ordinary condition,

has, by some vast accession of waters, widened itself till it has overflowed the banks, and is now rushing tumultuously, and "foaming itself white with rage," as it were, over the huge boulders which strive in vain to impede its progress, while producing no other result than to create numerous mimic cataracts that help to give force and picturesque grandeur to the scene—one not often presented on canvas with such power and truth.

As a contrast to this composition of "sound and fury," we oppose our next illustration, 'THE LADY OF THE WOODS,' in the Academy exhibition of 1876, a graceful birch-tree, truly "lady-like" in form and carriage, rearing her tender branches laden with golden leaves against the blue sky: all the background is painted in beautiful harmony and keeping—a delicious scene most suggestive of quietude and repose, with all its details most conscientiously presented. It had as its companion in the gallery 'Spindrift,' showing a white horse drawing



Drawn by W. J. Allen.

Over the Border.

[Engraved by J. D. Cooper.]

a cart laden with seaweed along the beach on a stormy day, when the spindrift is covering the surface of the sea: a striking and very attractive picture. In the year following Mr. MacWhirter's pictures in the Academy were 'OVER THE BORDER' and 'The Source of a River': the former is engraved on this page. It will be seen to show a wide stretch of almost barren moorland at sunset, with a clump of stunted trees reflecting long shadows in a pool of water in the foreground. Along the roadway is a horseman fleeing for his life to get "over the Border" into a land where in all probability he will find sanctuary: the scene itself is uninviting enough, but is rendered interesting by poetic treatment. Its companion, which hung in the same room, presents a tiny stream, nearly hidden by broad ferns, nodding blue-bells, and an amount of "greenery" of various kinds almost tropical in their variety and richness. Last year the painter sent to the Academy one of the most beautiful pictures he has ever exhibited; he called it 'The Three Graces,' which were

three most elegant birch-trees, a group arranged with singular taste and harmony of lines, with a foreground of thick brushwood as their support trailing and clustering at their feet: a most worthy pendant to the 'Lady of the Woods.' It is in such sylvan subjects as these that Mr. MacWhirter's pencil revels, and amid which it does such good service.

We have already noticed this artist's love of travel, and the uses he has occasionally made of his visits, which have been, at some time or other, made to nearly the whole of Continental Europe. In the spring of 1877 he went to America, crossed the prairies by the Pacific Railway, visiting Salt Lake City, &c., and on to San Francisco, spending considerable time in the far-famed Yosemite Valley and among the gigantic trees of Mariposa. We hear Mr. MacWhirter contemplates making a "sketching tour" somewhere in the tropics, and hopes to find subjects for study among the wonderful vegetation of the South Sea Islands.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

OBITUARY.

KENNETH MACLEAY, R.S.A.

THE death of this veteran Scotch artist occurred on the 3rd of November in the past year, at the age of seventy-six. In his early time he was most favourably known as a skilful miniature painter, but when photography had, in a great measure, superseded this branch of Art, Mr. MacLeay directed his attention to portrait painting in oils and to landscapes, in both of which he was so successful as eventually to attain the rank of Academician in the Royal Scottish Academy. Though he had considerably overpassed the allotted three score and ten years of man's existence, he sent to the last exhibition of the Scottish Academy in Edinburgh no fewer than six pictures, namely, three landscapes; a figure subject, 'Highland Courtship'; and two portraits, favourably referred to in our notice of the exhibition. The deceased painter was an auditor and trustee of the Scottish Academy, by the members of which he was much esteemed.

DAVID LAING, LL.D.

A venerable and well-known figure will be missed from the literary and artistic haunts of Edinburgh in the person of Dr. Laing, who died in that city on the 18th of October last, at the advanced age of eighty-six. Born in Edinburgh in 1792, he early became learned in book lore, from the fact of his father being a bookseller, whose shop was frequented by the leading literary men of the early part of the present century. The intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott and Lockhart, it was, we believe, chiefly through the influence of the former that Mr. Laing was appointed secretary of the Bannatyne Club when it was established, a post the duties of which he discharged gratuitously for nearly forty years, till its dissolution in 1861, when a valuable piece of plate was presented to him for his long and important services. His labours as a biblioplist were many and great, especially in connection with the Bannatyne Club and the Scottish Society of Antiquaries, of which he was at various periods secretary, vice-president, treasurer, and for twenty years acted as foreign secretary. But it is not altogether for what he did in bibliography that Dr. Laing has earned a memorial in our columns; for he took much interest in artists' works, and was always ready and most willing to give information to

any student who sought his aid. Portraiture especially engaged his attention, and it was in some degree due to his representations that a picture containing figures presumed to be those of James III. and his queen was transferred from Hampton Court to Holyrood House. Among artistic works in which he was interested may be mentioned a volume of etchings by Wilkie and Andrew Geddes, etchings by Sharpe, &c. Dr. Laing was Professor of Ancient History in the Royal Scottish Academy, and in that capacity delivered lectures on the History of Scottish Art, a subject in which he was well versed, and on which we have occasionally consulted him with advantage.

CHARLES SUMMERS.

This sculptor died on the 24th of October last. He went to Rome for the purpose of study, and when there executed, among other works, statues, heroic size, of the Queen, the Prince Consort, and the Prince and Princess of Wales. At the end of August he left Rome for England, but was taken ill on the journey, and died at Neuilly, near Paris. Mr. Summers was born in Somersetshire in 1828, and when a student at the Royal Academy gained the gold and silver medals for modelling. Subsequently he went to Melbourne, to try his fortune at gold digging; but being unsuccessful, he resumed at Melbourne his practice as a sculptor. The statues referred to are, we believe, at Melbourne.

JAROSLAV CERMAK.

There is still another name to add to the list we have lately published of foreign painters who have died in the year now passed away—that of Jaroslav Cermak, who died in Paris on the 25th of April, in the forty-seventh year of his age. He was born at Prague, but went to Paris when a young man, and studied under Robert Fleury, after having been, it is stated, for some time in the atelier of M. Gallait, in Brussels. He soon made his mark among the exhibitors at the *Salon* by his pictures of *genre* subjects, treated intelligently, artistically, and agreeably; and sometimes, when the theme demanded it, with much pathos, as in his 'Taking of Lauenburg,' showing very touchingly a procession of young children.

THE LADY IN "COMUS."

Engraved by W. ROFFE, from the Sculpture by J. D. CRITTENDEN.

TO the Royal Academy exhibition of 1869 the late Mr. Crittenden contributed this elegant figure. The gifted sculptor and pure-minded man died in the month of April, 1877, after a long and severe illness. A brief notice of him and his principal works appeared in our Journal for July following, the statue of 'The Lady in *Comus*' being mentioned in the list. It represents her uttering the long soliloquy when searching for her brothers in the wood, and was suggested by the following passage:—

"I see ye visibly, and now believe
That He, the Supreme Good, 't' whom all things ||
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance
Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honour unassailed.
Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth his silver lining on the night?
I did not see, there does a sable cloud
Turn forth his silver lining on the night,
And cast a gleam upon this twisted grove:
I cannot tell how he got there, but
Such news as I can make to be heard farthest

I'll venture; for my new-enlivened spirits
Prompt me, and they perhaps are not far off."

She begins to sing—

"Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy aery shell,"

MILTON'S *Comus*, Scene 1.

The expression of the face is suggestive of quiet confidence in the "Supreme Good" amidst the darkness that overshadows, and the unseen dangers which may be around, her. The action of the left arm is not very intelligible with respect to the situation and circumstances, but both arms are made useful in the arrangement of the drapery, which is so disposed throughout as to give, in the richness and amplitude of its folds and their graceful disposition throughout, far more of a pictorial character to the figure than a statuesque; and this seems to have been the aim of the sculptor, and so far he has succeeded in his object. The "Lady" was evidently constructed on the lines of a fine and dignified model.



THE LADY IN 'COMUS'

ENGRAVED BY W. KUPPE FROM THE STATUE BY J. P. BRITTEN



THE WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

THE FRENCH GALLERY.

THERE are two features in the present collection of works by British and Foreign Artists which will make the twenty-sixth winter exhibition in Mr. Wallis's gallery memorable. The first is A. de Neuville's remarkable battle-piece representing the closing scene in the taking of 'Le Bourget' (58), by the Germans in October 30, 1870; and the second notable feature is comprised in the forty-four studies and sketches from nature by B. W. Leader, exhibited on the first-floor. Those who like ourselves have long been admirers of the genius of this artist will see more reason to be satisfied with him than ever. The scenes of these studies he has found in England, Wales, and Switzerland, and they are as varied in character as they are conscientious and masterly in execution. The various aspects of morning, noon, and night; the different states of the atmosphere, and of the seasons of the year, have all been carefully noted, as may be seen in 'Cloudy Weather' (33), 'Autumn Morning after Rain' (17), and in 'Moonlight, Worcestershire' (21); and then for variety we have 'Dining-room at the Brake, Horrabridge, Devon' (23), 'Study of a Hill-side at Interlacken' (28), 'The Glacier: Rosenlaur' (43), and 'A Flood on a Welsh River' (7). Mr. Leader, in short, is a student of nature, whose fidelity equals his enthusiasm and his claim to academic honours cannot, we imagine, be much longer delayed. What sort of pictures he makes out of his "studies and sketches" will be seen in the noble landscape, in the gallery below, representing a boy and girl fishing from a punt moored by a thatched shed, in a tree-shadowed and reedy nook of 'An English River' (49).

Out of deference to the susceptibilities of their Prussian neighbours, the French authorities prohibited the hanging of any battle-pieces, relating to the Franco-Prussian war, on the walls of the Great Exposition. This, however, did not prevent the Messrs. Goupil from exhibiting in their own gallery a magnificent series of battle-subjects. These attracted immense crowds; but of all the pictures there the one which drew forth the heartiest admiration and deepest sympathy was De Neuville's taking of 'Le Bourget.' The Prussians have taken the village, but eight French officers and twenty men defended themselves to the last extremity in the village church; and it was only by shooting them through the windows, and bringing up the artillery to storm their improvised citadel, that the remnant of this brave band could be forced to surrender. Lieutenant Grisey is being carried out, sorely wounded, in a chair by his men, while the heavy-looking Prussians stand back half abashed at the sight of the helpless hero. Commandant Brasseur and Captain O. de Verrie stand, swordless prisoners, between two Prussians, but they look so dignified and intelligent, and bear themselves with so noble an air, that we feel, however much physically those Teutons may for the moment be the masters of the situation, the moral victors are the gallant gentlemen, their prisoners. The dead Germans in the foreground, the shattered church on the left, the burning street up which advance masses of the conquerors, the cannon, the broken gun-stocks, and all the other paraphernalia of war, are made terribly realistic, and we feel as if we stood in the midst of the carnage. De Neuville was a pupil of Picot, who taught our own John Cross; but there is not much of the Picot manner in him. In execution he is rougher and more impetuous, and the pictorial faculty is developed in a much higher degree. He has in this picture overstepped, at least in one instance, the boundaries of good taste. His characterization of the big, heavy, stolid Prussian is admirable, but the dead Teuton in the immediate foreground is unnecessarily hideous. The picture is altogether startlingly realistic; and so far as pigments and a brush under the guidance of a subtle brain could do it, De Neuville has avenged Sedan.

Opposite this hangs another large picture which will attract the attention of all those who have travelled in the East, on

1879.

account of its local and atmospheric truth. It represents an 'Encampment in the Desert' (150), and is by L. C. Muller, who has lately been appointed Director of the Academy at Vienna. The place of honour in the near end of the gallery is occupied by J. B. Burgess, A.R.A., with an important canvas showing a benign-looking Spanish priest catechising some young ladies who sit before him. The little girl in black and red dress seated on the carpet, nursing her knee as she attends to the reverend father, is full of refreshing naïveté, and the priest himself is admirably characterized. Otherwise the group is scarcely portrayed with the requisite strength. At the opposite end hangs a rural scene by J. Morgan, showing with much individualization two sets of school boys trying 'The Tug of War' (96). Besides these there are two splendidly luminous pictures by Clara Montalba (86 and 109), both Venetian—the latter being perhaps the better of the two; another, scarcely inferior in Art merit, is by her younger sister, Hilda Montalba, and represents a boat 'Returning from the Rialto' (161). Miss L. Watt has a pretty little picture, 'On the Beach' (140), and Mrs. Val. Bromley two bright Cornish coast subjects (122 and 123). Mrs. B. W. Leader sends a well-painted picture of 'Asters in a Vase' (131), and J. Forbes-Robertson follows suit with a similar subject (121); he contributes also a cavalier guarding a door and pointing to his written 'Orders' (120) with his naked sword. F. C. Jackson's study, 'On the Cornish Coast' (111), is clear, fresh, and faithful, but scarcely so good in colour as his Academy picture of last season.

The elder Linnell's 'Woodcutters' (177) is one of the finest cabinet-sized landscapes he ever painted, and Meissonier's 'Halberdier' (180) belongs to his best period. The marvellous technique of Gérôme makes itself very palpable in his 'Eastern Woman' (56) leaning against a door-post. Duverger, Seignac, Rauber, Chevilliard, Israels, Sadee, J. Jimenez, brother of L. Jimenez, Pasini, Spring, and Munthe are all here in modest force and in desirable form.

THE MACLEAN GALLERY, HAYMARKET.

THE fifteenth annual exhibition of British and foreign water-colour drawings was opened at the Maclean Gallery in November, with two hundred and twenty-three choice works.

Following the order of the catalogue, we propose noting here and there whatever is more than ordinarily attractive, especially the works of those whose names are less familiar to the English public. It will be sufficient, therefore, in passing, to record the fact that such well-established favourites as Mrs. Coleman Angell, Mrs. Allingham, E. M. Wimperis, Carl Haag, and Charles Green are represented by a few well-chosen examples; that Aug. Bouvier has addressed himself to 'Pompeian Decoration' in 'Autumn' (9) and 'Spring' (22), a style of Art admirably suited to his pencil; that O. de Penne in 11, and Basil Bradley in 29 and 37, prove to us once more how faithfully they can reproduce canine types and habits; and that E. Frère, in 'Going to School' (4), and in 'Making Fishing-nets' (17), has tenderly and sympathetically recorded the incidents of child-life and the pursuits of those in humble occupation.

This reminds us that there are other potent masters in this homely field present in the gallery, and foremost among them is Josef Israels. His 'Old Way Home' (12) is one of those melancholy subjects in which he sets forth the sorrows of the poor. It represents a weather-beaten old woman following a small cart, heavily laden, pulled by a dog. The tone of the picture is of course pitched in the artist's usual low key. The technique is equally, of course, masterly, and the impression left by such a theme is just as depressing. But Mr. Israels is equally alive to the satisfactions as well as the sorrows of humble life, only, unfortunately for the delight of his admirers, he does not express this phase so often as he might. In this respect he was in one of his happier moods when he painted 'Helping Mother' (210).

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A little fellow is seated contentedly on the floor nursing baby, while his mother, in the farther end of the apartment, lifts up her head every now and then from the washing-tub to watch, with all a mother's pride, the marvellous capabilities of her little man in the way of nursing.

One of the most famous pupils of Israels is P. Blommers, and his pencil is as habitually cheerful as his master's is sad. 'On the Sands at Scheveningen' (52) we see a little girl carrying with lusty strength her smaller sister across a shallow piece of water. The incident is simple enough; its merit consists in the natural way in which it is represented.

This school of *genre* has found a remarkable disciple in a rising young English artist, T. W. Wilson by name. In manipulation he is as powerful as Blommers, and in the expression of human sentiment, even of the deep emotional kind, he rises to a level with Israels himself. In illustration of this, we would point to his little children 'Defending the Bridge' (26)—a humble plank one—with a mimic cannon and a lively gun-boat, in the shape of a sabot, which keeps cruising off and on the threatened point; and to his 'Widowed and Fatherless' (44): the face of the poor widow is buried in her arm, which lies on the table, her whole attitude being that of one abandoned to grief: her baby is in her lap, and a child a year older sits on the floor and battles with the terrier dog that in his playfulness worries her doll.

In the place of honour on this side the wall hangs one of the most Cox-like pieces of moorland we have seen for some time. It is called 'Peat Gathering' (58), showing a cart with two horses on the left, driving home the fuel. The artist is T. Collier, whom we congratulate on what we cannot help regarding as a renewal of his former strength and vigour. Near this hangs a couple of drawings by James Orrock, who has been reared in the same school, but who, on this occasion, has introduced more delicacy into his drawings than usual, and has been more effective in the judicious distribution of his silver greys. 'Rain on the Lincolnshire Coast' (48), with sands in the foreground, and a similar subject at 'Low Water' (66), are the names of his pictures.

In the same neighbourhood hangs Sir John Gilbert's 'Invasion by the Danes' (41), a body of wild-looking warriors, horse and foot, crossing a river, with low hills in the distance, which we regard as one of the finest drawings this master has produced for some time. The place of honour in the far end is occupied by Tapiro's figure-subject, in the Fortuny school, representing a stately warrior examining, in presence of an interested negro, the lock of a long rifle, while a companion lies his length on the ground and takes deliberate aim at the unseen target. The pendant to this on one side is one of T. S. Cooper's, R.A., carefully drawn groups of 'Southdowns' (107), and on the other a masterly group of 'Sheep at Fontainebleau' (100) beside a tree, by Rosa Bonheur. The different qualities of tone and texture in the two works will be noted by the visitor.

There are also important drawings by E. G. Dalziel, who reminds us in his 'Stepping Stones' (175) of Pinwell, by H. G. Glindoni, R. Carrick, Samuel Carter, George Cattermole, W. C. T. Dobson, R.A., and W. S. Coleman, whose refined treatment of children and infusion of classic sentiment into their action and even their attire becomes more charming year by year. F. W. Topham's 'Little Nell' (73) and J. W. Whitaker's 'Valley of the Llugwy' (49) are two very important drawings by these deceased masters.

MR. TOOTH'S GALLERY, HAYMARKET.

MR. TOOTH opens his annual winter exhibition with a hundred and fifty-eight cabinet pictures in oil, all of that high class which for some years now has characterized his gallery. He by no means confines himself to the British school; on the contrary, he lays under contribution Spain, Italy, France, and Belgium, and thus makes his collection as varied as it is excellent.

For example, 'The Promenade at Nice' (65), groups of fashionable folks promenading a terrace overlooking the sea, is by B. Golofre, the Spanish artist, who has adopted most success-

fully the style and class of subject in which the Italian De Nittis so excels. But Golofre by no means pins his faith and practice entirely on De Nittis. In the picture representing two sixteenth-century youths of high degree in silken attire, practising 'Throwing the Dagger' (94), in presence of their elders, the artist, in co-operation with S. Guzzone the Italian, has taken his own countryman Fortuny for his model, and has produced one of those sparkling pictures so indelibly associated with the name of the deceased master. A little farther on we have a very pleasing example of De Nittis himself in the picture of the young gentleman pulling a skiff in which are seated two young ladies, of fashionable aspect, with parasols. Then there are pictures by Frère, Rossi, Madrazzo, Jacquet, Tissot, and others, who are fairly matched by such men as T. Faed, R.A., Marcus Stone, A.R.A., L. J. Pott, H. Maccallum, and John Syer.

The place of honour has been very properly awarded to the 'Saints' Day' (172) of J. B. Burgess, an old Spanish lady leaning on the arm of her handsome grand-daughter, who wears a blue shawl over a pink dress. There is more character in this picture than in anything the artist has done lately, and decidedly more force. The great master in this latter quality, however, is John Pettie, and his 'Leader' (46), in mail and mantle, with heavy gold chain across his cuirassed breast, is an example of *tour de force* which could be equalled by only one or two other men in this country. There are pictures also by Peter Graham, A.R.A., Frank Holl, A.R.A., P. F. Poole, R.A., and E. Crofts, A.R.A. Among the men worthy of those lettered honours are L. J. Pott, B. W. Leader, C. E. Johnson, H. Maccallum, and J. MacWhirter; but doubtless their day will come. The veteran John Linnell, who is also here, has, with much dignity of mind, refused the honour so long withheld. Among the younger men are Henry Garland, W. H. Bartlett, J. W. Nicol, and Frank Dicksee, all of whom are steadily advancing towards eminence in their profession.

THE BELGIAN GALLERY, NEW BOND STREET.

THE Seventh Winter Exhibition of the Belgian Gallery consists of about a hundred cabinet pictures in oil and water-colour, and the Directors have very wisely resolved to let Olof Winkler's remarkable picture of 'Evening in the Moon,' which we noticed when first exhibited, to remain on view (another season). In cattle pieces and *genre* subjects the exhibition is particularly strong, but we have only space to notice a few.

In Professor Bossuet's large picture of 'Cordova' (1) we have a bright, clear atmosphere, and a highly finished surface. C. Rodeck, who is not a stranger to our own Royal Academy, sends an important landscape, showing in a charmingly realistic manner the effect of the last rays of sunset as they make their way through the 'New Forest, Shropshire' (12), burnishing with gold the boles of the trees as they pass. Another landscape of high merit is Von Poschinger's 'Sunset' (2), with cattle in a marshy foreground. Victor Weishaupt, of Munich, has adopted the Belgian manner of landscape with great success, as his 'Cattle in Pasture on the Banks of the Maas' (20) fully testifies. S. Jacobsen sends a clever view of a 'Devonshire Mill' (48), by moonlight; P. Baudouin, 'Harvest-time in Normandy' (19), full of daylight; and L. Munthe, the Norwegian painter, contributes two of his remarkable winter pieces (28 and 17), one showing some frozen boats on the ice, touched here and there by the setting sun, and the other also giving a glimpse of closing day. Another sea-piece attracting by its merit is Maurice Courant's boats being brought ashore, as it is blowing 'Somewhat Fresh' (29).

The most prominent figure-painter in the exhibition is Professor E. Pagliano, who is represented by two comely lady 'Tennis Players' (5 and 15), the former in a flowered grey sacque, and the latter in a dress of flowered green. There is a charming piquancy about these pictures which will strike every one. 'The Successful Angler' (27) of T. Ceriez is a fashionable lady of the olden time, surrounded by companions who envy and admire the address with which she lands from a marble pond a

small fish. H. de Beaulieu's 'Jessica' (45), whom we see watering her flowers at a balcony, is remarkable for the sparkling manner in which the colour is forced up, reminding one a little of the school of colour created by Fortuny. 'Stop where you are' (49) is the remark made by a boy to a cat which he thinks is coming too near the chickens he and his sister are feeding, and he gives emphasis to his words by shooting out his tongue in the most eminently aggravating way at poor pussy. The author of this homely bit of humour is C. Chierici. One of the cha-

racter heads in the collection is that of the gentleman 'Beggar' (61), whom we see holding out his hat with most insinuating politeness; it is by Professor C. Gussow, whose powers of observation are as keen as his touch is vigorous. Among the water-colour drawings will be found some very pleasing works by Tristram Ellis, T. Pyne, J. H. Dell, E. R. Frantz, Miss Freeman Kempson, and Madame de L'Aubinière. Chevalier L. Pagani, the sculptor, sends a charming 'Psyche,' and Professor C. Pandiani a 'Boy' and 'Girl.'

ART AT THE SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS.

THE advance of knowledge during the present century has been accompanied by the continually increasing division of the subjects of study. What was formerly dismissed in a paragraph, now requires a chapter; where once we had a chapter, now we require a book. The principle of the division of labour is inseparable from the increase of production. Thus from the old study of physics, chemistry has first been severed, as a separate science; then electricity, then light, then heat. Each new aspirant to the rank of a separate science soon assumes its special form, speaks in its peculiar language, and enrolls its special students and experts. The natural philosopher of the time of Leonardo da Vinci is gone. We have for him, as change, the experts of to-day.

While this process in all living and growing science is inseparable from life, the opposite action has been occurring in that which ought—if thoroughly understood and cultivated—to be the science of sciences. It is now some 2,300 years since Aristotle sketched out, in the "Politics," the true lines of study as to all that regards the social organization of mankind. Faint second-hand scraps of the practical wisdom of Aristotle, disguised in the Summaries and Comments of the schoolmen, made the darkness of human knowledge visible down almost to our own days. The study, on the basis of experience and of logic, of one portion of the rules of social life—those which regard the science of wealth—has surrounded the name of Adam Smith with an enduring fame. And Comte, more lucidly than any other writer, has pointed out how, by thorough mastery of science after science, we may finally, centuries hence, arrive at some knowledge of the laws of the science of life.

But not only did Comte himself, despising his own wiser provisions, attempt to cross at a leap the gulf which he had been the first to attempt to measure, but his disciples, and the disciples of his disciples, and their imitators, admirers, and caricaturists, have all chosen to follow the exceptional example of reliance on their own inspiration, rather than the patient plodding path which Comte so unfortunately taught them to leave. Every one that has an invention, every one that has a hobby, every one that has an injury, every one that has a whim, every one that has a craze, is impelled to crowd together, by common consent, for mutual exposition and enlightenment, or the contrary, under the head of the study of Social Science. Under that comprehensive title the order of scientific progress is reversed; and the good old rule of dealing *omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis* flourishes in immortal youth.

Not that all this would concern us, were it not for the recent attempt, which from our point of view we must regard as anything but satisfactory, to deal with no less a subject than Art as a minor branch of "Social Science." "All roads," it has been said, "lead to Rome;" and it is quite possible to drag in any subject in the discussion of something to which it has little or no relation. But few things could tend to bring more thoroughly into evidence the want of system and of grasp that distinguishes the professors of Social Science than this last attempt to invade the realm of Art.

We protest against the idea that Art can be treated as a subordinate branch of a science of which the foundations have yet

to be dug. We object to the effort to do this by a side wind, such as a lecture on the relation of Fine Art to Social Science. We quite agree with Mr. Gambier Parry, that it would be difficult to find a subject more intricate and speculative than the relation of Fine Art to the social interests of a nation. Such being the case, the subject, if necessary to approach, should be treated with all the caution, as well as all the intelligence, which appertains to the higher order of literature. What can be more unwise than an attempt to popularise an intricate and speculative subject before its first outline has been thought out and laid down? What are uncultured men and women the wiser or the better for being told that "Fine Art is the mirror of ourselves. Individually it represents its producer. Art is an *alter ego*." The devotee of Art may feel that there is a truth in such oracular utterances, but we are yet far from the time when men will generally recognise the utility of such language to science, social or otherwise.

Mr. Parry has followed the outcry raised some time ago, with more effect on the ear than on the intelligence, by a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, on the abominations of English architecture. He has so stimulated the *Times* newspaper as to have been made the theme of a leading article, by a writer whose intimate acquaintance with the subject on which he instructs mankind is evinced by his peculiar chronology, that passes "from early English to perpendicular," after which "the transition to the richness of the decorated was speedy and inevitable." "The conflicting jargon of the expositors of Art" is thus unintentionally worse confounded by their critic. No satire, however, on those who in Art have hardly attained to the status of Byron's governess, of whom he said,

"By teaching them to read, she learned to spell,"

can be more just than that put into the mouth of Chryses, the Art patron and critic, in the graceful play of *Pygmalion and Galatea*, when he speaks of the "scumbling" of a statue, and on being justly reminded that scumbling is a painter's and not a sculptor's art-word, rejoins that "the principle is the same." The principle that, in order to write or speak about Art, certain indispensable requisites are demanded, is signally ignored by almost every one who criticises when he ought to learn.

The man who would throw some light on the path by which the student may advance in the historic study of Art, must adopt a widely different method. Let us look at the first point noticed in the address, the decline of architectural merit in our public buildings. Instead of talking about "bleak unsuggestiveness coming into vogue," the student of our national history might draw an instructive lesson from our architectural monuments. He would remember how (with all respect for the peculiar sequence believed in by the *Times*) when perpendicular architecture had been developed to that degree of unhealthy luxuriance which blossomed forth in the roofs of the latest Tudor chapels—roofs in which stone hung from above instead of rising from below—the work of the ecclesiastical architect was arrested at a blow by the costly rapine of Henry VIII.; a rapine for which England at her present day is paying a fine of eight millions a year. He would mark how the introduction of fire-arms led to

the abandonment of the old keeps and towers of the nobility, and to the erection of the "great chambers," lit by lofty mullioned windows, of the time of Elizabeth. He would trace the influence of foreign counsel and foreign taste in the early Caroline days; the marks of the stern struggle of that storm, at the close of which—

"The gloomy brewer's soul
Went by me, like a stork;"

the increase of material comfort, unilluminated by cultivated taste, of the days of good Queen Anne; the depressing influence, on Art and on manners, of a foreign court, of which the sovereign "hated bainting and hated boetry;" and he would point out the yet uneffaced marks of the greatest sin that legislation ever yet committed against architecture, in the window tax of Pitt. A study of this kind would be, if rightly carried out, at once instructive and interesting. It would have a value, even if imperfectly pursued. To show how the habits and manners of each succeeding time have been faithfully reflected in its Art, and especially in its monumental Art, its architecture, sheds light on history, political as well as æsthetic. When, at a distant date, the rudiments of a true science of political life shall have been intelligently laid down, an inquiry of this nature will form

a chapter of no little value in the volume that treats of the growth and development of modern civilisation. To say that our national arts flourished once, but they were wrecked three hundred years ago, even if true, is but idle without indicating the cause of the catastrophe. To say that a few great names "cast a flood of glory on their age, but the public was dead to it," is not to read the fullest lessons of history. And we must decidedly oppose those talkers and writers on Art who ignore the steady and brilliant progress which has been made in the last quarter of a century, not only in almost every process of industrial art, but in the application of Fine Art to industrial work, and in its steady cultivation and pursuit for its own sake. We sympathize in the desire to be "saved from much of the shame and annoyance we now feel at the vulgar ignorance which is poisoning and misleading public taste," but we can hardly feel that a deeper insight into those great principles which form the Science of Art has been aided or vindicated at Cheltenham. As to the knowledge, taste, and authority of the lecturer himself, there is no question. But the more eminent the man, the more visible is the fact that the subject has not yet been approached by the only true method, that of careful historic investigation.

ART-NOTES FROM THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—At the annual general meeting of the Royal Scottish Academicians, held on the 15th of November, the following artists were elected Associates:—Mr. Robert Gibb, portrait painter; Mr. Robert Alexander, animal painter; and Mr. W. B. Hole, figure painter.

LIVERPOOL.—Mr. Hubert Herkomer was in Liverpool in the early part of November, when he delivered a lecture in the Free Library, taking as his subject "A philosophical ramble in search of Fine Art;" in which he maintained that Art had a most direct influence upon human life, and it certainly formed one of the main roads towards the final elevation of mankind. Nature was the temple of Art, the Art-workers were its priests, and those who loved Art were the worshippers. A mind, innately an Art-mind, would, by studying nature, feel irresistibly the desire to imitate it by some means or other, so as to fix it and make it

comprehensible to other minds. A day or two after the delivery of the lecture Mr. Herkomer was entertained at dinner by the Liverpool Art Club. In replying to the toast of the evening he said, the kindness which had been shown to him filled his heart with gratitude, for it helped to steady him during the most difficult and most complicated period of his life. In the giddy moments of his imaginative youth he never dreamt of having his name connected so prominently with Art, and especially with English Art. At a conversation subsequently held he delivered an address, in which he said that his auditors had it in their power to make Liverpool a great centre of Art, and he hoped that some day the student of Art would have to choose between London and Liverpool. We scarcely think Mr. Herkomer will live to see such a state of things, if he means by the remark that Liverpool will ever rival London as a great school of Art.

LEAVING HOME.

F. HOLL, A.R.A., Painter.

THERE are few places of public resort presenting more numerous and a greater variety of materials for the study of incident and character than a great railway station: it is at certain times of the day a vast field of observation wherein one sees much that is manifest to all, while imagination suggests to the mind even more, which may take any form of good or ill that thought may prompt or indicate. Mr. Frith, in his large, and now well-known, picture, has made good use of the materials supplied by the bustle and excitement of such a scene; and Mr. Holl, acting under more circumscribed limits, has availed himself of a similar opportunity, only he has been contented with what appears to be the representation of the temporary occupants of a platform at some country railway station, instead of following Mr. Frith's example, and showing the vast area of one of our principal metropolitan terminuses. But even in this contracted sphere of operation there is much to which fancy may give birth; and, first, the idea at once occurs, that of the four leading characters seated on the bench, there is not one but looks unhappy, for even the old farmer, who in all probability is not "leaving home" for ever, certainly does not seem

C. H. JEENS, Engraver.

to be in a felicitous condition of mind; the soldier seated next to him, whose furlough has expired, and who is compelled to return to his quarters, is loth to separate from his wife or sister—for she may be either—and he looks very miserable at the prospect before him. And then there is the young and ladylike female, whose dress indicates, in some degree, her lonely condition; she has opened her purse, evidently not too plentifully furnished, and is counting out the money it contains after paying the cost of the ticket to her place of destination: so that whatever value attaches to the picture, it unquestionably is not suggestive of lively thoughts. In the background, or partially so, is the ticket collector examining the passes of a couple of troopers making their way to the platform.

Our engraving is taken from a small replica of the original large picture—now lent by its owner to the Paris International Exhibition—which was in the Royal Academy in 1873. Like so much of Mr. Holl's art, it deals, as we have frequently had occasion to remark, with the shadowed side of nature; but, equally like his, it is as true to nature as it is most careful, and to be commended for its excellent pictorial qualities.

OFFICIAL LIST

OF

BRITISH ART MANUFACTURERS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS WHO OBTAINED PRIZES AT THE
PARIS EXHIBITION.*The Works of those marked thus * have been engraved, or are engraving, for the Art Journal.*

- Adams & Bromley, *Bronze*.
 *Adams, Thomas & Co., *Silver*.
 Aitchison, John, *Silver, and Hon. Men*.
 *Allan, John, and Sons, *Bronze*.
 Allerton, Charles, and Sons, *Hon. Men*.
 Aurora Glass Co., *Silver*.
 Autotype Co., *Silver*.
 *Barbour and Miller, *Silver*.
 Barnard, Bishop, and Barnard, *Silver and Bronze*.
 Bates, Walker & Co., *Hon. Men*.
 Baudoux, Charles E., *Bronze*.
 Bedford, William, *Silver*.
 Bennett, Sir J., *Silver*.
 Betjemann, G., and Son, *Silver, and Hon. Men*.
 Boucher, Albert, *Bronze*.
 Brinsmead, John, and Sons, *Silver*.
 *Brinton, John, *Gold*.
 Brogden, John, *Gold*.
 *Brown Bros., *Bronze, and Hon. Men*.
 *Brownhills Pottery Co., *Bronze*.
 Brownrigg, T. M., *Bronze*.
 *Brown-Westhead & Co., *Gold*.
 Cairns, Peter, *Hon. Men*.
 *Camm Bros., *Gold, and Hon. Men*.
 Campbell Brick and Tile Co., *Bronze*.
 Capel, Henry, *Hon. Men*.
 Chubb and Sons, *Silver, Bronze, and Hon. Men*.
 Clarke, C. P., *Silver and Bronze*.
 *Collinson and Lock, *Gold*.
 *Constable, W. H., *Hon. Men*.
 Cook, Sons & Co., *Silver*.
 *Cooper, H. and J., *Hon. Men*.
 *Copeland, W. T., *Gold*.
 Copestake, Hughes, and Cramp-ton, *Gold*.
 Corticine Floor Covering Co., *Bronze*.
 *Craven, Dunnill & Co., *Bronze*.
 Crouch, J. M., *Bronze*.
 Crouch, W. A., *Bronze*.
 Daniell, A. B., and Sons, *Hon. Men*.
 *Doulton & Co., *Grand Prix, Gold, Silver, and Bronze*.
 Doulton and Watts, *Bronze*.
 *Ebbutt, Alfred, *Hon. Men*.
 Edwards, John, *Bronze*.
 *Elkington & Co., *Gold*.
 Elliot and Fry, *Silver*.
 Faulkner, Robert, & Co., *Silver*.
 Fisk, A. S., *Bronze*.
 *Fouracre and Watson, *Bronze*.
 *Gardner, John, and Sons, *Bronze, and Hon. Men*.
 Garrett, Rhoda and Agnes, *Hon. Men*.
 Gibson, William, *Bronze*.
 *Gillow & Co., *Hors Concours*.
 Godbolt and Basebe, *Hon. Men*.
 *Goode, Thomas, and Sons, *Hon. Men*.
 *Green, James, and Nephew, *Bronze*.
 *Green, Charles, *Two Silver*.
 *Gregory & Co., *Bronze*.
 *Grimond, I. and A. D., *Silver*.
 *Hall, Thomas, *Bronze*.
 Hardman, J., & Co., *Silver and Bronze*.
 *Hare, John, & Co., *Bronze*.
 *Hart, Son, and Peard, *Silver and Bronze*.
 Heath, Vernon, *Gold*.
 Heaton, John Aldam, *Bronze, and Hon. Men*.
 1879.
- Hedges, David, *Bronze*.
 Hemingway & Thomas, *Hon. Men*.
 *Hems, Harry, *Hon. Men*.
 *Henderson & Co., *Silver*.
 Henderson, Alexander, *Bronze*.
 Hodd, R., and Sons, *Bronze*.
 *Hodgetts, Richardson & Co., *Silver*.
 Holland and Sons, *Silver*.
 *Holme, George, *Bronze, and Hon. Men*.
 Holt, Frank, *Hon. Men*.
 Hope and Carter, *Hon. Men*.
 Howard and Sons, *Silver*.
 *Howell and James, *Silver and Bronze*.
 *Jackson and Graham, *Grand Prix*.
 Jackson, George, and Sons, *Gold*.
 *Jacoby, Julius, *Hon. Men*.
 *Jeffrey & Co., *Gold, and Hon. Men*.
 Jeffreys, Charles, *Hon. Men*.
 Jenkinson, Alexander, *Bronze*.
 Jennings, Payne, *Silver*.
 *Johnstone, Jeanes & Co., *Bronze*.
 *Jones and Willis, *Silver and Bronze*.
 Kulp, H. N., and Son, *Hon. Men*.
 Ladies' Work Society, *Silver*.
 Lamb, James, *Gold*.
 Lascelles, W. H., *Bronze*.
 Lavers, Barraud, and Westlake, *Silver*.
 Leprince, L. A. A., *Hon. Men*.
 *Linoleum Co., *Bronze*.
 Lombardi & Co., *Hon. Men*.
 London Stereoscopic Co., *Bronze*.
 Longden & Co., *Bronze*.
 *Lucraft, G. S., *Bronze*.
 MacIntosh, Alexander, *Hon. Men*.
 Mackay, Cunningham & Co., *Silver*.
 *Mallet, Henry, and Sons, *Gold*.
 Maltby, W., *Hon. Men*.
 Marlborough, Duchess of, *Silver*.
 *Marsh, Jones, and Cribb, *Bronze*.
 *Maw & Co., *Silver*.
 *Mellier, Charles, & Co., *Silver*.
 Millar, John, & Co., *Hon. Men*.
 Minns, James, *Gold, Silver, and Hon. Men*.
 *Minton, Hollins & Co., *Silver*.
 *Minton, *Grand Prix*.
 Nairn, Michael, & Co., *Silver*.
 Norman, Carl, & Co., *Bronze*.
 Nottingham, Town of, *Diplôme d'Honneur*.
 *Ogden, Henry, *Silver*.
 Ortnier and Houle, *Bronze*.
 *Osler, F. and C., *Gold and Bronze*.
 *Pinder, Bourne & Co., *Silver*.
 Pitman and Cuthbertson, *Bronze*.
 Poole, Edward, *Silver*.
 Powell, James, and Son, *Silver*.
 Ridge, Woodcock, and Hardy, *Hon. Men*.
 Robinson, H. P., *Gold*.
 *Rogers, George A., *Bronze*.
 Rothschild, Lady de, *Hon. Men*.
 *Royal Porcelain Works, Worcester, *Gold*.
 Royal School of Art Needlework, *Silver*.
 Royal Windsor Tapestry Manu-factory, *Gold*.
 *Sage, Frederick, *Hon. Men*.
 Shaw and Fisher, *Bronze*.
 Sherlock, William, *Bronze*.
 *Shoolbred, James, & Co., *Silver*.
 *Simpson, W. B., and Sons, *Silver, and Hon. Men*.
- *Singer, J. W., and Sons, *Silver and Bronze*.
 Slingsby, Robert, *Silver*.
 Smee, W. A. and S., *Bronze*.
 Smith, George John, *Hon. Men*.
 Smith, Turbeville, & Sons, *Silver*.
 Southwell, H. and M., *Gold*.
 *Steel and Garland, *Bronze*.
 Stephens, James, *Bronze*.
 Stiebel, Kaufmann & Co., *Silver*.
 *Stiff, James, and Sons, *Silver and Bronze*.
 *Stoddard, A. F., & Co., *Bronze*.
 Taylor, W. G., *Bronze*.
 Templeton, James, & Co., *Gold*.
 Thorn and Lawson, *Gold*.
 *Tomkinson and Adam, *Silver*.
 *Torquay Terra-Cotta, *Hon. Men*.
 *Treloar and Sons, *Bronze*.
 *Trollope, George, and Sons, *Gold*.
 Tull, Glanvill & Co., *Bronze*.
 Van der Weyde, Henry, *Bronze*.
 Verity Bros., *Bronze*.
- Walker, W., and Sons, *Bronze*.
 *Walton, Frederick, *Silver*.
 Ward and Hughes, *Silver*.
 Watkins, Herbert, *Hon. Men*.
 Watt, William, *Bronze*.
 Waugh and Sons, *Hon. Men*.
 *Webb, Thomas, and Sons, *Grand Prix*.
 *Wedgwood, J., and Son, *Gold*.
 Whincup, Joseph, *Hon. Men*.
 Whitburn and Young, *Hon. Men*.
 Whiting, Matthew, *Hon. Men*.
 Widnell, Henry, & Co., *Silver*.
 Wildey & Co., *Hon. Men*.
 *Willis, H. R., & Co., *Silver*.
 Wills, John, *Gold*.
 *Winfield, R. W., & Co., *Three Gold*.
 Woodward, Grosvenor & Co., *Silver*.
 *Woollams, Wm., & Co., *Silver*.
 York, Frederick, *Bronze*.

The Illustrated Catalogue of the Paris Exhibition, 1878, is continued into the volume 1879, so as to include as many as possible of the exhibitors—producers of articles in Art manufac-ture in all parts of the world. The Catalogue was commenced in April, and during each month sixteen pages have been de-voted to the purpose—the high purpose—of giving honourable publicity to the various Art producers of all countries, as sug-gestions for improvements; for it is certain that one manufac-turer may always give valuable lessons to another. On that principle, indeed, the defence of great periodical International Exhibitions mainly rests; in that way they bestow their chief boons. It is certain that the only worthy record of the Exhibition now passed into the realm of history will be found in the *Art Journal*. Other publications have devoted a few pages to the important theme; the pages that contain engraved illustrations in the *Art Journal* will exceed two hundred and fifty, while a very large proportion of the best exhibitors will be duly repre-sented. It is the fifteenth Exhibition of the kind reported, described, and illustrated in this work.

That these Great Exhibitions of Art and Art industry have largely influenced progress there can be no doubt: the Art manufactures of England are very different in 1878 from what they were in 1851, when their weakness and deficiencies were alarmingly apparent. Competition was then a thing of danger—it is now a triumph; our manufacturers come out of the trial as crowned conquerors. If much of this result is attributable to the competitive exhibitions that have been witnessed in nearly every country of the Old World—and notably and honourably also in the New—it has been largely aided by the series of representations each one of them has received in this Journal. That is so certain and evident as to demand no comment.

Of the works shown at the several Exhibitions since our first Illustrated Report in 1845, we have engraved examples to the number of nearly twenty thousand: that fact alone is sufficient to prove the utility of International Exhibitions to all countries for all times.

The *Art Journal*—the fortieth volume—is dedicated to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, who, as regards such efforts to advance and improve the Art of his country, has followed the example of his illustrious and most estimable father. There can be no gathering in any of the nations without according due honour to the Prince Consort; while all who have traced the course of the recent Exhibition in Paris will know how much of the beneficial result to England is the work of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

MINOR TOPICS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY'S winter exhibition of the old masters will open as usual on the first Monday of the new year. It includes water-colour drawings as well as pictures in oil.—On the 10th of December the silver medals and premiums for what is called the intermediate year (the gold medals and scholarships being given every second year) were distributed at the Royal Academy, Burlington House. Unusual interest attached to the proceedings, this being the first occasion on which the new P.R.A. presided. Sir Frederick Leighton was received with the warmest demonstrations of respect and enthusiasm from the students who filled the lecture-room. The President delivered no set address; but after a touching allusion to the merits and memory of Sir Francis Grant, in whom they had all lost a friend, he proceeded to distribute the prizes. At the close of the proceedings Sir F. Leighton paid a marked compliment to the keeper, Mr. Pickersgill. The following is the list of subjects and the names of the successful competitors:—Composition and design of a figure picture, 'David returning in Triumph from the Slaughter of Goliath,' Armitage Prizes—1st, £30, Herbert A. Bone; 2nd, £10, Sam. M. Fisher. Cartoon of a draped figure, 'St. Paul before Agrippa,' silver medal, Arthur Hacker; painting of a figure from the life, silver medal, George H. Manton; painting of a head from the life, silver medal, Charles K. Warren; copy of an oil painting, silver medal, Emma L. Black; drawings of a figure from the life, silver medals—1st, Francis Barraud, 2nd, Sam. M. Fisher; drawings of a head from the life, silver medal, William Wontner; silver medal, extra, William Walker; *proxime accessit*, Jennie Moore; drawing of a statue or group, silver medal (first), Mary Drew, ditto (second), Ellen Neilson; best drawing done in the Life School during the year, £10, E. B. Leighton; best drawing done in the Antique School during the year, £10, Mary Drew; restoration of a mutilated antique statue, 'The Ilissus,' silver medal, Arthur G. Atkinson; model of a figure from the life, silver medal (first), Arthur G. Atkinson; ditto, silver medal (second), not awarded; design in architecture, 'A Town-hall,' travelling studentship for the year, £130, William Scott; architectural drawing, 'Gateway of Somerset House,' silver medal (first), Robert W. Gibson; ditto, silver medal (second), Frank Y. Baggally; perspective drawing and sciography, 'Porch of the Temple Church,' silver medal, William H. Wood.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.—Sir Coutts Lindsay has wisely decided to devote the water-colour portion of the second winter exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery to the display of the works of living masters. He adopts this course in order that he may complete the historical survey commenced by the collection of drawings exhibited in 1878 illustrative of the origin and growth of water-colour painting in England. Commencing, therefore, from the point reached last year, the forthcoming exhibition will bring the history of water-colour painting down to the end of the year 1878.

WHISTLER v. RUSKIN.—It would be occupying space uselessly to go into details concerning a case that has been fully reported and commented upon in all the newspapers. It was on the whole a just verdict; perhaps an incautious word in the criticism complained of justified the damages of one farthing. It was a foolish action to bring; no intelligent or upright jury could have hesitated to consider that Mr. Ruskin had a right to say what he did say of Mr. Whistler's picture. We agree with him in considering that two hundred pence would have been too large a payment for spoiling a square of canvas. Certainly if the plaintiff had obtained the damages he asked for, or forty shillings of them, the business (so to speak) of an Art critic would have been at an end; we could have written nothing in condemnation without perpetual dread of consequences; without being pretty sure that any or every dauber would seek satis-

faction, not, as it used to be sought, at the pistol's mouth, but from twelve men who would be appointed to "well and truly try" the issue. There is another reason why we rejoice that the verdict, if it did not go for, did not go against, Mr. Ruskin. There is a very large debt owing by the country, indeed by the world, to Mr. Ruskin; no man, living or dead, has done so much for Art as that eloquent writer and learned critic. We may differ from him on some minor points, and have done so often, freely; yet we bear not grudging, but cheerful testimony to his merits, and fervently and heartily thank him in the name of all who appreciate Art, desire to do so, or are on the way and are learning to do so, for books that, as guides and teachers, are classed among the best of the century. On that ground we hope the money now collecting to pay his costs will fully do so; not that Mr. Ruskin needs it, or cares a doit for the expenses attending the defence of a great principle, but because the result will be an expression of public sympathy and "upholding," of which he will be rightly and justly proud.

MR. LUKS, of King Street, Covent Garden, a general agent, we believe, for the circulation of German Art works in London, has sent us some Christmas cards of much grace and beauty, and manifesting thorough artistic knowledge. The subjects are principally floral—emblems charmingly arranged and grouped. The cards are issued in several sizes, and justly take high place among the Art attractions of the season.

MESSRS. MARCUS WARD & CO. have issued their Christmas cards—a very large number of them. All are good; so good as to sustain their high repute. That is saying much, for they have very powerful competitors. Perhaps this year their productions are even better than they ever have been, considered as works of Art, for the publishers seem to have been more ambitious to make beautiful pictures than to issue reminders that the season is Christmas. Few of them commemorate the grand event all Christians meet to remember. It would be difficult to overpraise the grace and great Art merits of these cards, the work of high-class artists. Each one of them is "a thing of beauty."

THE CARDS issued by Mr. Canton, of Aldersgate Street, one of the most extensive producers of Christmas Art works, are very numerous, of all sorts and sizes, and embracing a vast number of themes; in most cases, if not in all, appropriate to a season when it becomes imperative duty to be, as far as possible, merry and happy. In several instances the cards of Mr. Canton will rank among the very best of the year, while all are graceful and effective, and good examples of Art.

DIARIES, and works of that order, for the year 1879, have been issued by Messrs. De la Rue; they are very varied as to size and character, clearly printed, and the several parts neatly brought together, while in each case much information is conveyed concerning the principal topics required to be treated in a pocket-book.

AMONG the number of artists decorated with the medal of the Legion of Honour, in acknowledgment of the special merit of works produced, the name is prominent of M. Morel-Ladeuil, for many years past the principal artist in the renowned Art establishment of Messrs. Elkington: to them also a gold medal was awarded. Many of his great works (and they are truly great) have been engraved in the *Art Journal*—the Milton Shield, the Pilgrim Shield, and many others. The influence of this accomplished artist has been exercised much to the benefit of British Art. Though a Frenchman, he has been so long a resident in England as to be almost an Englishman. At all events, we are very sure there will be as many persons in this as there will be in his own country to greet him with congratulations—amply earned and merited. His productions are classed among the great achievements of the century.

ART PUBLICATIONS.

ANY volume worthily illustrating the works of our mediæval artists is most welcome. Many now living have found in the monuments of elder days pure and inexhaustible fountains, and have continued to drink with increased zest as their early taste has been improved by years, and made keener by varied labours. Another generation will find itself deprived of much that has charmed the fancy and stirred the spirit of those who were born at a happy time:—

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven."

Many modern adaptations of ancient buildings, many improvements, many misguided works of conjectural restoration, many sad mutilations of precious things that came to us as heirlooms from ages past, have changed the aspect, and taken away some of the charm which wrought upon us, when we were in a sense discoverers in neglected parish churches, in unrestored cathedrals and minsters, of the virtues of the forefathers who had written songs glad, pensive, or devout, in stone, still musical to those who have eyes and hearts to understand. It is very important that veracious records of these things should be handed on, so that future generations may see clearly, through the labour of skilled hands, the noble works that have been done by other centuries in all their early beauty, undimmed by the breath of time or by soilures from the hands of man.

We therefore welcome with especial pleasure the publication of the beautiful volume which Mr. Neale has issued illustrating St. Alban's Abbey.* Probably no building in the country so well repays careful study as St. Alban's. One may visit it over and over again with ever-increasing interest, finding in its time-honoured walls a perfect museum of architectural Art. The volume contains no less than fifty-seven plates, each plate 22 in. by 15 in., two double plates, and a coloured frontispiece. The geometrical drawings are all that could be desired, and the more artistic parts, such as general sketches, carving, painted glass, and decoration, are treated most happily. In thirty-six pages of letterpress a short general history of the Abbey is given, and some pithy practical remarks on each successive plate. Mr. Neale has acted wisely in not overloading a book of this kind with letterpress.

The plates have been produced by photolithography from the author's original drawings, made to a large scale with this elegant process in view. These are some of the largest plates ever produced by photolithography, and the book the largest book, both in size and number of plates. The whole is printed on the best plate paper, and no expense has been spared in any detail. Mr. Neale must be, in a pecuniary sense, a considerable loser by his labour of love.

The hand of the destroyer was once busy in the great church. Out of one hundred and forty-seven windows there is hardly old glass enough now to fill one of the smallest. The best of this is beautifully illustrated (Plates 24 and 25). It is interesting to compare the drawings on Plate 24 with those on Plates 35 and 36. Both represent the emblems of St. John, the lamb and the eagle. That on painted glass is about 14 feet from the ground; those on the wooden vaulted ceiling of the Sanctuary 63 feet from the ground. They were evidently executed about the same period, yet the treatment of details is very different, and full of hints to students of method and of applications of the arts of design. The artistic touch in these drawings has given us pleasure, for several years past, in drawings of old and modern work in the architectural room of the Royal Academy exhibition.

In his notes Mr. Neale says, "Some three hundred years ago the shrine of the Proto-Martyr was shattered into thousands of pieces. These pieces were used, with the common rubble

masonry, for walling up the arches at the eastern end of the Saint's Chapel, when the public passage through the church was formed. These arches were opened out recently, and about two thousand fragments of Purbeck marble were discovered. These fragments have been ingeniously put together, and we now have on its original site a large portion of the once famous shrine of St. Alban." Mr. Neale, on Plate 51, gives a clever and artistic drawing of this shrine, sketched directly after the pieces were joined. We are pleased to add that the public passage has at last been blocked up, and a new thoroughfare substituted, round by the east end of the Lady Chapel. On page 12 we learn how by the merest chance—a blunder on the part of one of the workmen—the paintings on the ceiling of the choir were exposed to view. One of the panels of this ceiling, reproduced in colours, forms the frontispiece.

An architect must always learn—as Mr. Neale has learnt—his art by studying patiently the works of others; then, after arduous study, the principles upon which the masters worked become plain, and they are acquired in a way that allows no chance of their being forgotten, as the apophthegms of a lecturer or the discourses of a critic may readily be. The principles have permeated the artist's being, and trained hand, eye, and judgment. What is perhaps more important than all, deep and abiding reverence for all that is excellent, and the power to create it afresh, grows with the growth of a young man in daily contact with the mighty works of true masters of his craft. We are sorry we cannot follow our author plate by plate, and do each one its mead of justice.

We regret to learn that Mr. Neale has printed so few copies of the work, and that the drawings have been cleaned off the stones. This may have increased the value of the book, and caused some subscribers to take a little additional pride in the possession of their copies; but we cannot express too strongly our conviction that Art books should be spread far and wide, and not be the peculiar property of important libraries and rich collectors. Some of the copies remaining in Mr. Neale's hands will, we hope, find their way into the free public libraries, for there they may be studied earnestly by numbers who otherwise long in vain for a privilege which many of our readers, trained to the love of Art and of good and beautiful books, may procure for themselves.

"CALEDONIA described by Scott, Burns, and Ramsay" cannot fail to be a welcome guest to all Scottish men and women at home and abroad; to those who are far away it will be an especial boon. Here is a book* full of rich poetry, with a wealth of Art. A large number of very beautiful wood engravings, from drawings by an eminent artist (MacWhirter), add to the interest dear old Scotland will always have for those who love "the mountain and the flood." Mr. MacWhirter has been fortunate in having his drawings admirably engraved; no better engravings have been issued in this country than those with which Mr. Paterson fills the graceful and beautiful volume. It is a badly edited book—indeed, it has had no editing; the selections (not judiciously made) are thrown together "anyhow," without explanatory note or comment. A very little trouble would have made the volume infinitely more attractive, and greatly added to the value it receives from fine printing, paper, and binding.

A LITTLE quarto volume has been brought under our notice, consisting of poems and etchings to illustrate the twelve months of the year†—a joint production, probably of mother and daughter. They are pleasant and graceful compositions, prettily

* "The Abbey Church of St. Albans, Hertfordshire." Illustrated. By James Neale, F.S.A., Architect. Printed for Subscribers. London, 1878.

* "Caledonia described by Scott, Burns, and Ramsay." With Illustrations by John MacWhirter, engraved by R. Paterson. Published by William P. Nimmo, London and Edinburgh.

† "Poems of the Months." By M. A. Baines. The Etchings by Wilhelmina Baines. Published by Sampson Low & Co.

and cleverly illustrated, the etchings showing much fertility of fancy. The poems are simple outpourings of a generous and sympathetic mind, eager and anxious to distribute the happiness to the full self-enjoyed. They are graceful, touching, and unpretending—honey-sweet in the lessons they teach. The illustrations are all from nature—leaves and flowers charmingly combined. There will not be many more acceptable season gifts to the young.

PLEASANT spots are abundant around Oxford; whether Mr. Rimmer has done them justice the reader of his volume will judge.* His book is a dry book, considering how very fertile is the theme. It is full of facts, and unquestionably interesting; it could not fail to be so; but little is said concerning the "pleasant spots." A large number of authorities have been consulted, although not acknowledged. There are a hundred subjects—birds, plants, and fishes—around Oxford that might have been, but are not described. Mr. Rimmer has been fortunate in having his book most beautifully printed, bound, and illustrated; the engravings are of great excellence. Altogether, therefore, the book is an attractive one, to which, however, much may and ought to be added.

"CHILD LIFE IN JAPAN"† is a book that makes us acquainted with a country and people of whose works we see something daily, for there are few houses that do not contain something made in Japan; and we know that to possess some of its most original and charming productions it will be necessary to expend but a few pence. It is a very pretty book for Christmas, or indeed any season, not only for its Art, but for the information it gives us concerning a most interesting nation, very far advanced in all that is considered to evidence civilisation. The engravings are from drawings by native artists, and show the little boy and girl Japanese in all their sports, avocations, and enjoyments. It is a very tempting book, for which it would be safe to prophesy a large sale. The stories are singularly exciting.

FOREMOST among the good books of the year we must place those that are edited by the Rev. Charles Bullock,‡ and, as their leader, that which is entitled *Hand and Heart*. Each is a year book, the garnered produce of fifty-two weeks. Each contains a rich store of literary wealth. Each is admirably and profusely illustrated by wood engravings. Better books for Christmas there are none: the young and old may well look for them weekly or monthly, as sources of instruction and pleasure. The good clergyman who gathers into his storehouse so much of artistic and literary wealth is among the very best of many caterers to whom the public owe a large debt. His publications have extensive circulation. There is no reader who will not be the better and the happier the more and more he studies them.

THE *Leisure Hour* and the *Sunday at Home*, works issued weekly by the Religious Tract Society, are too well known to need descriptive comment; each has seen Christmas often, and is likely to see many more festival days, to which they bring enjoyment and good teaching—good teaching by good literature and good Art. Under the direction of Dr. Macaulay these admirable works prosper, advancing the cause of God and man. All the issues of the society are indeed excellent, supplying the best material at the cheapest rate, and labouring to promote the temporal as well as the eternal welfare of those who read them.

THE *British Workman*, the *Friendly Visitor*, the *Family Friend*, and especially the *Band of Hope Review*, the excellently written and admirably illustrated works of Messrs. Partridge, are as welcome to our table as they will be to the tables of any of the "orders" for which they specially cater. They are good

enough to gratify and satisfy the sternest critic in literature and Art, while they delight the old and young of all classes, adorning, while instructing, homes in baronial halls and in the humblest cottages of the realm. Thus they teach while they delight, and make readers happy while conveying to them sound religious, moral, and social instruction.

"TEMPERANCE STORIES FOR THE YOUNG." It is the title of a beautifully illustrated book: the title shows its purpose. It is the work of an American writer; and it suffices to say the reproducer in England is Mr. T. B. Smithies.* Valuable helpers they will prove to the many good women and men who are advocating the temperance cause among all peoples of all countries, high and low. Like the "Boons and Blessings" of Mrs. S. C. Hall, they wile the reader to practise the virtue by producing proofs of its joy and wisdom, its pure delight, its prodigious recompense.

A NEW edition of an old favourite is welcome to our table.† It is an edition *de luxe*, full of excellent engravings: there is one by Sir Noel Paton, an impression of which is worth the cost of the volume. As a book for Christmas, although perhaps somewhat too dolorous for the "merrie" season, it cannot fail to maintain, in this form, the popularity it long ago secured as one of the most striking, original, and touching stories of the period, or of any period.

"BIBLE Biographies"‡ The title conveys the idea that a huge volume, of hundreds of thousands of pages, will do justice to so vast a theme. A small and well-illustrated book gives in compressed form stories of the leading heroes and heroines of the Old Testament.§ We question, however, whether it is wise and well to seek to augment the popularity of stories of Noah, Abraham offering up his son, of Jonah and the whale, of Jacob and his brother, of Samson, and some others here commemorated by Art. There are themes infinitely more pleasing and more instructive, as Mr. Littlewood very well knows, in the sacred volume, better calculated to be example-teachers, and certainly better to be perpetuated by Art. The subjects are, however, by no means all objectionable—very far from it; we have the stories of Joseph and Daniel and Ruth and Samuel. Assuredly, however, the book is not wanted; the comprehensive theme has been treated far better; and although nicely "got up," it has nothing special to recommend it: it is not one of Marcus Ward's "best."

WE are glad to see another book from the pen of Fairleigh Owen;§ for many of our young friends, and indeed we ourselves, have a pleasant memory of her earlier tales. Intended to interest and amuse the young, there is much to draw the attention of those who can enjoy a well-filled story-book quite as much as a modern novel, and Fairleigh Owen advances truths and gives lessons without lecturing. It is well to learn at our onset in life that "Conduct is Fate"—a truth that, without pedantry, she wishes to impress on all who enter earnestly into the business and fight the battle of life. The characters that fill a volume over-large, and yet not fatiguing, are well drawn and interesting. Peter Pranks the pedlar is life-like, and exactly the sort of visitor that young—and perhaps old—people would be glad to welcome in the country. All the characters, indeed, with which Fairleigh Owen has enriched her story are lifelike, and faithful pictures of boys and girls as they are; they have their freaks and failings, they are not highly varnished, wonderfully good, or wonderfully clever, but several are tender and true, and will, when their course is run, leave a solid reputation for good. The boys and girls are thoroughly English—English in their faults and their perfections; one story winds into another, and makes it difficult for us to lay down the book until its conclusion.

* "Pleasant Spots around Oxford." By Alfred Rimmer. Illustrated. Published by Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

† "Child Life in Japan, and Japanese Child Stories." By M. Chaplin Ayrton. With many illustrations. Published by Griffith and Farran.

‡ *Hand and Heart*, an Illustrated Weekly Journal. Conducted by the Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D. *Home Words, for Heart and Hearth*. Edited by the Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D. *The Day of Days*. Annual, 1878. Edited by the Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D.

* "Temperance Stories for the Young." By T. S. Arthur. Published by Partridge & Co.

† "Rab and his Friends." By John Brown, M.D. Published by David Douglas, Edinburgh.

‡ "Bible Biographies; or, Stories from the Old Testament." By the Rev. W. E. Littlewood, M.A., Vicar of St. James's, Bath.

§ "Harty the Wanderer; or, Conduct is Fate." A Tale. By Fairleigh Owen. Illustrated by John Proctor. Published by Griffith and Farran.



CHESTER CATHEDRAL: RESTORED AND UNRESTORED.*

BY THE DEAN OF CHESTER.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALFRED RIMMER.

II.—THE INTERIOR. PART I.



URSUING the course indicated at the head of the previous paper, and aiming at an accurate appreciation of the change which has taken place between this Cathedral as it was and as it is, we turn now to the interior.

The best mode of approach is from the West. Here one feature has remained the same, alike in the unrestored Cathedral and the restored, though in the latter it is more emphatic, because the view from this point towards the East is now more far-reaching and free. This feature is the descent—by two successive flights of four steps each—from the level of the street outside to the floor of the Nave. This is a most peculiar characteristic of Chester Cathedral, and perhaps almost without precedent in England. If the memory of the writer is correct, something of the same kind is to be seen in that interesting church at Clermont in the Auvergne, where the First Crusade was proclaimed. Another instance is to be found at Burgos in Spain. No doubt some other examples of a descending entrance into an English church might be produced; but they cannot be very numerous. Here in Chester this arrangement has been probably caused simply by the geological structure of the site. At the West of the Cathedral the rock rises to the surface, whereas towards the East it descends, falling to a depth of twelve or thirteen feet below the base of the wall at the extremity of the Lady Chapel, as was observed in the earlier of these papers, where the work of "underpinning" was mentioned.†

When we reach the general level of the floor, and as we begin to move eastwards along the Nave, the sharp contrast of old and new is well before us. The change which has been accomplished is most remarkable. And, first, the visitor may be invited to look upwards. There he will see in the middle space a rich vaulted roof of oak, which cost £5,000, while the aisles have been vaulted in stone at an expenditure of £1,000 each. It should be added that above this oak vaulting is a new external roof, of the strongest oak and newly leaded. Eight or nine years ago all that was seen, in looking upwards from this point, was the series of outside rafters in a decayed condition, with their king-posts and principals, and with the springers which showed what the ancient architects contemplated as regards interior vaulting, but were not able to accomplish. An exact representation of this old state of things may still be seen in the South Transept, to which we shall come presently. And one thing more must be mentioned, having reference to the whole surface of the walls and pillars, which the South Transept still exhibits in perfection. This is the dirty aggregate of thick coats of whitewash, giving a general impression of squalor, and obscuring the fine forms of the mouldings. The history of whitewash in our churches has an interest of its own; and there are some curious notices of the subject here in the Cathedral

Chapter-books, to which it is quite worth while to refer. In the Treasurer's accounts for 1642 we find the following entries:—"To John Johnson & Thomas Ashton pt. of their moneyes for whiteing ye church, xls.—To Henry Hughes [Sexton] for Paper to cover ye top of ye organ, while ye church was whited, Ap. 26, ij d.—To John Johnson & Thomas Ashton more of their wages for whiteing ye church, Ap. 30, iiij li.—To John Johnson ye remainder of his agreemt. for whiteing ye church, May 11,



The Interior of Chester Cathedral, Unrestored.

iiij li.—For washing ye church seats after they were spotted by ye whiteing ye walls, iij s. iiij d."—This great whitewashing was probably the first that ever occurred in Chester Cathedral. It is exultingly referred to by Bishop Bridgman * in his "Ledger"

* Continued from page 211, vol. 1878.

† This underpinning was found necessary throughout all the Eastern part of the Cathedral from Transept to Transept.

FEBRUARY, 1879.

* Some rich woodwork, formerly part of a pulpit given by this eminent prelate, will be found in the Lady Chapel. It bears the date 1637, the year in which Prynne was brought to Chester with his ears cut off.

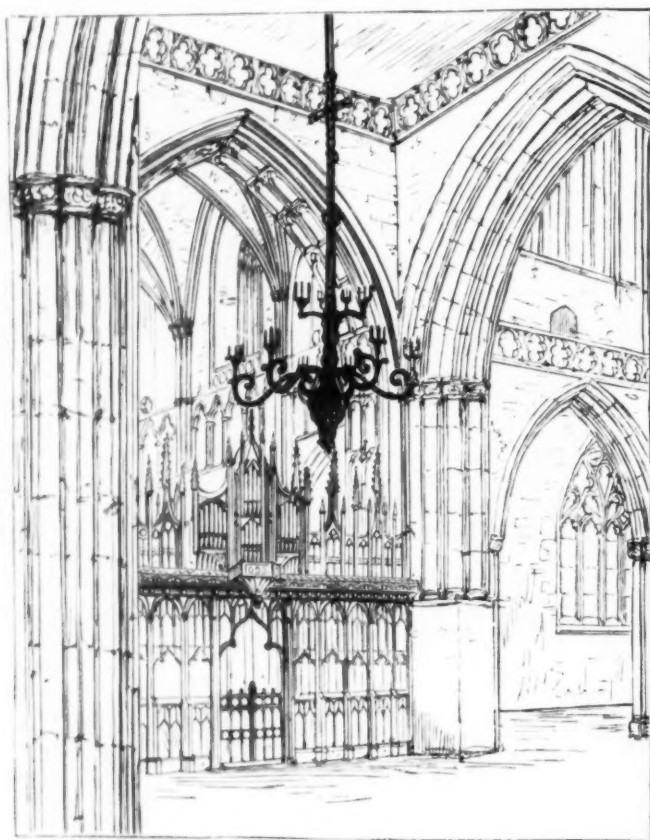


as one of the events of his episcopate; and we find his Lordship's visit, when he came to see this great improvement, duly honoured. "1642. June. To ye Ringers for ringing at my Lord's coming to Chester, 17. 4. 1/2." There is no trace in the accounts of any whitewashing between the years 1643 and 1700. It was done several times in the eighteenth century. Again it was done in 1803-6, and again about 1836. So near to our own day continued a custom which we now denounce as a barbarism.

This part of the Cathedral—the "broad aisle," as the Chester citizens used to call it—was, a few years ago, dismal and sepulchral, and likewise useless. Now it is clean and cheerful, and turned to purposes of thorough utility, as may be seen in the crowded congregations every Sunday evening and on other occasions. But the great feature of the change in Chester Cathedral of which we become conscious here is this, that what was once subdivided and dwarfed by being choked up, is now one free large open interior, both stately in its general character, and very much varied in detail. Before 1868 the woodwork of the Choir had been brought over the crossing under the Tower to its

Western side*—and not only so, but the arches which form the Western extremities of the aisles of the Choir were closed up with wood and glass. The excitement was great in Chester, when at an early period of the recent restoration, these obstructions were removed, and a free view was obtained along the aisles both of Choir and Nave. But moreover, reverting to the beginning of this work, we must remark that the organ was then placed centrally upon a heavy screen of stonework, which was partly ancient, partly modern. Thus the space under the Tower, from which all the sections of the open space of the interior ought to radiate freely, was blocked up; for it must be added that in 1867 the Great South Transept was entirely hidden. So completely, in fact, had all thought of recovering to the Cathedral this part of its interior passed away from the public mind, that about that time a notion was entertained of placing the organ in the great South arch of the crossing. If this plan had been adopted, the satisfactory change which has now been accomplished would have been impossible.

In the mention of the South Transept we have our attention



The Interior of Chester Cathedral, Restored.

turned to the most remarkable part of the alteration which has been effected within the Cathedral. If the view of the old interior is examined, a blank wall with a door will be observed on the south of the space under the Tower. This was the state of things in 1868. But such was not the condition of the Cathedral before 1827. The old people in Chester recollect the time when this Transept—then, as now, St. Oswald's Church—was distinctly visible as a part of the general interior of the Cathedral, being separated off from the rest merely by a low screen. But in the year just mentioned Dean Copleston,* whose name is justly honoured on account of the great improvements which he introduced into the Cathedral system at Chester, constructed, as a gift to the parishioners of St. Oswald's, a solid screen extending without interruption from the floor to the

summit of the great Southern Arch of the crossing, besides closing up the extremities of the aisles of the Transept. Herein a distinguished man made a double mistake. This construction did not really produce the desired effect of making the parishioners of St. Oswald's and their services free from the interruption of the Cathedral organ; and, architecturally, it mutilated the proportions of the whole building, as seen from within. Now the latter evil has been remedied; and all this part of the interior is free and open, as when the Benedictines of St. Werburgh's extended their monastic church southwards, in the vain hope that it would be free from parochial intrusion. As to the present condition of this Transept, the restoration of its Eastern and Western sides has been completed externally, as was remarked in the preceding paper, but the reparation and vaulting of the interior wait, like the South front on the outside, for some new impulse of enthusiasm.

* In the "Memoir of Dean Copleston" (p. 112) it is said that this arrangement was "somewhat startling in its architectural effect, no doubt, but abundantly accounted for by the peculiar and peculiarly anomalous circumstances of the case." The cost of this portion was "£200 and upwards."

* At some earlier date the Choir seems to have been extended into the Nave itself, one bay westward of the crossing.

One conspicuous feature of the restored Cathedral, concerning which there is a serious difference of opinion, must be noted here in passing. This is the great chandelier, suspended under the Tower, in the middle of the Cathedral. It was strongly felt that some such central feature would be wanted here, when the whole interior became open; and the *corona lucis* in Hereford Cathedral conveyed a suggestion to this effect. More designs than one were made with this end in view, the first having a close resemblance to the fine work at Hildesheim. In the end the present elaborate chandelier was constructed, with some parts in detail suggested by metal-work in Milan Cathedral. That the result is a superb composition in metal cannot be doubted. But it has been remarked that in the place which it occupies it is primary, whereas it ought to be secondary. Moreover, when it is lighted (and the mere task of lighting is difficult and perilous) its heat is injurious to the organ, and the general supply of light in the Cathedral is quite sufficient without the chandelier. It would hardly be proper here to pursue this subject further. If a serious difficulty has arisen in connection with this part of the restored Cathedral, it must be remembered that the whole question of the use of gas in ancient buildings is not one of our easiest or least complicated modern problems.

We just now looked towards the South-East. The reader must now imagine his eyes to be turned towards the North-East. From the place where we are supposed to be standing in the Nave, a short distance westward from the crossing, an excellent view is obtained into the North Transept, which, as was observed in the former paper, retains the dimensions which belonged to it in Norman times, whereas the dimensions of the South Transept have been immensely altered. For four reasons this view has a peculiar interest. In the masonry of the lower part of the walls, and especially in the triforium arcade on the East side, we have before us unaltered masonry of the time of Anselm; on the upper part of the walls we have late perpendicular stonework, connected (as would be seen by a closer inspection) with King Henry VIII. and with Wolsey by bosses in the roof; while on the floor is that fine monument of John Pearson,* the most celebrated Bishop of Chester, which is due in part to the sympathy and respect of American subscribers.

Before we enter the Choir, attention must be given to the organ, to the screen upon which the organ stands, and to the gates of the aisles of the Choir. This screen and these gates are gifts of the Duke of Westminster. The latter are Spanish; and the distinguishing features of the former consist in sixteen pillars of fine Italian marble. The harmony, which has been produced, in both cases, with the general aspect and arrange-

ment of the interior of the Cathedral is very remarkable, and is the more worthy of attention, because it could hardly at first sight have been expected. As regards the organ, it was said above that, before the restoration began, its place was on a screen dividing the Nave from the Choir, so as to make each invisible from the other, and that it was once in contemplation so to place it, that the whole of the Great South Transept would have been hidden. Now, both in its position, and through the



North Transept and Bishop Pearson's Tomb.

extreme beauty and grandeur of its form, it is very striking as we approach from this Transept; while, through the open arches on which it stands, it partially reveals the other Transept, and yet conceals the disproportion of this small northern space to the rest of the Cathedral.

(To be continued.)

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

WITH the reopening of the National Gallery, in November last, appeared a new edition of the catalogue of the foreign pictures, for which, as we remarked some little time since, there had been a demand on the part of the public. The catalogue, which is certainly what it professes to be, is valuable as a book of reference for visitors, and as a descriptive and historical guide to the history of painting, as represented by the examples in the Gallery, and also as a biographical dictionary of painters. Its reduced size renders it far more convenient as a "handbook" than were its predecessors, though the type is smaller.

In this new edition will, of course, be found an account of the paintings, nine in number, which have been added to the collection during the past year. Of these, eight have been acquired

by purchase, and one, 'A Canon and his Patron Saints,' by G. David, was bequeathed to the nation by the late Mr. W. B. White, of Brownlow Street. In some respects the most important of these new acquisitions is the 'St. Helena,' by Paolo Veronese, bought at the sale of Mr. Munro's collection last year: the picture and the circumstances of the purchase were reported in our Journal for July. More welcome, perhaps, than this to the man of real æsthetic taste is 'The Adoration of the Magi,' ascribed in the catalogue to Filippino Lippi, though some critics have attributed it to Botticelli. It was bought last year from the collection of Mr. Fuller Maitland, M.P., who acquired it from Mr. Coningham. It is a circular composition, little more than four feet in diameter, a space into which are crowded a multitude of figures, about seventy in number, including the Holy Family, the Magi, and a host of attendants, with horses and other animals, all delineated with wonderful elaboration. Dr. Waagen, writing of the picture when in Mr. Maitland's possession, calls it "a rich composition: in the high line of horizon, and in the distinctness and refined artistic feeling of

* One of the first suggestions of such a monument came from Dr. Whittingham, the present Bishop of Maryland. It is to be added that promises of further help have been received from the United States towards the restoration of this part of the Cathedral, so that it may be a monument of the good-will which unites two nations and two Churches.

the whole arrangement, may be recognised the influence of Lorenzo Ghiberti's relief of the 'Visit of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon' on the celebrated doors of the Baptistery at Florence, in which this favourable style of arrangement for large compositions was first applied. Two of the kings are kneeling, the Infant blessing one of them. The variety in the admirably individual heads is very astonishing. The delicate silvery tones of the ruins, which are in the taste of the Renaissance, and a considerable degree of aerial perspective in landscape and sky, are evidences of the later time of the master." The Virgin is represented sitting on a raised platform in the centre of a half-ruined temple, holding the Infant Christ on her left knee, while St. Joseph stands behind; the end of the building behind the Holy Family is converted into a stable. This specimen of early Florentine Art, whoever may have been the painter, is unquestionably a most valuable addition to the Gallery.

Another picture bought of Mr. Maitland is also of the early Florentine school: it is 'The Nativity,' by Botticelli. Dr. Waagen calls it "a very spirited, and, considering the vehement character of the master, a most remarkable picture." There is in its subject enough to invite long description and comment, but we can only find room for the German critic's remarks upon it:—"The appearance of our Saviour excites among the angels the highest joy; twelve of them are dancing in a circle in the air, two others are crowning five shepherds with garlands, six other angels are embracing each other; three devils are fleeing away in impotent rage. The execution is, for the artist, slight, but full of spirit." The date of the work is 1511, according to Waagen, but the end of 1500, as appears in a long inscription in Greek characters on the upper border, which has been translated by Professor Sidney Colvin, of Cambridge, and is so curious as to be worth recording. It runs thus:—"This picture I, Alessandro, painted at the end of the year 1500, in the (troubles) of Italy in the half time after the time during the fulfilment of the eleventh of St. John in the Second Woe of the Apocalypse, in the loosing of the devil for three years and a half. Afterwards he shall be chained, and we shall see him trodden down as in this picture."

From the same collection was also acquired 'The Agony in the Garden': the name of the artist is not given, but it is ascribed to one of the Umbrian school. Christ is seen kneeling on rather a lofty mound in earnest supplication, while an angel flies towards Him from the sky, bearing in his hand a cup to strengthen Him; in the foreground and below the Saviour are three of his disciples, sleeping soundly; in the middle distance, on the right, is a group of Roman soldiers; in their midst is Judas, bearing the bag containing the thirty pieces of silver, "the price of blood;" and the background is a landscape,

beyond which are a town and hills. The picture is small cabinet size, and is painted with much careful finish. Waagen attributes this work to Raffaele, and says he "saw it formerly in the Gabrielli Palace at Rome." He calls it "a beautiful work, intense in feeling, powerful in colour, and most careful in execution." He considers that Raffaele painted only the principal figures, and "intrusted the execution of the subordinate portions—such as Judas with his troop, and the landscape—to his fellow-pupil, Lo Spagna."

The portraits are also among the new acquisitions from Mr. Fuller Maitland's gallery: one of them that of a young man in black habit, having on his breast a Maltese cross, and holding a book in his hands. It is a small picture by an early Florentine painter, Francia Bigio, an artist little known in this country. Waagen does not even mention his name among the "Treasures of Art in Great Britain," though the catalogue speaks of pictures by him at Windsor Castle and in the possession of Lord Yarborough. The second portrait is that of a man in rich costume, whose right hand grasps the hilt of his sword: this is by a painter, Catherina Van Hemessen, or Henessen, who lived in Antwerp in the early part of the sixteenth century. We can find no example of her work in England, but Waagen refers to a picture by her father (José Van Heemsen, as he writes the name), 'The Adoration of the Kings,' at Kensington Palace, and to another, 'The Parable of the Unjust Steward,' then in the now dispersed collection of Sir Culling Eardley at Belvedere, Kent. The third portrait, also that of a man, apparently a scholar, whose right hand rests upon a skull, while the left holds two blooms of a pansy, "is probably by a Flemish master contemporaneous with Holbein, to whom it was formerly ascribed."

The picture bequeathed to the nation by Mr. W. B. White, 'A Canon and his Patron Saints,' was formerly the right wing of the reredos of the altar of St. John the Baptist and St. Mary Magdalene, in the collegiate church of St. Donatian, at Bruges. It is by an early Dutch painter (Gheeraert David, of Oudewater, in Holland), who settled at Bruges about 1484, and died there in 1523. In his art David followed the styles initiated by Dirk Bouts and Hans Memling. Though his works are unknown among us, and even his name does not appear in any of our dictionaries of painters, David is said to take a high rank in the Flemish school: some of his best works are in the Academy and churches of Bruges. We have no space to describe the picture in the National Gallery; it must suffice to say that it contains four figures, all attired in magnificent vestments, painted with that minute attention to detail which characterizes the Art of that country and period.

Any notice of the pictures of our native school added to the Gallery during the past year must be deferred.

A GUARD-HOUSE IN CAIRO.

J. L. Gföns, H.R.A., Painter.

P. A. RAJON, Engraver.

FEW artists have succeeded better in his studies of ethnography than M. Gérôme, who knows well the distinctive character of a nationality, and how to express it on canvas. His Eastern pictures evidence this in a peculiar manner; and any one who has made himself acquainted with the specimens of the various tribes congregated in Constantinople or Cairo would be at no loss to identify and determine the country of which the figures in one of his pictures are presumed to be natives. The picture here translated into black and white through M. Rajon's well-known skilful etching-needle originally bore the title, we believe, of 'Corps de Garde des Arnauts à Cairo.' These Arnauts rank among the flower of the Ottoman army, and are found as mercenaries in all parts of Turkey and the Barbary States. They are a bold and warlike race of mountaineers of the province of Albania; they make splendid soldiers, but it is well known that the hiring sword of the Albanian warrior is at the service of any one who will pay for it. But it must be

bribed, for without bribery no inducement is strong enough to entice them from their native mountains, where they lead a semi-barbarous life, not unlike that in which the free-lances of the Middle Ages delighted, and mediæval bards sang of so rapturously. The Arnauts live on the most simple diet, rarely eating meat. The national dress is extremely picturesque, and especially so is that of the men when equipped for military service, as may be observed in the accompanying print, with the heavy turban, embroidered white frock or surtout, and long ornamented pistols stuck in the gay sash or scarf. M. Gérôme here represents a group of these warriors chatting idly in a guard-house. The two figures in the foreground are posed with considerable ease and elegance, and the whole composition is very effectively arranged. The painter is fortunate in having had his picture placed in the hands of so distinguished an engraver as M. Rajon, whose etchings are in high repute with all lovers of Art, as well here as on the continent.

ART IN THE COTTAGE.*

OUR contention is, then, that you must test the diffusion, the penetration, the success of Art, as you would test the spread of education and of politics. As a last resort, you must leave the Palace and come to the Cottage. It is only here that you can combine your qualitative and quantitative analysis. When you find a Scotch shepherd reading Virgil's *Georgics* by the hillside you may take it that education is doing something for the country to which he belongs, and that its universities are a real power, though they do not quite accord with the notions of a Cambridge or an Oxford "don;" and when you find pictures, and good furniture, and antique memorials in a humble abode, even though you could wish the first were better, the second more shapely, and the third more numerous, you may be quite sure that Art has a way opened for it, if it knew how to use it, and that "the progress of Art," of which we hear so much, does not wholly depend upon the number of pictures exhibited per annum in the London Galleries, or the amount of "gush" which characterizes drawing-room conversations. Rare excellence is, indeed, compatible with much limitation as to classes, but that excellence is more to be preferred which has its appreciable effect upon the very lowest. It is well that an Italian peasant should have an educated eye and a reverential spirit; it would be better if Art had some chastening effect upon his home life and his every-day associations. It is not well for the English peasant that our sombre skies infuse so little gaiety into his life, and that the drudgery of agriculture should make him so ungainly of gait, so unpicturesque in his attire; but surely he is nearer to the humanising influences which Art exerts, to the spirit it breathes into our literature, to that thought-culture without which sense-culture is mere doll-prettiness, to that hunger for possession which gives to Art its individualising as well as idealizing tendency. The one would very likely worship a picture some master hand had painted, and go back to his earthen floor and coarse pallet of straw with an almost bovine contentment; the other would certainly not worship, but yearn for possession, and return to his home in a puzzled sadness, spelling out to himself in frequent reveries the meaning of the mystery, or, it might be, the long series of antecedent and succeeding facts. It is a question for the artist which of the two effects he would prefer—the momentary superstition, or the more abiding absorption. The modern artist, indeed, no matter what his speciality may be, reaches further than any Florentine or Roman master, and long before age will have added its sanctity his best work will have shot its penetrating shafts into the hearts and lives of thousands. Some pale reflex will in due time find its way into the English cottage, as other echoes do from the outer world—cheap reprints of famous books, plaster casts of famous pieces of modern sculpture, reproductions by photograph of whatever has made its name in picture, print, or monument. The full life may not be there, but it will be better than the daub of the Virgin, or even no daub at all; it will, at any rate, stand to the reality in the same relation as the extracts from Milton and Shakspeare, in a child's reading-book, stand to "Paradise Lost," or *Hamlet* and the *Tempest*—a fragment, a tincture, a suggestion of the whole, not satisfying, but enlarging desire.

Art has, indeed, a double mission towards the Cottage—it has a mission to it, and a mission from it. The one is as much a part of its chief business in the world as the other. It cannot execute the one without also thinking of the other. Its sacred pictures are not so much for the gratification of priests as the inspiration of the poor; its public monuments are not for the benefit of friends, who may like to see a noble relative honoured, but for the assurance to all that good men are wanted to do the

world's work, and may come from every class; and its finest, richest, most secluded examples in vases, gems, intaglios, were wrought by common hands before they were treasured for dainty fingers and soft-skinned beauties—they rejoiced the souls of honest workmen before they brightened the eyes of wealthy connoisseurs. The mission of Art to the Cottage is one of exaltation, of refinement, of far-reaching enfranchisement; it is to open the doors of the kingdom of knowledge, to touch fresh springs of sensibility, to place the humblest soul in its right relation to the universe. The true artist would rather be what David and Bunyan and Shakspeare are to the cottage, as the type of what is the humblest and lowliest amongst us, than find himself the secret joy of a bibliomaniac, the priceless treasure of a Medici, the awful *sacrosanctus*, visible only to monk or nun. Art is no cabala, no esotery, intended only for a class, a caste; its magic and its mystery are keys to the inner room of every human spirit, though the doors be rarely opened and the rooms themselves be unswept and ungarnished. The mission from the Cottage, too, is always wanted, and wanted as much in the Palace as anywhere else. "Paint us an angel if you can, with a floating violet robe, and a face paled by the celestial light," writes George Eliot in "Adam Bede;" "paint us yet oftener a Madonna turning her mild face upwards, and opening her arms to welcome the divine glory; but do not impose on us any æsthetic rules which shall banish from the region of Art those old women scraping carrots with their work-worn hands; those heavy clowns taking holiday in a dingy pot-house; those rounded backs and stupid, weather-beaten faces that have bent over the spade and done the rough work of the world; those homes with their tin pans, their brown pitchers, their rough curs, and their clusters of fine onions. In this world there are so many of these common, coarse people, who have no picturesque, sentimental wretchedness. It is so needful we should remember their existence, else we may happen to leave them quite out of our religion and philosophy, and frame lofty theories which only fit a world of extremes. Therefore let Art always remind us of them; therefore let us always have men ready to give the loving pains of a life to the faithful representation of commonplace things—men who see beauty in these commonplace things, and delight in showing how kindly the light of heaven falls on them." There is beauty in this sear-ringed island of ours as well as in sunnier lands; in English heaths and hills as well as in Swiss mountains and Italian farms; in heavy-featured, sombre-clad labourers, as well as in ribboned brigands and ragged lazzaroni. There is as ample a poetry of suggestion in a cottage arm-chair as in a curule throne; and the tragedy which plays itself out in the life of labour and homely retirement is as full of romance as are the metaphysics of crime or the ecstasies of the saints. It is perhaps less to be caught by purely literary excogitation, and hence it is less attractive and less easy to discover. It cannot be gathered up into intellectual power by much dwelling in the studio, by ostentatious fidgeting along the beaten tracks of Art. The novel, in short, is competing with other forms of Art in this double mission; but pencil, chisel, and brush must not accept the ostracism or the petalism the pen would thrust upon them. Pre-Raphaelitism has done much to increase our regard for minute and honest workmanship, but there is yet needed a dash of Dutch simplicity without its coarseness, a revival of the broad, human, tender spirit which should make the artist as tremulous to life in a cottage as if its inmates were kings and queens in disguise, sheltering from the troubles which are passed, waiting for the reverential greeting and the royal raiments which are near.

EDWIN GOADBY.

* Continued from page 8.

AMERICAN PAINTERS.—PETER MORAN.



PETER MORAN was born in the town of Bolton, Lancashire, England, on the 4th of March, 1812. At the age of three he was taken to America by his parents, and sixteen years afterwards was apprenticed by his father to learn the art of lithographic printing in the establishment of Messrs. Herline and Hersel, of Philadelphia. Lithographic printing is doubtless a very excellent and useful occupation, but Moran did not admire it: he worked at it for a few months, as miserable as possible, until he succeeded in picking a very serious quarrel with his employers, and in getting his indenture cancelled. He was free, and seventeen years old. A lad who would not learn so excellent and artistic a trade as that of lithographic printing did not meet with much encouragement from his matter-of-fact relatives; nor, when he told them that he had long cherished the aspiration of becoming a painter, did their estimate of his sagacity and stability increase. His father had taken the measure of his son's capacity, and had chosen for him the lot of a skilled and honest craftsman. His friends, too, interested themselves in him so far as to second his father's plans, and to discourage his *penchant* for the palette; but to no purpose. It chanced

that his brothers Thomas and Edward were pleasantly ensconced in a studio, and in a short time we find Peter in that place as their pupil, working with assiduity in the departments of landscape and marine painting, which Thomas and Edward were successfully cultivating. Thomas painted landscapes, and Peter sequestered all of Thomas's learning and method that he could lay hands upon. Edward painted marines, and whatever could be gotten from him was seized and taken possession of in like manner. So far so good. But one day Peter, seeing a landscape by Lambinet, was greatly impressed by the presence of the spirit of Nature in that lamented artist's work, by the freshness, dewiness, transparency, and picturesqueness of his representation, and this led to a serious study of the winning Frenchman. Wherever he could gain access to a Lambinet, it was his pleasure and desire to go. Under the influence of this new first love he painted a little canvas, which soon found a buyer in Mr. Samuel Fales, of Philadelphia; and it is that gentleman whom Mr. Moran might call his professional godfather.

To be off with the old love and on with the new is not always a reprehensible or unpromising movement; and when Mr. Moran began to associate with Troyon and Rosa Bonheur, who were not strangers in Philadelphia, and to find that he cared more for



Twilight.

them than for Lambinet, his conscience acquiesced in the change. Cows and sheep thenceforth invited his attention and secured his sympathy. Not cows and sheep alone, but also the landscapes which they graced or enriched. Troyon's pictures especially took hold of him, and have kept hold ever since. It is as an animal painter that Moran has gotten his success, and by that, doubtless, he will continue to be known. In order to study Landseer to advantage, he came to London in 1863, being then twenty-one years old. But Landseer and the English artists in general disappointed him. Landseer, no doubt, was a masterly interpreter of animal character, both from its pathetic and its humorous sides; but the works of our great animal painter did not suit the taste of the young American, and the next year Mr. Moran returned home, and produced a large animal picture, which he sent to the Philadelphia Academy Exhibition, where, before the opening of the Exhibition, it was bought by Mr. Matthew Baird, of that city. He then set himself

to the delineation of Pennsylvanian farm life, particularly of barn interiors and domestic animals. In 1873 he painted 'The Thunder-Storm,' which is in the possession of Mr. Harris, of Newark, New Jersey; in 1874 'A Fog on the Seashore,' which is in the collection of a gentleman in Brooklyn, and 'Troublesome Models,' which is owned by Mr. Z. H. Johnson, of New York; in 1875 'The Settled Rain,' now in a New York gallery, and 'The Return of the Herd,' which received a medal in the Centennial Exhibition: it is undoubtedly his best work. 'The Return from Market' followed in 1876, and was bought by the late Mr. Matthew Baird, of Philadelphia. In 1877 his principal works were 'Spring,' now in the collection of Mrs. C. W. Rowland, of Philadelphia, and 'TWILIGHT,' which attracted the eye and opened the purse of Mr. W. H. Whitney, also of Philadelphia.

This picture we have engraved. The heaviest clouds are a dark yellow grey; those nearer the horizon are warmer in tone,

with strong reflected light, the colour of which is white, graduating into yellow and blue. The sheep are grey, and the general tone of the dark ground against the sky is brown, running to a grey green in the foreground. The tone of the painting, as a

whole, is olive. Evidences of fine and sensitive observation are abundant in this representation, and the sentiment of the twilight hour is tenderly and lovingly expressed. The other picture is 'THE RETURN OF THE HERD' during the approach of a thunder-



The Return of the Herd.

storm. Already the fierce rain has overtaken the group of cattle in the distance, but the white cow and her yellowish-red calf in the bright yellow-grey foreground are enveloped in light. The bull is dark brown and black, and a noble specimen of his

race. Mr. Moran's aim, in this canvas and elsewhere, is to give the best natural representation of his subject in a broad and general manner. He strives to be correct without being photographic.

OBITUARY.

SAMUEL BOUGH, R.S.A.

THE Royal Scottish Academy has lost an artist who for many years has greatly aided in sustaining the reputation of the northern school of landscape painters. Death has indeed been busy among the ranks of this institution during the past year, for to the names of those whose decease we have already recorded—G. P. Chalmers, J. Docharty, L. Macdonald, K. MacLeay, and Professor David Laing—we have now to add Samuel Bough, who died on November 19, almost in the prime of his career, for he had not quite reached the age of fifty-seven. Born at Carlisle in 1822, Mr. Bough began life in the office of the town clerk of Carlisle, where he served two years; but the love of painting prevailed over the attractions of the law, and he quitted the desk to gain what knowledge of Art lay in his power to acquire. He seems never to have had the advantage of any regular instruction, but he came to London somewhat early in life, and made the acquaintance of the late George Lance, the famous flower painter and most estimable man, through whom he got introduced to other artists. From some of these he probably picked up a little knowledge of Art, both theoretical and practical: his chief master was, however, Nature, for he was a constant and diligent student in the open air. He commenced practice as a scene painter, as did D. Cox, D. Roberts, C. Stanfield, and others who rose to great emi-

nence as landscape painters, being engaged first at a theatre at Manchester, and afterwards at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow. He also, about this period of his life, found good employment as a decorator of interiors, and was successful in designing landscapes for book illustrations for the leading publishers of Glasgow. After removing about in different localities, Mr. Bough settled in Edinburgh in the year 1855-6, where he died: he had long been a valuable contributor to the Scottish Academy, and in 1857 was elected Associate of that institution, and in 1875 was chosen Academician. We find the name of this artist as a frequent exhibitor of landscapes and marine views in our Royal Academy in the earlier part of his career. In the *Art Journal* for 1871 is a most effective engraving from a fine and vigorous picture by him, a view of Borrowdale, in the possession of Mr. R. Clark, of Edinburgh.

FREDERICK PEPYS COCKERELL, F.I.B.A.

The architectural profession has occasion to mourn the loss of a most popular member in the person of this gentleman, who died somewhat suddenly in Paris on the 4th of November last year. He was the son of Professor Charles R. Cockerell, R.A., the distinguished architect, and after serving a term of pupilage in the office of another eminent architect, the late Philip Hardwick, R.A., Mr. Cockerell went to the continent and pursued

his studies there, especially in Paris. On his return to England he commenced practice, and soon found much occupation, being engaged upon a variety of edifices, domestic and ecclesiastic, a list of which appears in the journals especially devoted to the profession, and which, therefore, we need not repeat. Mr. Cockerell was elected Associate of the Royal Institute of British Architects in 1860, and a Fellow in 1864. In 1871 he was chosen Honorary Secretary, when he secured the good-will and high esteem of the members, who, as one of his biographers says, "will find it difficult, even almost impossible, to immediately obtain another man combining the same qualities." He was one of the trustees of the Soane Museum.

THOMAS BRIDGFORD, R.I.A.

This artist, long known in Ireland as one of the oldest members of the Royal Hibernian Academy, died somewhat suddenly in Dublin on the 21st of November last, at the age of sixty-six years. In his early life Mr. Bridgford resided and studied and painted in London, for we find him exhibiting at the Royal Academy during several years, both figure subjects and portraits: among the latter were, in 1842, portraits of W. Mulready, R.A., and Abraham Cooper, R.A.; and in the following year portraits of the Royal Academicians E. H. Baily, Sir Augustus W. Calcott, and D. Roberts—satisfactory evidence that the painter's work was held in good estimation by some of the leading artists of that time.

In 1844 Mr. Bridgford went over to Dublin and settled in that city: some years previously he had been elected an Associate of the Hibernian Academy. Among the principal subject pictures he executed there may be pointed out 'The Arrest of Sir Henry Slingsby,' 'An Irish Wake,' 'The Deserter,' 'The Cutting-out Expedition,' 'Passing Shadows,' 'Pleasant Memories,' 'Golden Moments,' &c. He was also much engaged on portraits, those of Archbishop Trench, Mrs. General Wardlaw, and the Rev. David McKee being among the most successful. His loss will be severely felt among the Art circles of Dublin, and in several of the educational institutions of that city with which he was professionally connected.

ROBERT WALLIS.

Another of the old school of line engravers, who did much to maintain the reputation of that art in this country, has passed away in the person of Mr. Robert Wallis, who died at Brighton

on the 23rd of November last, at the advanced age of eighty-four. He was born in London on November 7, 1794, but spent the earlier years of his life in the country: he learned his art under the direction of his father, Thomas Wallis, an excellent figure engraver engaged in the studio of Charles Heath, with whom he worked till the illness which terminated in the death of his able assistant. On the return of Mr. Robert Wallis to London about 1818, he soon took a high position in the list of landscape engravers, and was recognised as a worthy associate of E. Goodall, W. Miller, Cousins, Willmore, and others. Many of the best specimens of his burin will be found in Turner's "Southern Coast" and "England and Wales," Rogers's Poems, and in the expensively illustrated Keepsakes and other gift books of the period. Among his larger plates may be mentioned his 'Lake Nemi,' after Turner—an artist's proof of which realised no less than ninety guineas at a sale by Messrs. Christie about three years since—and the 'Approach to Venice,' also after Turner, 'Dover,' and 'Hastings,' a pair of prints from fine drawings by Turner.

Mr. Wallis's skill was frequently employed in the service of the *Art Journal*; he executed for us 'The Scheldt, Texel Island,' from the picture by C. Stanfield, R.A., in the Vernon collection (1849); 'The Dutch Ferry,' from the picture by Sir A. W. Calcott, R.A., in the same collection (1849); 'Val St. Nicola,' after J. D. Harding (1854); 'On the Gulf of Venice,' after C. Stanfield (1854); 'On the Thames,' after Turner (1854); 'The Royal Yacht off Mount St. Michael,' after C. Stanfield (1855); 'The Bay of Naples,' after W. Callow (1856); 'Kilchurn Castle,' after G. H. Fripp (1858); 'The Lower Lake, Killarney,' after M. Anthony (1860); 'Brighton Chain Pier' (1862), and 'Orange Merchantman going to pieces' (1864), both after Turner; 'A Passing Cloud,' after J. C. Hook, R.A. (1865); and 'The Lake of Lucerne,' after Turner (1865).

The engraving of 'The Approach to Venice' was Mr. Wallis's last important work, and is, perhaps, the most successful rendering of a picture by Turner that appeared after the death of the great painter: a proof of the plate was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1859. Shortly after this Mr. Wallis relinquished all his professional engagements in consequence of advancing age, and retired to Brighton, where from that year he resided in quietude and in the enjoyment of all his faculties, till within a year or two of his decease, when his great age kept him a prisoner in his home. His younger brother, Mr. Henry Wallis, is the proprietor of the popular French Gallery in Pall Mall.

ART-NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

COLOGNE.—Every one knows, we are told by the *Chronique des Arts*, of the strange and mysterious incidents which cling to the traditions of Cologne Cathedral. They have been recently recalled to mind by the difficulty experienced during the past year in drawing tone from the new bell, which has been cast from the metal of French artillery. Legends say that this *chef-d'œuvre* of Gothic architecture, of which the devil gets the credit of having supplied the plan, is destined never to be completed. To be sure the works undertaken in it during the last forty years make gradual advances that seem to give tradition the lie; but, on the other hand, mark what has been just proved by M. Heim, a sage professor of the University of Zurich, viz. that the blocks of stone drawn from the quarries of the Drachenfels, and which have been almost exclusively employed for those portions of the building constructed in the Middle Ages—that is to say, in foundation and pillars—are in such a state of friction and chemical decomposition that it becomes probable that before the close of the century the whole will crumble.

PARIS.—Has a dawn of felicitous times—undreamt of since the *cinque-cente*—began to open on our much-cherished and

yet much-excruciated Art? The magic word "lottery" seems to forewarn such a golden glow, or else a sad illusion. If it be "all but a dream at the best," the tantalising anticipation is wholly due to that vast lottery *fête* by which the Exposition of 1878 has been led to its conclusion. The members of the recently reorganized Council of Fine Arts in Paris were rapidly won into admiration of the vast gambling venture of which an *élite* of objects from the Exhibition supplied the capital. The circle of Art professors and its devoted amateurs must have been not a little startled when, among other announcements in the Official Journal, having reference to the annual *Salon* exhibition, the following ordinance made its appearance:—"At the close of the Saloon an official lottery shall be organized, upon the model of that which has been brought into existence as a concomitant of the Grand Exposition. The funds arising from this lottery shall be devoted to the purchase of works that have appeared on the occasion, in such a manner as to permit the credits annually inscribed in a budget to be employed in the acquisition of productions of exalted Art." Here is a theme for the meditation of the President and Council of the Royal Academy in London.

THE LAND OF EGYPT.*

BY EDWARD THOMAS ROGERS, ESQ., LATE H.M. CONSUL AT CAIRO, AND HIS SISTER, MARY ELIZA ROGERS.

THE DRAWINGS BY GEORGE L. SEYMOUR.

CHAPTER II.



THE modern and European streets of Alexandria are paved with large flat blocks of limestone imported from Trieste, but the narrower streets of the old parts of the town are unpaved, and are consequently dirty or dusty at all times, and during the winter season they are ankle deep in mud. Still, apart from this inconvenience, a stroll through the native quarter is full of varied interest, and it may be accomplished either on foot or on one of the nimble ambling donkeys which are for hire in every street in Alexandria; nor indeed is it considered *infra*

dig. to be seen riding one of these humble animals. Here the natives ply their various handicrafts in their open shops, whilst itinerant vendors of fruits, drinks, or other trifles are calling out their wares with exaggerated praise of their excellence. At a barber's shop, whilst some are having their heads shaved, others may be waiting to be bled, or to have teeth extracted, for the barbers in the East are still barber-surgeons, as they formerly were in Europe. In many of the trades the workmen use their feet as well as their hands; their toes, never having been cramped by tight shoes, are almost as useful as their fingers. Thus the turner works in a primitive manner, turning the axle by means of a bowstring in one hand, and guiding the tool with his other hand and one foot. The native tailor often holds with his toes one end of a garment on which he is working. The silk-worker holds his skeins of silk in his toes as easily as with his fingers; and a woman carrying a heavy load on her head may be seen sometimes to stop, and, without stooping, to pick up minute objects with her feet, and to pass them to her hand by bending back the leg.

Sebils, or public drinking fountains, are to be found in many of the streets, some being well-built architectural monuments, whilst others are perfectly plain, and without any pretension to ornament. To some, little brass cups are attached, that the passengers may use at pleasure, whilst the old and more usual plan is to have brass nozzles, or nipples, set in a marble slab connected by a siphon pipe with the water tank, and the thirsty traveller sucks at these nipples till he has quenched his thirst. The coffee shops are also places of great attraction, especially in the evenings, when they are dingily lighted with hanging oil lamps, and then sometimes a public reciter may be heard relating to the audience one of the many exciting stories, interspersed with poetry, which the Arab-speaking people love so well.

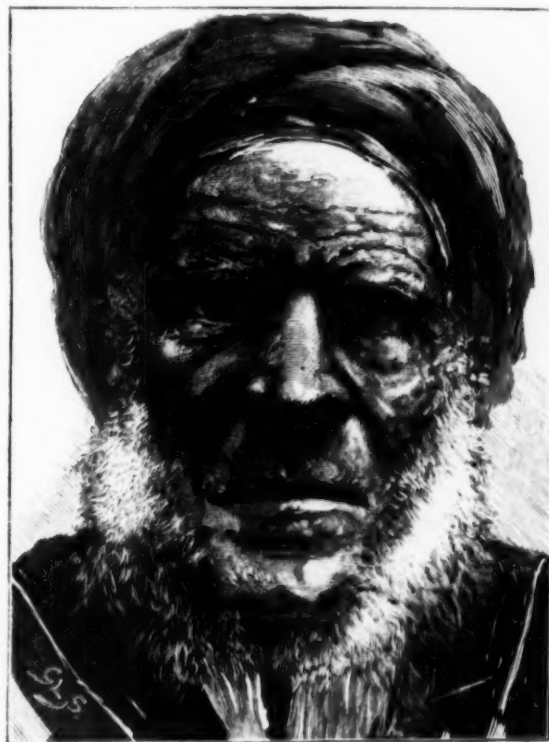
The Khedive and his family have many handsome palaces in the environs of Alexandria. The most important of them, and the one generally occupied by his Highness when visiting this city, is that of Ras-et-tin, situated on the western promontory, and overlooking the western harbour. The name Ras-et-tin in

Arabic means *cape* or *headland of figs*, but the word is more probably of ancient Egyptian origin, though the modern authorities have planted large numbers of fig-trees (which flourish satisfactorily) in order to give a semblance of truth to the Arabic etymology. The Arabs, both in Egypt and in Syria, have been apt to "Arabise" the ancient names of cities, and by changing, adding, or dropping one letter, often produced an Arabic word, instead of translating the original name. Many instances of this system are found in the nomenclature of towns and villages in Egypt. When a town had a Greek or Roman name the Arabs sometimes clumsily adopted it, but more frequently avoided it and reverted to the original Semitic name. In Palestine we find the Greek name of St. Jean d'Acre, *Ptolemais*, discarded, and the Hebrew *Accho* revived in the name 'Akka; but the ancient Shechem, renovated by the Greeks, and by them named Neapolis, is now called Nablous.

The palace of Ras-et-tin is a fine building, erected by Mohammed Aly and enlarged by successive viceroys. The grand staircase is of marble; the reception-rooms are spacious and handsomely furnished. Just outside the precincts of the palace are stables for several hundred horses, which are now almost empty.

The palace called *Number Three*, quite a modern-looking mansion, in a large and well-cultivated garden, is usually occupied by the heir apparent, Prince Mohammed Towfik, during his visits to Alexandria.

The palace at Ramleh was built by the present Khedive, on a site formerly belonging to his late brother, Mustafa Pasha. On



Village Sheikh.

account of two serious misfortunes that occurred here, this extensive building is regarded as of ill omen, and is almost abandoned. It was at first built of brick, and contained a considerable amount of woodwork, and whilst being furnished in a

* Continued from page 4.

most expensive style it was burnt to the ground. The Khedive ordered it to be rebuilt of stone, and it was occupied by some members of the family; but in the summer of 1875 one of his

daughters, the Princess Zeinab, unfortunately died there, and the palace has been shut up ever since.

The palace at Mex, commenced on a grand scale by the late



View of Alexandria from the Palace at Mex.

Viceroy, Said Pasha, was never finished. From it the view across the harbour is very picturesque.

The palace of Gabari was also built by Said Pasha, and in front of it is the racecourse; indeed, the terrace of the palace



Boatmen Encampment.

forms part of the grand stand. Here the very popular Egyptian races were run annually for many years, but the meetings were

abolished about two years ago, on account of combined adverse influences which seriously affected the owners of racing studs;

namely, firstly, the equine epidemic which destroyed nearly all the horses in Egypt; and secondly, the depressed state of the Egyptian finances, that obliged the Khedive to withdraw the pecuniary support with which he had endowed the racing committee.

The atmosphere of Alexandria is exceedingly damp, for the city is almost entirely surrounded by water—the sea on the north, and Lake Mareotis on the south. The heat, being moist, is much more oppressive than that of Cairo, though it never attains

the degree of the maximum heat recorded by thermometers in the latter city.

In ancient times Lake Mareotis was a sweet-water lake, supplied from the Nile by means of canals. During the last few centuries the canals were neglected, and the water in the lake subsided. In the year 1801, during the siege of Alexandria, the English troops cut through a neck of land which separated the dry bed of the lake from the Mediterranean, and thus let in the sea-water, which inundated and laid waste an extensive



Gateway of the Palace at Mex, Alexandria.

tract of country, thereby destroying a large number of villages. Many attempts have been since made to drain it and to render the land capable of cultivation, but hitherto they have been unsuccessful. The lake abounds with fish, and the salt works established here return a good revenue to the Government.

Besides Lake Mareotis, there are three other lakes in the Delta—namely, Etoko, Burlos, and Menzaleh, each separated from the Mediterranean by a very narrow strip of land; and as they are filled partly by the sea and partly by the overflow of the Nile, their brackishness varies at different times of the year.

Near the southern shore of Lake Menzaleh are the ruins of

the ancient city of Tannis, which Brugsch Bey has identified both with Ramses and Zoan of the Bible. His Egyptological studies of geography, topography, and archaeology have led him to the conclusion that this is the city in which the Israelites were oppressed by Ramses II., and that hence their exodus occurred under Menephtah.

Dr. Brugsch's lucid arguments in no way affect the Hebrew narrative, nor do they cast any doubt on the Biblical history of the Exodus. On the contrary, he proves from Egyptian records the minute accuracy of the account with which we are all familiar. But his conclusions tend entirely to subvert our gene-

rally received interpretation of the Exodus. For this, he says, he cannot be taken to task, since for twenty centuries the trans-



Lake Mareotis.

lators and interpreters have wrongly comprehended and translated the geographical indications contained in that part of the

Biblical text which refers to the description of the sojourn of the Hebrews in Egypt.

(To be continued.)

ICEBERG LAKE, ISTERDAL, NORWAY.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

R. T. PRITCHETT, Painter.

E. P. BRANDARD, Engraver.

OUR readers who have followed Mr. Pritchett through the series of papers which have appeared from his pen during the last two years consecutively in this Journal, and which had also the advantage of being illustrated by his facile and skilful pencil, will perhaps remember the remarks he makes about the locality that supplied him with this bleak, desolate, but still picturesque passage of Norwegian scenery. His description is necessarily better and more truthful than any we can offer, and therefore we transcribe it; it will be found in the sixth chapter, and runs thus:—"Isterdal is full of interest and character, with a wild river, precipitous mountains on either side, snow on the high peaks above, a rushing of waters below, hardly any track, shut in by a façade of rock at the end of the valley." Continuing the exploration of the valley, &c., the artist and his fellow-travellers, with their Norwegian guide, push on "over rocks bare and betumbled, not a symptom of vegetation," till "at last (having climbed up by the side of a fall dashing down through bare rocks) came the summit, and creeping round a

boulder, before us is a lake, intensely deep in colour, full of icebergs and floes of old ice. Where we stood was snow, with tracks of reindeer; in places the snow had melted, the lemmings had been there, and the reindeer flowers coming up." The party seated themselves to partake of some refreshment, but "could not at once settle down to a snack without paying a tribute of respect to the majesty of nature then before us. . . . We began our meal in earnest, and in the midst of it we heard a noise like a roll of thunder. Soon we knew the direction. On the left side of the lake the vast snow extent was riven by a gigantic avalanche, which ploughed its way down, and coming to the edge of the rocks, plunged headlong into the lake, agitating all the ice, and causing the icebergs to jostle each other; but water and ice soon regained their equilibrium, and nature lay before us in solemn silence and undisturbed majesty."

What more need be said by way of introduction to this beautiful solitude, the only tenant of which, as we see it represented in the picture, is a single reindeer?

THE WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE Winter Exhibition of the Society of British Artists—whose *quondam* home was Suffolk Street, but which is now in Conduit Street—consists of three hundred and ninety-eight works in oil, a hundred and ninety-eight water-colour drawings, and seven examples of sculpture, making in all six hundred and three contributions. Although this number is much smaller than it used to be when the society had full command of the noble sweep of rooms in Suffolk Street, it is still too large to please people who wish to see the general standard of excellence raised rather than of being strugglingly maintained at an exasperating level of mediocrity. Instead, however, of dwelling painfully on what fails to come within critical recognition, let us turn to a few of those works which we can honestly praise. We will premise that it is much to be regretted the names of the Dawsons no longer appear on the list of members. The society could ill afford to lose two such artists, the elder of whom is the most eminent man living in his own special walk, and his name would add lustre to the roll even of the Royal Academy of England, much more to a society of such limited prestige as that of the British Artists.

Among the sculptures is a very clever posthumous bust in terra-cotta of a lovely child with crossed hands upon its bosom by T. N. Maclean, a young sculptor from whom we have yet much to expect. Miss G. Crockford shows ready plastic capability in her statuette portrait of 'Miss Claremont' (601), and in the old bearded man, 'Bildad the Shuhite' (600). E. R. Mullins has a pleasing terra-cotta group of a girl and boy 'Looking for Father' (598): the modelling of one of the figures, however, strikes us as having suffered in the firing. R. Physick and F. Junck are also fairly represented, especially the former, whose bust of 'Grief' is sweet in sentiment and classically elegant in design and modelling.

Among the water-colour drawings we note for commendation Miss L. Watts's 'Chalky Beach' (477); John Steeple's 'Rugged Spot among the Welsh Mountains' (456); W. Hall's 'River Brathay' by moonlight (423), with high wooded banks; T. J. Soper's quiet soothing scene, 'On the Arun' (458); 'After Sunset' (475), by F. Slocombe; 'View near Great Marlow' (529), by W. B. Pyne; 'Changing Pastures' (564), by L. L. Pocock; and 'Cottage near Cookham' (544), by T. Pyne. The two contributions by W. O. Harling, whose works we have had occasion to admire and praise heretofore, are 'On the Beach at Sorrento' (493), backed by rocky heights which are wood-crowned, and 'A Farmhouse in Capri' (534), with a graceful girl resting her basket under the trained tendrils of a vine: they possess qualities not often found in combination, and these are local truth and composition. It is the harmonious blending of the two which makes the true landscape, and the just balance was not always maintained even by Turner. Among figure subjects are the fisher-girl contemplating the crab as she stands on the beach, with the appropriate name of 'Cancer et Virgo' (433), by Yeend King; and H. G. Glindoni's 'Smoker' (468), a helmeted musketeer conceived after the manner of Meissonier; nine little vignettes by J. Montague, being 'Sketches taken during the Russo-Turkish War' (405); and J. E. Goodall's Cavalier lying dead on his back in a deserted apartment, 'At Break of Day' (410), his hand still grasping the naked sword with which he had in vain defended himself. The flower drawing in this section embraces such forcible and satisfactory work as we find in Miss E. J. Jackson's 'Marigolds' (434), and Miss C. E. Howell's 'Wallflowers' (445).

Turning to the works in oil, we find in No. 1, over the door, a large and forcible landscape representing mossy water rushing impetuously over boulders in 'The Doone Valley, Exmoor,' by S. Hodges. Then there are 'Sunset on the Thames' (40), by G. S. Walters, with hay barges off West Thurrock Church;

'Whitstable' (44), with rough water on a sandy beach, by G. de Breanski; 'Near Bournemouth, Hants' (377), a conscientious and successful transcript from nature by Arthur H. Davis, showing picturesque pines against a summer sky; 'The Highway, Winchelsea' (71), leading under trees, by John W. Buxton Knight, an artist whose merits are somewhat modified by his slight tendency to blackness; 'A Breezy Day on the Coast' (75), cattle and sheep on a benty height, by T. F. Wainwright; 'An Aspen Grove' (87), by E. Ellis; 'The Landing-place' (250), some boats and punts moored to a pleasant green bank, by S. Lloyd; 'Dietz on the Lahn' (251), by J. D. Barnett; and especially G. Gray's 'St. Monance, Fife' (51), which is full of the luminosity peculiar to the Scottish school. Let also be noted with marked approval 'St. Paul's, from Cannon Street' (364), by L. C. Miles, and 'A Storm Cloud in Cannock Chase' (383), by B. Evans. These are a few out of the many landscapes on the walls of the exhibition which deserve notice for the fulness of their intention, perhaps, quite as much as for absolute Art achievement.

Coming to subject pictures or figures, we find also not a few deserving of leisurely criticism if we had only the space to give it. A three-quarter life-sized length of a 'Poor Old Woman' (6), by G. Clausen, and the 'Hon. Mrs. Edward Brownlow' (7), a handsome lady in pink and lace, by A. Ossani, come under this designation. Equally amenable to the remark are W. H. Bartlett's two girls waiting by the rocks for the boat which is to take them to 'Market at Roundstone from Deer Island, on the West Coast of Ireland' (22), a subject treated somewhat in the Scotch manner of Hamilton Maccallum and his peers; C. Cattermole's 'Lance' (33) sitting at an open archway lecturing his dog, which turns away his head in that deprecating and truly repentant manner so peculiar to those dogs which come more immediately under individual human influence; L. C. Henley's 'Labour of Love' (45), a monk carrying a crucifix; 'A Legend' (65), by Miss B. Mayer, an open space in a village, with many scattered figures, some around a stone fountain, others listening to a monk singing to a guitar, all very powerfully painted in the black forcible manner of the Hungarian Munkacsy, but all curiously unintelligible. Let hearty praise be given also to John Morgan's 'Pets' (210); R. J. Gordon's 'Autumn' (88), a comely dark lady in black fur; J. Hayllar's 'All Serene' (97), the expression of a jolly farmer after having dined; Major T. S. Seecombe's spirited 'Affair of Outposts: Cavalry to the Front' (113); H. T. Schafer's classic subject of 'The Wine-bearer' (120); A. Ludovici's 'Seaside Acrobats' (133), some children playing on a plank leading to a bathing machine; John Burr's 'Beware of the Dog' (126), three children passing timidly a dog-kennel; and W. H. Gadsby's vigorously painted portrait of a 'Girl in Mob Cap' (127). Nor must we omit calling attention to a very clever interior by A. G. Bell, a rising young artist, painted in a low key, somewhat in the manner of Frere: it is called 'The Kitchen Corner' (92), and represents a little one attending to her mother, who is busy at the kitchen dresser, while pussy laps her saucer-full of milk in the middle of the floor. We have space only to name Wyke Bayliss, who is as happy with his pen as he is with his pencil—his solitary contribution is 'Fountain in the Apse of Fribourg Cathedral' (188); J. L. Cloud, a clever character painter; and such old favourites as James Peel, Haynes King, W. J. Muckley, W. Bromley, C. Bauerle, and A. J. Woolmer, the ever suggestive and poetical.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

FOUR hundred sketches, studies, and finished drawings constitute the Winter Exhibition of the Water-Colour Society, a number sufficiently limited to allow of the Art lover fairly satisfying himself at a single visit. There is nothing in the present collection to lift it above the average; but at the same

time it must not be forgotten that the ordinary level of this society is a high one.

Beginning with the Associates last elected, viz. W. E. Lockhart, R.S.A., Tom Lloyd, Norman Tayler, son of Frederick Tayler, the ex-president, and Henry Wallis, it will be found that both in attainment and industry they are worthy of the society, and, from the earnestness of their work, that they are proud of the Associateship. Of Mr. Lockhart's six contributions we prefer 'King's College, Old Aberdeen' (14), with its imposing stone crown, which, if not unique, is certainly the finest example of the kind in the whole island. The foreground of the picture is a little broken up, and the distance is closed by a streak of sea. 'Footdee and Torry' (71), looking across the Dee and some iron works to the beautiful Bay of Aberdeen beyond, may be regarded as a companion drawing. These and the other contributions of the artist are vigorously executed, especially his 'Autumn' (248), with masses of bright silvery cumuli rolling above the golden woods; and he has the knack of seizing the local characteristics and realising the *genius loci*, and, were it not for a certain tendency he has to blackness, we should be altogether pleased with the work of his hand.

Tom Lloyd has sent only two pictures, 'July' (174), and 'An Autumn Morning' (221), and of these the latter, perhaps, is the more important. A comely young girl stands and reads to an old lady who rests on a summer seat, which is backed by bosky foliage, yellow with the tints of autumn. The colour in this drawing is very charming; but we fear Mr. Lloyd, in attempting to realise the infinite variety of nature in this extended mass of leafage, has stepped somewhat beyond the boundaries of his art. This knowledge of what to attempt and where to stop comes only with experience; but Mr. Lloyd's pictorial instinct will, we are sure, make a very limited quantum of it suffice.

Norman Tayler has three pictures, and of these the first in the catalogue is the most pleasing, if not technically the best. It is called 'A Willing Slave' (9), and represents a young peasant carrying home the milk-pail of his sweetheart, who is sublimed in his earnest, admiring eyes into a being of more than earthly beauty, as she walks by his side in the warm glow of a summer's evening. Mr. Norman Tayler's tone and colouring are very grateful to the eye, as his rendering of the sentiment of love is to the heart.

Henry Wallis is also a master of colour, as any one of his four drawings will readily convince the visitor. For fulness of tone we would point more especially to his 'Favourite Haunt of Keats, Shelley, Leigh Hunt, and Coleridge' (68), between Hampstead and Highgate—hence their being called by some of their contemporaries "Hampstead Heathers"—and for discriminating treatment of greys in a low tone to his group of poor Flemish women in black cloaks and white caps, 'Awaiting the Distribution of Loaves' (50). His most important figure work, however, is a large drawing representing 'A Sextett' (90), being played on various instruments by a group of gentlemen, in an apartment overlooking the street during the Reign of Terror. The costumes have evidently been studied with care, and Mr. Wallis has succeeded in differentiating and characterizing the various players, and in giving *vraisemblance* to the whole scene. The picture very properly occupies the place of honour in the far end of the room.

In an angle of this part of the gallery hangs Basil Bradley's two magnificent St. Bernard dogs 'On a Mission of Mercy' (112), and in the other, Arthur H. Marsh's 'Sea Cave of Dunluce, County Antrim' (67), which is being shown to tourists by a young Irish lad. The grey foreground of the great cave warming into sienna in the distant opening is no doubt locally true, but it scarcely makes a pleasant picture. In the same neighbourhood will be found a most unconventional and vigorous drawing of 'A Canal in Venice' (61), with its high overhanging houses, by that most virile artist, Clara Montalba, and in the corner diagonally opposite will be found another small subject, giving a glimpse of 'The Grand Canal' (217), with a few sea-posts in the foreground and some stately houses on the right. The daylight in this drawing is most brilliant, and how, with white upon white, the artist has managed to be so articulate, and so full of colour as it

were, is to us as much a marvel as her industry; for she has in the present exhibition a dozen drawings, and in none of the other galleries now open does she go unrepresented.

The place of honour in the near end of the gallery is occupied by J. D. Watson's 'Rivals' (247), just as the similar place of honour in the Dudley is graced by his 'Engagements.' The present drawing represents a jester bowing to a monkey seated composedly in a grand arm-chair. The drawing and modelling of the jester, and general treatment of the background—which, by the way, might have been a trifle more varied—equal anything Mr. Watson has done for some time. This remark is also applicable to the lady in his Dudley Gallery painting, and we rejoice to see that Mr. Watson has recovered so entirely from his late illness.

In this immediate neighbourhood will be found a fine transparent drawing by E. A. Goodall, called 'On the Lagoon, Venice' (242); a capital 'Study of Willows near Hurley Lock' (243), by Edward Duncan; 'Study of a Girl's Head' (238), by F. Smallfield; 'Sketches on the Thames,' by Otto Weber, and a Venetian 'Study' (255), by Oswald W. Brierly. Round 'The Night March' (164) of the President, Sir John Gilbert, who has five of his spirited drawings in the present exhibition, and all of them up to his own high level, are gathered admirable examples of Mrs. Allingham, R. Thorneycroft, Albert Goodwin, C. Branwhite, George A. Fripp, J. Parker, Alfred W. Hunt, E. K. Johnson, and Arthur Hopkins. Walter Duncan's group of troopers round a table listening to 'A Story' (130) is more complete and satisfactory than anything he has yet done. R. W. Macbeth's 'Study' of a pensive fisher-girl (209) may be rough, and in some parts wrong, but it is gloriously unconventional and full of reserved force.

Many other members of the society are fairly, and in some instances fully, represented; and if we cannot give detailed notice of their works, it is for lack of space, not of will.

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THE thirteenth Winter Exhibition of sketches, studies, and finished drawings belonging to the Institute is more than ordinarily interesting. E. J. Gregory, J. D. Linton, Seymour Lucas, Hubert Herkomer, and Charles Cattermole, among the figure painters, and Edward Hargitt, H. G. Hine, James Orrock, and Thomas Collier, among landscapists, were never more pleasingly present on the walls of the gallery.

Among the three hundred and thirty-five drawings in the present gathering we would draw attention to the contributions of the two last-elected Associates—Harry Hine and J. Fulleylove. The former promises to acquire all his father's largeness of manner, with a purity and freshness of touch all his own. This is shown in his 'Market-place, Sandwich, Kent' (11), 'Condemned Vessels in the Old Haven, Sandwich' (20), and in a more finished way in his two Yarmouth drawings, 'On the Bure' (42), and 'Fishermen's Refuge,' in both cases showing quaint old red-brick edifices, and a nice delicate sense in reproducing them.

John Fulleylove, the other young Associate, evidences a like sympathy for what is architecturally quaint and picturesque, with a greater aptitude for detail; but this aptitude he makes clearly subservient to breadth and general effect. Conspicuous for this happy combination are 'Tabley Old Hall, Cheshire' (204), with its timbered gables and its pretty flower beds, and 'The Great Hall, Levens, Westmoreland,' an interior conveying a fine sense of space. In what manner the artist manages scenes nearer home and more familiar to the London public may be noticed in the grey, true tone he has thrown into his view of 'Lincoln's Inn Fields' (10).

T. Walter Wilson, another of the clever young men of the Institute, proves his power in a large drawing which shows a group of fisherfolk engaged before a cottage door 'Baiting' (104)—i.e. preparing mussel bait. A strapping fisher-lass stands her height, with a basket of bait on her shoulder, and turns her eyes wittingly on the young fisherman who is about to assist her. There is fine characterization in all this, and a *vraisemblance* about the whole which is very pleasing.

Seymour Lucas, in 'The Royalist' (19), whom we see standing in full armour, and in 'The Puritan' (289), who is also standing,

"A servant of the Lord,
With his Bible and his sword,"

shows how masterly a pencil he can wield when delineating the full-length figure. This remark is also applicable to C. Green's seated couple of last century having a 'Tête-à-tête' (21), to his 'Chasseur of the First Empire' (322), and his 'Gentleman of the Eighteenth Century' (326). The two last named adorn one of the screens, and close to them will be found a couple of Edward John Gregory's powerful studies—one that of an 'Interior' (320), with a young lady reading the news at a window, and the other the 'Head' (332) of a red-coated soldier. Powerful, also, above everything else in the exhibition are Mr. Gregory's two heads (228 and 245), with the exception perhaps of Hubert Herkomer's two life-sized studies—the one the head of a grey-bearded old gentleman, and the other that of an old lady (145 and 153). This artist, moreover, has ventured boldly into the regions of poetry and romance, and gives us, in addition to the drawings we have named, a charmingly suggestive picture of 'Siegfried capturing the Bear' (326), as set forth in the "Niebelungen Lied."

An old master in this mythic and poetic lore is Edward Henry Corbould, and we are glad to see him in such full force this season with his four spirited British and Saxon themes, all executed in monochrome. Another accomplished subject painter is Charles Cattermole, who is represented by 'Hamlet and the Players' (214), and 'The Seizure of King Charles I. at Holmby House' (164). Both are remarkably clever drawings; but we cannot help thinking the artist has missed the likeness of the King, and we are the more surprised at this, seeing that the triple head Vandyck painted for the use of Bernini, the Italian sculptor, is by no means a scarce engraving.

We are very much pleased with J. D. Linton's 'Fisher Girl' (37), and his dark lady in white dress partaking daintily of 'A Cup of Tea' (75). Both are in his silvery manner, which, as managed by Mr. Linton, is much truer to nature than that golden glow in which he was wont to bathe everything he did. Nor have we anything but praise for Edwin Bale's 'Woman of Amalfi' (267); for John Tenniel's 'Sketches for *Punch*;' Townley Green's 'Actors in an Inn Yard' (197); 'The Grace before Meat' (307), by Josef Israels; 'A Dutch Woman' (127), by Hugh Carter; 'The Dull Blade' (29), by the humorous H. B. Roberts; and 'The Cave of Mammon,' from Spenser's 'Faerie Queene' (248), by P. F. Poole, R.A., who can be either mystical or idyllic, just as the spirit moves him. We hope, now that he is elected a Member, he will often enrich the walls of the Institute with the productions of his charming pencil. Let him follow the example of another illustrious brother Academician—viz. E. M. Ward—who is always careful to send something to the Institute—on the present occasion, 'The Firstborn' (209).

Turning to the landscapes, we have nothing very special to note, unless that James Orrock has somewhat modified his style and imparted greater silveriness and delicacy to his tones, and a subtler gradation to what he always excelled in—viz. his receding distances. Thomas Collier's fishing-boats hauled up on a sandy beach all in 'A June Morning' (71) is the only drawing of any importance he has contributed; but then, like Mr. Orrock, he has imparted to it more than ordinary refinement and delicacy. H. G. Hine has been more industrious—that is to say, has been more in the humour of working; for he has five drawings in the present exhibition, and much more varied in subject than usual. We were very much struck with his delicately impressive manner of treating the boat on the stocks 'On the Beach, Eastbourne' (80). The Vice-President (W. L. Leitch) sends eleven of his delightful compositions, and that true marine painter, Edwin Hayes, R.H.A., contributes eight. Edward Hargitt, J. Aumonier, J. G. Philp, P. Mitchell, G. Clausen, W. W. May, Harry Johnson, and J. A. Houston, R.S.A., are amply represented; nor must we forget to mention that, in their respective walks, Mrs. William Duffield, John Sherrin, Miss Emily Farmer, Miss Mary L. Gow, Mrs. Oliver, and Mrs. Elizabeth Murray still maintain their claims to our admiration.

THE DUDLEY GALLERY.

INCLUDING eleven examples of sculpture, the number of works in the present Winter Exhibition amounts to four hundred and sixty; and nearly three times as many were turned away, more for want of room than on account of any artistic shortcomings in the contributions. Among the sculptures adorning the centre of the room the little terra-cotta studies of Alice M. Chaplin are conspicuous for their modelling—which is so facile as to suggest French training—and for their truth to nature: the 'Young Calf' (452), and the two antagonistic cats on the tiles (456), illustrate the remark. C. Barbella's 'Refusal' (455)—a boor trying to kiss a maiden who vigorously resists—and F. Callcott's 'Our Baby' (453)—a plaster bust of a child clasping its hands with infantile delight—also indicate ready dexterity with the clay and the power of going straight to one's object. Besides these there are pleasing contributions by F. Junck, E. R. Mullins, J. A. Raemackers, John Lawlor, and Gertrude Crockford.

Turning to the oil pictures, which are of the usual level, we find the place of honour in the far end of the gallery worthily occupied by a vigorously painted figure subject by J. D. Watson, representing a remarkably handsome young lady, with rich auburn hair and attired in white satin, standing beside a young gentleman, writing her 'Engagements' (169) on her programme of the dance. He is similarly employed, and from the earnestness of his attitude we can easily see he is proud of having thus secured for his partner one who must assuredly be the belle of the ball-room. Mr. Watson's strength and tenderness have not for some time back been so charmingly blended. What could he not achieve were he only to exercise his full power more continuously? This picture is flanked on each side by a strong, luminous sea-piece (161 and 174) by C. Napier Hemy, who appears lately as if he would draw towards that section of the Scotch school which is so ably led by Colin Hunter and Hamilton Maccallum. The man 'Fishing for Smelts' (174), standing behind his great round net, whose contents he has just shaken into his boat, shows this more perhaps than the lower-toned picture of 'The Shrimper' (161). Other noticeable pictures in this neighbourhood are Hilda Montalba's 'Quiet Morning' (162)—very little behind, in artistic sense and faculty, the Venetian picture of her more distinguished sister, Clara Montalba, representing 'The Canal of San Giorgio' (141) under a glowing effect of southern sunshine; H. Pilleau's 'Landing-place at Larnaca' (163), in our new possession of Cyprus; 'The Shoes of the Faithful' (134), representing a congregation of Turkish slippers at the door of a mosque, reminding us of a similar theme by Gérôme, just as G. Clausen's man and wife pulling a boat along the towing-path of a Dutch canal at 'Nightfall' (149) is suggestive, in sentiment at least, of the French Millet. On the left wall of the gallery a like sympathy with the toils of the lowly is made very pleasantly manifest in F. Morgan's labourer, with a bundle of sticks on his shoulder, wending his way 'Home through the Woods' (88).

The place of honour in this part of the gallery has been given to G. F. Watts, R.A., who sends a 'Design for a Picture' (79) illustrating the old proverb which asserts, with too much truth, that "when Poverty comes in at the door Love flies out at the window." This composition shows a draped female figure in the centre lying on a bed, while a nude, winged Love on the left bestrides the open casement, ready for flight, just as on the opposite side Poverty, in the guise of a gaunt old man, at whose side trots a gaunter wolf, enters by the door. There is the usual suggestion of rich Venetian colour in this picture, and no doubt the design, when carried out on a larger and more perfect scale, will be much more telling than in its present embryo state. On one side of this hangs F. Morgan's picture, already noticed, and on the other a powerfully painted landscape by Frank Walton, showing two cows and a calf 'Wandering Home' (73), as the beams of the setting sun impinge strongly on the boles of the stately firs. Close by hangs Louisa Starr's portrait of a young lady, whose comely face is towards the spectator, and whose well-shaped head is encircled with a wreath of flowers. It is

numbered 72 in the catalogue, and has for companion another female head (86), equally well modelled and painted: some poetical lines serve for titles to these two paintings.

Other pictures of mark on this wall are T. Graham's 'Spring' (96), a little girl on a wooded bank, with flowers in her lap; 'On a Thames Ait' (97), by Ernest Waterlow; 'Near the Havre, Gosselin, Sark' (100), by Tristram Ellis; two views of 'Hatfield House' (112 and 122), by Arthur Ditchfield; and 'A Sunny Bank on the Thames' (125), showing a couple of floating swans and a punt moored by a flowery meadow overshadowed by pollards, by Stuart Lloyd—a name strange to us, but, judging from this example, not likely to remain so long. We would include also Walter Crane's 'Daughter of the Vine' (123); C. T. Garland's 'Fraternita' (113), a little girl—whose hands and feet, we cannot help thinking, are too small—feeding sparrows; and, above all, Robert Macbeth's splendidly luminous picture of 'Fishermen's Children' (111), two young girls intently engaged fishing at the waterside on their own account; the younger of the two, in her eagerness, lies prone on the bank holding her line, while the elder sits near her unhooking a small fish. Another admirable example of this school hangs nearer the door, and is from the potent pencil of Hamilton Maccallum. It represents 'Meadow Hay' (35) being brought ashore in boats. In the same neighbourhood will be found excellent examples of H. S. Marks, A.R.A., J. E. Hodgson, A.R.A., Edwin Hayes, R.H.A., Gertrude Martineau, Leon Lhermitte, and Val Prinsep, whose beautiful head of 'Bianca' (53) shows that his hand has lost none of its cunning through his sojourn in the East.

Turning to the opposite wall, we find Colin Hunter occupying the central space with his boy on a panniered grey horse, proceeding along a fine circular sweep of sandy beach 'In Search of Sea-drift' (256). The noticeable thing in this picture, over and above its Scottish characteristics, is the faithful way in which the artist has represented, first, the shadow of the boy and horse on the beach, and, secondly, their reflection on the wet sands. The angles being different, there are two distinct figure masses on the sands, and being caused by diverse means, their colours are also different, the sun shadow having a bluish tinge, and the reflection on the wet sands catching up the leading tints of the boy, the panniers, and the beast. We look upon this as a very subtle piece of observation, and deserving the hearty recognition of Art critics. The other notable painters on this side of the gallery are Edwin Ellis (246), Joseph Knight (275), G. H. Boughton, J. W. Bottomley, Heywood Hardy, Theresa Thornycroft, Adrian Stokes, Keeley Halswelle, A.R.S.A., P. R.

Morris, A.R.A., Frank W. W. Topham, and J. D. Linton. Near the door hang several pictures that ought not to be overlooked, and among them are 'The Keeper of the Sacred Sparrows' (365), by J. R. Weguelin, and 'Wallflowers' (370), by David Carr; 'Cupboard Love' (346), by S. E. Waller; and 'Audience Fit, though Few' (347), by J. C. Dollman—all works full of earnest intention and no small achievement.

THE GUARDI AND CONTINENTAL GALLERY.

THIS collection of works by continental masters has been made with judgment and taste. They number in all about ninety pictures, and some of them are of the very highest class, and by men, moreover, whose names are in a great measure unknown to the English public. To the director of this gallery they owe their knowledge of that distinguished Spaniard Domingo, who is represented on this occasion by three small examples, which, for breadth, tone, and manipulation, rival those of the French Meissonier. These are 'Les Parties de Cartes' (78), 'Ah! que le vin est bon' (79), and 'À ma propre santé' (84). We would call attention also to Gussow's lovely girl in pink lying back in a pale blue chair, full of 'La Méditation' (47). This season our enterprising caterer introduces the public to another remarkable artist, a young Austrian, E. Charlemont by name. He was an officer in the Austrian army, but could not resist his Art instincts, so he left the service and placed himself under the great Makart at Vienna, the painter of Catherine of Cornara and of Charles V. of Spain, and he is now pursuing his studies in Paris. Judging by his figure of 'Le Garde Amalvavire,' a stalwart Moor in long white robe, who with naked sword stands sentinel at the recessed door of an Alhambra-like structure, this young artist bids fair to be one of the most notable painters of his time: he has all the breadth and power of the late lamented Regnault, with a much better command over details—see the girdle of the Moor, who, by the way, is very suggestive of Regnault's swarthy executioner; and his sense of colour and of chiaroscuro is equal to that of almost any living master that may be named.

Among other artists of European note represented on the walls of this gallery in cabinet pictures of great beauty are Troyon, Isabey, Munthe, Camille Müller, Clays, Gussow, Israels, Daubigny, and Bouguereau.

The collection is limited, but then within that limitation the works are all of the highest excellence, and, as we have shown, some of the masters are new to England.

THE BANQUET SCENE IN "MACBETH."

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF FREDERICK W. COSENS, ESQ.

D. MACLISE, R.A., Painter.

C. W. SHARPE, Engraver.

IN the year 1840 Daniel Maclise was elected a Royal Academician, when he contributed to the annual exhibition this picture, which may be regarded as one of his finest historical works. All who have seen the tragedy well put on the stage will understand what material this special incident of the drama affords to the artist for exciting and powerful representation, and perhaps there has been no painter of our time so competent to deal with it. The half-barbaric splendour of the banquet-room, with its royal and noble occupants, even were there nothing to disturb the harmony of the feast, would in itself constitute a very attractive picture; but the peculiar circumstances that attend the Scottish king's festivity invest the scene with a most powerful interest. The horror of Macbeth at beholding the apparition of the murdered Banquo is depicted with amazing force; the muscles of the hands show it no less than the features of the face. His wretched wife, tenfold more of an assassin than himself, stands up with an affectation of

bold assurance and innocence to calm her guests, numbering nearly seventy persons, all distinctly made out, and with every variety of countenance, expression, and attitude. The triumph of the picture, however, most spectators will consider to be the figure of Banquo, which is indicated rather than actually personified: the human form is there darkly shadowed forth, obscure, but terrible in its ghastly indistinctness. Imagination had here full scope, and Art has never conveyed more truthfully the realities of an appalling scene. The accessories, too, have all been closely and authoritatively studied, from the jewelled crown of the usurper to the goblet of red wine flung, in the agony of the moment, upon the floor.

The picture was painted expressly for the Earl of Chesterfield, from whose collection it passed into that of its present owner. A small replica of the work was some time ago, and probably still is, in the possession of Mr. T. Williams, Elm-Tree Road, St. John's Wood.

THE JAPANESE AND CHINESE COLLECTION.

THIS exhibition, at the rooms of the Burlington Fine Arts Club, consists of numerous examples of whatever is interesting in lacquer-work, ivory, bronze, porcelain, enamel, textile fabrics, and in pictorial Art. When the eye of the visitor has become accustomed to the subjects treated, and to the methods of their representation, he is very soon impressed with the fact that in certain walks these Chinese and Japanese artists are unrivalled—the former, for example, in the softness of their turquoise and in the gem-like quality of their Nankin blue, as shown in their pots and vases, and the latter in their flashed colours and in the surpassing quality of their bronzes. Although with both peoples there is a disposition to wander into the regions of the grotesque, they are still capable of giving the most pleasing contours to form, and there is scarcely any vase shape of Greece or Etruria which these ingenious Orientals have not felt out for themselves. Nor were the deeper and more solemn themes of life and death, on which European Art was wont to dwell, absent from the minds of these Eastern artists, and something like a 'Dance of Death' was familiar to their creative fingers before Holbein or his forerunners were heard of. As examples of the immense patience and labour bestowed by the Chinese on their marriage cups and vases, which are often incrustated with foliage and figures in relief, we would point to W. H. Michael's collection of carvings in jade, Mocha stone, cornelian, and rock crystal, and remind our readers that these are to the diamond in hardness as eight to ten. Among the contributors will be found the

well-known names of Phene Spiers, W. H. Michael, H. V. Tebs, J. J. Stevenson, E. Dillon, and Frank Dillon. To the pen of the last-named gentleman, who spent more than a twelvemonth in Japan, we are indebted for an admirable introduction to the catalogue, full of well-digested information. From this we learn that the Japanese look upon China as their classic land, adopting her systems of philosophy, and accepting her precepts both in Art and literature. The Art of the Chinese, however, is moribund, while that of the Japanese is full of vitality, and, if the people are only true to themselves, will doubtless go on flourishing. Japan's appearance at the late French Exhibition was simply magnificent, and elicited the admiration of every visitor. It would further appear, from what Mr. Dillon says, that the pictorial Art of Japan came originally from the Corea in the fifth century, and their own love of nature soon made the Japanese adepts in delineating whatever was before them. In all their Art doings, whether in pictorial illustration or in carving of wood or ivory, especially the buttons called *Netsukes*, the humorous character of the people never fails to express itself, and that, too, without ever violating proportion of parts and accuracy of form. Landscape they used decoratively long before this branch of Art was recognised in Europe. The Japanese, in short, are a highly artistic people, and the canons of decorative Art, as applied by them, are at last, we are glad to see, being actively appreciated by the nations of the West, and by none more heartily than by France and England.

MINOR TOPICS.

MR. HENRY STACY MARKS, A.R.A., has been elected an Academician. He was born in London in 1829, and was admitted as a student to the Academy in 1851. Since 1853 he has been a constant exhibitor at the Royal Academy, of which and of the Water-Colour Society he was chosen an Associate in 1871. The selection of him from several eligible candidates cannot fail to be satisfactory to the public as well as to the profession.

MR. E. M. WARD, R.A.—On the eve of our going to press we heard—and with very sincere regret, much enhanced by the melancholy circumstances which accompanied the event—of the death of this justly popular painter on the 15th of last month. We must reserve any remarks on him to our next number.

SOANE MUSEUM.—Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., has been named by the Royal Academicians an additional trustee of the museum, in succession to the late Sir Francis Grant; and the life trustees have appointed Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, A.R.A., to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Frederic P. Cockerell, Hon. Secretary of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

THE CERAMIC AND CRYSTAL PALACE ART UNION has had its annual meeting for the allotment of prizes. Seventy of varied value were distributed, so large a number being justified by the gratifying fact that a not inconsiderable accession of subscribers had been obtained during the past year. All these prizes were of much beauty and value. The good achieved by the society is very great: it has largely promoted a taste for, and appreciation of, British ceramic Art, and in classing it among the Art institutions of the kingdom we do it bare justice.

COLLECTION OF ETCHINGS AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY'S GALLERIES.—Since the alterations in this gallery the lighting has been much improved, and the spacing and proportioning artistically enhanced. The gallery is at once an exhibition and a school, for the director seems as anxious to minister to the

educational wants of the public æsthetically as to cater for them in a more pleasurable sight-seeing sense. This was admirably illustrated last season by the Turner-Ruskin exhibition, in which the "notes" of the latter were not the least delightful and instructive elements. Carrying out the same double object, the director now submits to us a "collection of etchings by the old masters, lent to the society by Mr. Seymour Haden, with a view to illustrate the art of etching." To this is added a selection from Mr. Haden's own works, which we had the pleasure of noticing with hearty commendation last season, when they were exhibited at Mr. Hogarth's gallery. But neither the one nor the other would have half the interest for the public but for the annotated catalogue with which Mr. Haden has furnished them.

HERR GEISSLER, of Farringdon Street, the London agent of the celebrated firm of Trapp and Munch, of Berlin, sends to us a series of excellent photographs (cabinet size) from paintings by Kaulbach and Theo. Pixis, to illustrate the operas of Richard Wagner. They are from a gallery of the Prussian capital. Each of the series might demand a page of descriptive matter, for each tells a striking and touching story. The artists are of the high souls of the epoch, who aim to embody in Art lofty conceptions of what is grand and noble. Herr Geissler forwards, with this most charming collection, a card-book (procurable for a few pence) of thirty permanent photographs of the Art masterpieces of the world, the grand achievements of all countries at several epochs. Such transmissions from Germany are valuable aids, as well as great sources of enjoyment, and we owe a debt both to the publishers and their agent—Herr Geissler.

THE REV. F. C. JACKSON'S PICTURES OF CORNISH SCENERY.—This artist's winter exhibition was held, as formerly, in a large, well-lit room of the Charing-Cross Hotel, and consisted of twenty-two oil pictures and five water colours. The

scenery represented lies along the picturesque coast of the united parishes of Grade and St. Ruan, for whose educational wants the sale of these pictures enables him to provide so satisfactorily. Mr. Jackson has modified his style lately, and now works in the manner of Mr. Brett, whose realistic fidelity to nature he follows with rare loyalty. Cornish scenery has thus no lack of delineators, and 'Kennack Sands,' 'Kynance Pulpit Rock,' 'Mullion Cove,' 'The Cornish Lion,' and all the other striking features in the neighbourhood of the Lizard are made quite familiar to us, and that under every conceivable aspect of wind and weather. Mr. Jackson improves rapidly in his art, and the commercial value of his work is yearly on the rise.

THE ART UNION OF LONDON finds itself, after about forty-two years' labour, in such a favourable position pecuniarily that the Council is enabled to carry out a plan long meditated. By a term of the constitution of the society as a corporate body by royal charter, it was required to reserve a sum of two and a half per cent. on its annual receipts to form a fund "for the purpose of purchasing or building a gallery, and for providing a permanent fund for assisting in carrying out the objects of the society." This reserve fund has now, with other indirect (as we may term them) accumulations, reached a sum which justified the Council in erecting a suitable and elegant building for the purposes of the institution. It is situated in the Strand, with its back towards the Chapel Royal, Savoy, and is quite an ornament to that part of the street in which it stands, as might reasonably be expected from the architect engaged to supply the design—Mr. E. M. Barry, R.A. An effective engraving of the front elevation of the edifice appeared lately in the *Builder*, with plans of the interior arrangement, which seems to be all that is necessary for the efficient transaction of every department of the varied business associated with the Art Union. The staff of the society is expected to take possession of the premises very shortly; and most cordially do we wish them and the Council as much success in the new home as they had in the old.

A BUST of the late Canon Conway, Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, has been recently placed in the north aisle of Westminster Abbey; it is the work of Mr. R. C. Bell.

THE LATE MR. PHELPS had often said that, when he bade farewell of the stage, the character he would most like to personate would be Cardinal Wolsey; and when he last appeared that was the part he took. His favourite disciple, Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson, had all but finished a life-sized portrait of

him in this character when the tragedian was taken ill. He is in the act of looking upwards, and giving utterance to that touching soliloquy—

"Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!"

On this occasion Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson's part of Cromwell was taken by his younger brother, Norman. The portrait in question, which the artist has since finished, has been purchased by several members of the "Garrick," and will be presented by them to the club, on whose walls it will find an honourable and fitting resting-place.

MR. STEVENS, of Coventry—whose name, it is not too much to say, has attained a reputation that is European—issues in large and very varied numbers his graceful products of a delicate loom, weaving pictures, poems, and mottoes upon silks and ribbons that possess marvellous beauty. He also competes, and successfully, with the producers of Christmas cards: some of them are of great merit, while all have the advantage of novelty.

A PICTURE, painted by Mr. Tavernor Knott, of Edinburgh, has attracted considerable attention in that city, where it has lately been exhibited. The subject represents an incident in the history of the Scottish Reformation, 'John Knox, the Queen's Advocate, and the Circular Letter.' For writing this letter Knox was tried for high treason and acquitted. The circular was addressed to the leading Protestants of Edinburgh, inviting them, at the request of the whole body, to be present on the day when several persons were to be tried for interrupting the priest officiating at the chapel of Holyrood House as he was about to celebrate the Communion Service with certain "superstitious practices which had been laid aside since the establishment of the Reformation." A copy of this letter got into the hands of Queen Mary; and John Spens, of Condie, her Majesty's Advocate, hearing of it, went to Knox to learn from him the contents of the document. Spens himself being a Protestant, Knox showed him a copy of the letter, and this is the moment the artist has chosen for his picture—Spens reading the circular letter. The work has elicited most favourable criticism from local Art critics, and especially is the head of the great Reformer eulogized as a most successful effort. The picture was painted for Mr. Meldrum, of Edinburgh, with the object of drawing attention to the teachings of Knox and the times in which we live. The owner proposes giving any profits arising from the exhibition of the painting to a fund that is being raised for a monument to the Reformer: it says little for Edinburgh that no such memorial yet exists.

ART PUBLICATIONS.

WE can do little more within the space to which we are limited than announce the re-issue of a work Mr. Murray has sent to us,* a work that long ago established high character among the best, most interesting, and most useful productions of the great men of the century. It is a new edition of "The Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians," by Sir Gardner Wilkinson. It is needless to make note of the deep and intense interest of these volumes for all persons and all peoples; the information is specially valuable to us of to-day, whose relations with Egypt are becoming closer and closer, and whose history is so interwoven with our faith that every discovery made there is a new light to guide us as Christians. The book of Sir Gardner Wilkinson is exhaustive; it leaves to historians very little to say or do hereafter, for the editing of Dr. Birch, sensible and judicious though it be, consists of little more than notes and comments on the more

recent discoveries: that, however, is doing much to elucidate a deeply important subject.

If we say little concerning this noble work, it is because little is needed beyond the announcement that it is published—published with the now requisite advantages of fine paper and good print, and abundantly illustrated by sound and accurate Art.

GEORGE DENNIS, of whose work on the cities and cemeteries of Etruria, published by Mr. Murray, a new edition is before us,* is now her Majesty's consul at Palermo, where we may hope he will find material for the pen and pencil that have done so much to explain and illustrate a theme that has interested the whole world for many centuries past, and that continues to attract the earnest attention of all civilised peoples. The work is of established reputation: we can say nothing that

* "The Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians." By Sir Gardner Wilkinson, F.R.S., &c. A New Edition, revised and corrected by Samuel Birch, Esq., &c. In 2 vols. With illustrations. Published by John Murray.

* "The Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria." By George Dennis. Revised Edition, recording the most recent Discoveries. In 2 vols. With Maps, Plans, and Illustrations. Published by John Murray.

may increase it, except that the present edition has been largely added to, as indeed the title indicates and the preface explains. It is aided by upwards of two hundred wood engravings sufficiently large and clear for the purpose in view, rendering the volumes very useful to the manufacturer as well as the traveller, and furnishing abundant suggestions and information to the historian, the antiquary, and the man of letters, as well as the artists of all countries.

The mass of information conveyed by Mr. Dennis to the reader is so interwoven with anecdote that the volumes have much of the attractive character of romance; while the men and women who have become dust in these cemeteries, who were dust thousands of years ago, are so vividly brought by the author before the mind's eye of the reader, that he almost sees the marvellous people who were the civilisers of human nature long before the Druids taught and held sway over Britain. Mr. Dennis is a graceful as well as a forcible writer; his style is easy, yet strong; it is learned, yet not overburdened with scholarship. He well remarks that some may think he has said too much, others that he has said too little, concerning the exciting theme of which he writes. He has given us a book of incalculable value, and no matter what discoveries may be made hereafter, the worth of those for which he may take credit will increase and not diminish with time.

THE writer who takes upon himself the task of tracing out and recording the history of Turner's famous "Liber Studiorum" could only expect to address a comparatively limited class of readers. Yet such a prospect has in no way daunted Mr. Rawlinson, who has not only entered upon the work, but has carried it through with a perseverance that deserves every success.* When, in 1872, the Burlington Fine Arts Club held an exhibition of the "Liber" engravings, a catalogue, very good of its kind, was published, but the compiler did not attempt to give any description of the "states" of the plates, and it is the object of Mr. Rawlinson's book to fully supply such omission. He says, "I have aimed at giving a *catalogue raisonné* of the various 'states' of the work as a whole; as far as I have been able I have also indicated the present resting-place of each of the drawings. I have striven to render my descriptions of the 'states' as clear and as accurate as possible, and I believe they will be found to be in the main trustworthy; but every student of the Liber will believe me when I say that this has been no short or easy task." &c. We can quite credit the assertion from the fact that impressions of most of the plates exist in three or four states, and that each state is here described to the most minute particular, even to the slightest alteration in the writing or title, where this, among other things, marks a "state." Mr. Thornbury says, in his "Life of Turner," when commenting, as he does at some length, on the "Liber" plates, "Turner's knowledge of engraver's effects were so marvellous that he has been known, when dissatisfied with a plate, to sit down and change a sunrise into a moonrise. It was no unusual thing for him, when a plate of the 'Liber' began to wear, to take it and reverse its whole effect, making all that was before light now dark, and all that was before dark now light."

But the whole history of this great work is curious and interesting from first to last, and it is amply set forth by Mr. Rawlinson in a manner which can scarcely fail to commend itself to collectors especially, and also to those who concern themselves with anything associated with the labours of our great landscape painter. And yet the "Liber," so far as public appreciation went, was a failure, as it also was pecuniarily: Turner himself said, "Everything conspires against the work." When, in 1873, the Court of Chancery sanctioned the sale of the contents of the artist's studio, no fewer than five thousand impressions of the various plates of the "Liber Studiorum" were sold at Messrs. Christie's, nearly half of which may be described as in a fine state, and many in the finest state.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER & Co. are the agents for a very remarkable work published at Stuttgart. Under the title of "The

Classics of Painting," it issues photographs of the great Art masterpieces of all the kingdoms of Europe. Each part—of folio size—contains two prints. In No. 1 are copies of the famous 'Descent from the Cross' of Daniel da Volterra, and 'The Triumph of Galatea' of Raffaele. These are from engravings, so exactly like the originals, touch for touch, that it is difficult to believe them to be productions by any other process than the actual burin. In course of time all the grand Art masters will be represented—Michael Angelo, Leonardo, Raffaele, Titian, Correggio—all, in short, to whom the world has for centuries given praise that almost amounts to worship. From time to time we shall have opportunities of noticing this admirable and valuable addition to the Art works that are not only sources of delight, but useful and impressive teachers. We copy, however, a passage from one of the German critics, who, having seen much more of the publication than we have, thus writes of it. Dr. Wustmann says—and his criticism we endorse fully—"A number of the most valuable copper plates, which are worth their weight in gold to the collector, and which afford a pictorial illustration of the history of Art hitherto only to be found in public collections or in the portfolios of the wealthy, are here offered in the purest and most delicate fac-similes, so perfect that to the ordinary mortal, unafflicted by the collector's mania, they more than replace the originals. Nowhere in our Art literature is a work of similar value to be found, and we may congratulate those who are so fortunate as to be able to obtain it."

THE WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS wound up the past year each with a Christmas offering. They mingle good and bad in literature and in Art, but they undoubtedly show how much advantage as to the one, if not to the other, the present generation has over the past. Half a century ago the Art wealth that may now be had for a shilling would have been cheap at a guinea, if, indeed, it could be procured by any money expenditure. Our object in this paragraph is to say a few words concerning one of these weekly publications; it is not directly an Art publication, for it is a weekly newspaper, full of ability, often manifesting power, designed and calculated both to inform and amuse. It is a well-conducted publication, in all respects creditable to the minds and hands that produce it.† But it is to its Art issues we direct the attention of our readers: with each number is issued a portrait of a lady—"a leader of society." The year, therefore, produces fifty-two. It forms a most valuable as well as very interesting collection, and may be accepted as a boon to many, by no means limited to the class and order to which most of the bevy of fair women belong. It is not a "Book of Beauty," such as formed the staple of a similar series forty years ago, when the Countess of Blessington opened the ball. The collection has higher interest; it is an assemblage of graceful, high-born ladies who lead "society," and do honour to, as well as receive honour from, the lofty position in which Providence has placed them. But the prints interest us chiefly as works of Art; they are exceedingly good, as drawings remarkably graceful and impressive, bearing strong evidence that they are accurate as well as pleasant likenesses. They are lithographs on toned paper, drawn by a master hand. We cannot say to what artist we are indebted, but he is undoubtedly one to whom any lady would desire to sit.

THIRTY BLACK-BOARD PICTURES have been issued as teachers in Art,‡ and they are well calculated to be so, although drawn by one who is a clergyman and not an artist—at least not an artist by profession, for he evidently comprehends, appreciates, and loves Art. As teachers he has used them, and found them effective; they may be so in any schools as well as in those of the Rev. Daniel Elsdale, M.A., of Kennington. The success of the work will be greatly aided by the photographer, Mr. H. B. Frankland, of Clapham Road, who largely

* "Turner's Liber Studiorum: a Description and a Catalogue." By W. G. Rawlinson. Published by Macmillan & Co.

* *The Whitehall Review*. Published at the office, York Street, Covent Garden.

† Thirty Black-Board Pictures, one for each Sunday from Advent to Trinity. Copies of the Rev. D. Elsdale's Illustrations of "Scripture Scenes." Published by J. T. Hayes, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

shares in the useful and interesting production, and who is one of the foremost professors of the art.

A COMPANION to Killarney, although it comes before readers in midwinter, may be received and read with pleasure, for it describes the loveliest of all the localities in the dominions of the Queen.* The little book is in some respects a reprint of one published forty years ago, but with the legendary tales and fairy stories, and all the engraved illustrations (or nearly all), omitted. Those who possess a copy of the "Week at Killarney," by the authors, have a rare book, compared with which the new and cheap edition is a comparatively poor affair. Still this volume will have its use as a guide, easily obtained and costing little, to the all-beautiful district—the Lakes of Killarney.

THERE are few cities of England more "commendable" than the venerable and very interesting city of Bath. Its waters were famed before the Romans were in our island, and have been so ever since. They are as efficacious for the cure of certain ailments as they were twenty centuries ago; while the shire of Somerset, if less picturesque than the shires of Devon and Derby, has attractions essentially its own. Among them may be reckoned its ancient and time-honoured churches, from the most princely of them all, the Abbey Church, to the miniature structure that adorns some isolated village, rarely seen except by the small flock its bell calls to worship on the morn of Sabbath. The theme has received ample justice in two volumes entitled "The Church Rambler." The second is on our table; the first we noticed some twelve months back. It is an exceedingly well-written work, sufficiently sound to satisfy the antiquary and the archaeologist, but rendered popular by descriptions and anecdotes that cannot fail to please as well as instruct any reader.† The author is Mr. Harold Lewis, the son of the respected proprietor of the *Bath Herald*, and in the columns of that excellent newspaper the chapters first appeared. The volumes go a long way out of Bath, but not out of Somersetshire. Thus are taken in the church at Trowbridge, of which George Crabbe was the rector; that at Bromhill, where the "homelier" Bowles lived and died; and that at Frome, where Bishop Ken is buried. The book will be read with pleasure and profit; it is pleasant reading, while it instructs. We thank the young author warmly for having made to the library a very valuable addition, and given another source of enjoyment to his native city, by showing how many means of gratification there are within reach of its dwellers or visitors.

GOOD people of all countries owe a large debt to Samuel Smiles, LL.D., for he has in all his admirable books shown the wisdom of virtue. His pen has principally been occupied in giving fame to

"Humbler workers in the hive of men;"

men who, having had self-help, are self-made; poor men, most of them, who bequeathed to humanity a rich store of wealth, yet whose renown has been limited to the nooks and corners of old England, in which they lived and laboured. Good men they were, while ardent workers, whose continual feast was with nature, and whose lives may be accepted as guides and models by the whole human race. Such is the hero of this book,‡ a rude, uneducated, and unlettered man, yet "a gem of purest ray serene," whom the eloquent writer of the biographies of high souls out of the way of light has rescued from oblivion to be guide and instructor to many generations to come. It is thus Dr. Smiles is doing his duty to the living and the dead. Sir Roderick Murchison styled the baker of Thurso "my distinguished friend." Thousands will read this book to envy the privilege enjoyed by the scientific baronet of the metropolis, and to have been prouder of it than they would have been of the

* "A Companion to Killarney." With Illustrations and Map. By Mr. and Mrs. C. Hall. Published by Marcus Ward & Co.

† "The Church Rambler: a Series of Articles on the Churches in the Neighbourhood of Bath." Published by Hamilton and Adams, London; and William Lewis, *Bath Herald*, Bath.

‡ "Robert Dock, Baker of Thurso, Geologist and Botanist." By Samuel Smiles, LL.D. Published by John Murray.

friendship of "princes and lords." The book is illustrated by a large number of excellent wood engravings, and by a portrait etched by Paul Rajon.

THERE are no parts of the British dominions that yield ampler material for the artist than the Highlands of Scotland. This is a new edition of a very popular book.* The book has indeed long taken rank side by side with White's "Selborne" and Walton's "Angler." It is one of many exquisitely written books that delight while they instruct—a feast of nectar-sweets at which

"No crude surfeit reigns"—

a feast that is supplied entirely by nature. The engravings are very numerous and very beautiful; they are all the work of J. W. Whymper, drawn and designed by such artists as Harrison Weir and Corbould. There are about seventy of them. Each depicts the actual scene of an event described in the text; but the pictures of the painter are not more striking or interesting than are those of the author. Altogether the book is a delightful one, worth a hundred of the so-called publications of "the season"—ephemera that are hardly worthy to live the limited lives they lead.

A TRANSLATION of a French story—an exciting story of adventure in Peru—illustrated by a hundred wood engravings of very great merit, is no doubt a boon at Christmas.† There will be many to like it, even of those who do not admire such importations from France, and who may think that good printing and paper might have been employed to produce better money's worth.

A HOP, skip, and jump all over the world—the words may describe a remarkable book, the narrative of a voyage by the *Challenger*‡ to the most interesting, if as yet not the most important, countries to which her Majesty could send one of her ships. Fortunately, among its scientific "crew" was Dr. Wild, a man of rare and varied attainments, not the least being that which gave him power to convey pictorial representations of the fertile places visited by the *Challenger* during her memorable voyage. Dr. Wild is surely an artist; his book is illustrated by some hundreds of sketches of scenery—portraiture, in fact, of all he met *en route* that he considered striking and original or pictorial. These engravings he terms "type-etchings;" the process he does not describe. No doubt it is very rapid, and it is sufficiently artistic—an immense matter to the voyager and to those who journey with him. The book is a costly one, but well worth a thousand of the nothings that court public favour at this season. It is a contribution to history by an advocate of progress. It is a noble work to have accomplished. The publishers, as well as the author, are entitled to the thanks of the public for so valuable a volume.

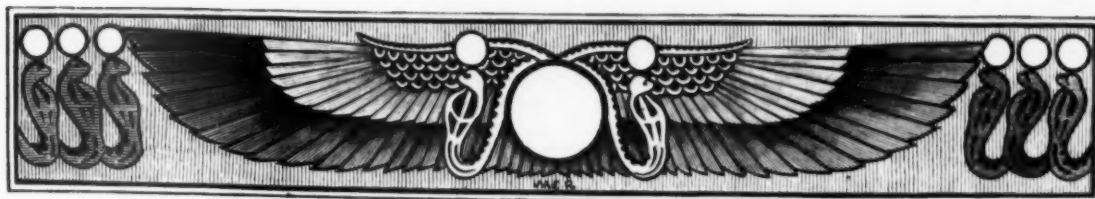
MEN of mark! It is long since we noticed the earlier parts of this interesting and valuable publication.§ We have now a year's produce before us—thirty-six portraits of foremost men, some of whom lead and guide the epoch. This, therefore, is a boon of magnitude, the value of which will increase from year to year; for they are assured likenesses, the truth of which cannot be questioned, although it may not be always acknowledged with gratitude by the sitter to the sun. Messrs. Lock and Whitfield hold high place among British photographers. These portraits are admirably done; the artists have exerted all possible skill and judgment to render them perpetual records of the great men—"the men of mark"—of the country and the age.

* "Sketches of the Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands." By Charles St. John. Illustrated Edition. Published by John Murray.

† "The Black Crusoe." From the French of Alfred Seguin. With Seventy Illustrations engraved on Wood by M. Meulle, from Designs by MM. Scott, Meyer, &c. Published by Marcus Ward & Co.

‡ "At Anchor: a Narrative of Experiences Afloat and Ashore during the Voyage of H.M.S. *Challenger*, from 1872 to 1876." By John James Wild, Ph.D., F.R.C.S. With Illustrations by the Author. Published by Marcus Ward & Co.

§ "Men of Mark: Contemporary Portraits of Distinguished Men." Photographed from Life by Lock and Whitfield. With brief Biographical Notices by Thompson Cooper, F.S.A. Published by Sampson Low & Co.



THE LAND OF EGYPT.*

BY EDWARD THOMAS ROGERS, ESQ., LATE H.M. CONSUL AT CAIRO, AND HIS SISTER, MARY ELIZA ROGERS.

THE DRAWINGS BY GEORGE L. SEYMOUR.

CHAPTER III.



A Dealer in Copper Utensils.

THE study of the exodus of the Israelites is one of deep interest, but the many routes suggested by the various students of biblical geography render the subject somewhat perplexing. The most lucid and satisfactory interpretation seems to be that of the learned Egyptologist, Professor H. Brugsch. He takes the biblical narrative as he finds it in the original Hebrew, and explains it by hieroglyphic records on stone and brick, and proves the truth of his explanation by a remarkable papyrus roll, preserved in the British Museum, which minutely describes the journey of an officer in pursuit of two fugitives from the city of Ramses, identifying the places at which he rested with the several stations of the

Israelites when led forth by Moses. A translation of this wonderful papyrus, *mutatis mutandis*, would be almost a transcript of the Exodus and of the first part of the journey pursued by the Israelites. If for "fugitives" we read "Israelites," and instead of "pursuing officer" we insert "Pharaoh and his host," the narrative completely coincides with the scriptural account of the Exodus.

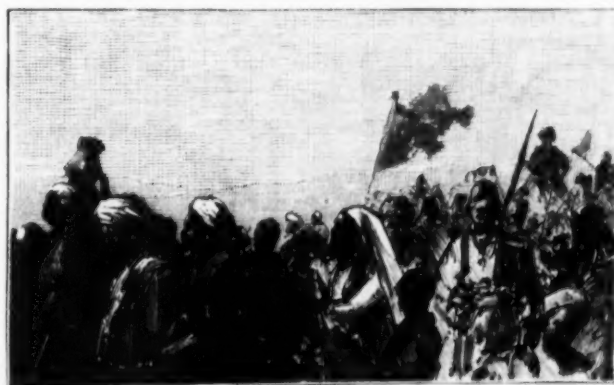
The cause of the difficulty in tracing the route of the Israelites is the mistranslation of the word *Yam-suph* (which means "the sea of reeds" or of seaweed), which the original translators have wrongly rendered the Red Sea. The Red Sea was probably eighty miles to the south of the spot where the Israelites were saved and the host of Pharaoh was destroyed; but if we eliminate this "Red" sea, and replace it by the original word, "sea of reeds," the route is intelligible.

Moses, having obtained permission from Pharaoh to lead the

children of Israel into the desert, started from Ramses and encamped at Succoth. On the next day they reached Etham, on the edge of the wilderness. Thence they turned and encamped before Pi-ha-hiroth, between Migdol and the sea, over against Baal-zephon. Whilst in this encampment they were pursued and discovered by the Egyptians. They then passed over the sea of reeds.

The district in which the Israelites had lived was situated on the eastern side of Lower Egypt, but to the west of the Pelusiac branch of the Nile—a branch which is now dried up, and does not appear on the modern maps of Egypt. Still its direction is indicated by the position of the ruins of many cities anciently situated on its borders. The southernmost town is that of An, mentioned in the Bible by the name of On, and called by the Greeks Heliopolis, where formerly stood the two famous obelisks erected by Thothmes III., and subsequently called Cleopatra's Needles. This is the capital of the Heliopolite nome. After that Tell-Bast, near Zagazig, called by the ancients Pi-bast, a name rendered in the Bible by the very exact transcription, Pi-beseth, which the Greeks called Bubastis, the capital of the Bubastite nome. Pursuing our investigations to the northward, vast ruins (called Kúr by the Copts, and Fakúr by the Arabs) settle all doubts as to the site of Phacoussa, Phacoussai, or Phacoussan, which was regarded by the Greeks as the chief town of the Arabic nome. It is the same place to which the monumental lists give the name of Gosen, a name recognised in that of Guésen of Arabia, proposed by the version of the Septuagint as the geographical translation of the land of Goshen. Due north of this, the monumental lists mention a place under the name of "Pitom, in the country of Sukot." Here at once are two places of great importance—Pithom and Succoth.

Still following Brugsch Bey's guidance, we find the Tanitic nome, with its chief town, Tanis, between the Tanitic and the



Pilgrims from Mecca entering Cairo.

Pelusiac branches of the Nile. It is called both Zoan and Pi-ramses, town of Ramses. Thus we have two more scriptural names.

The Egyptian texts give evident and incontestable proofs that

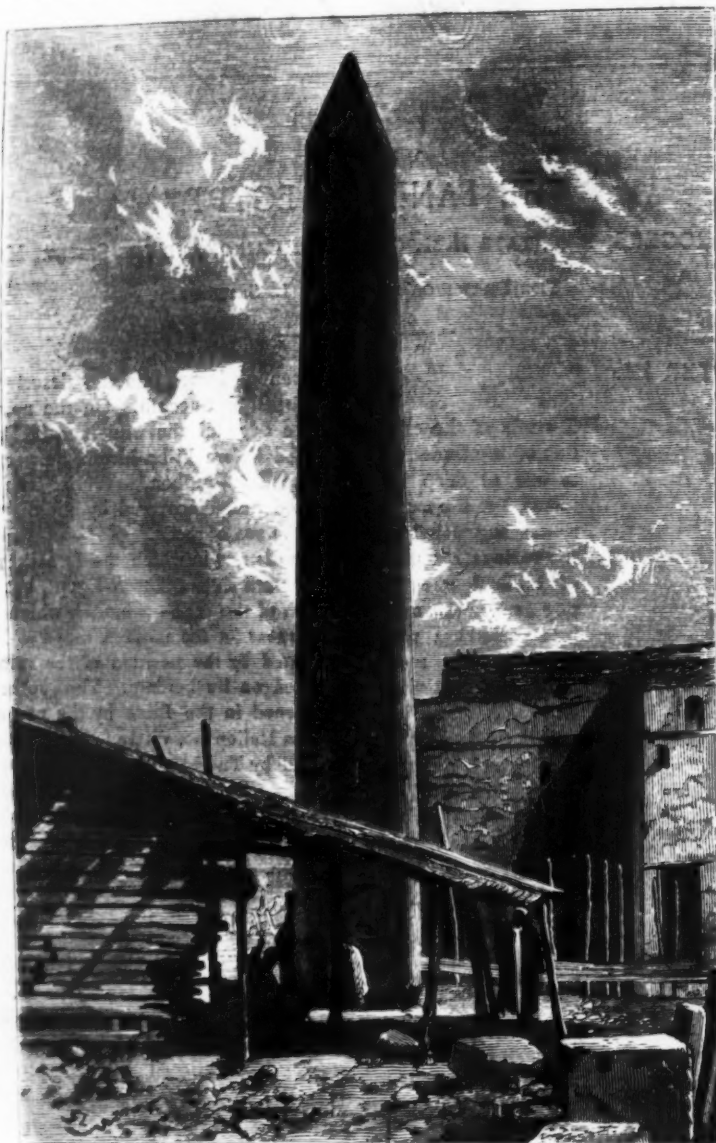
* Continued from page 32.

MARCH, 1879.



all this country, which formed the district of the Sethroitic nome, was designated by the name of Suku or Sukot, derived from the

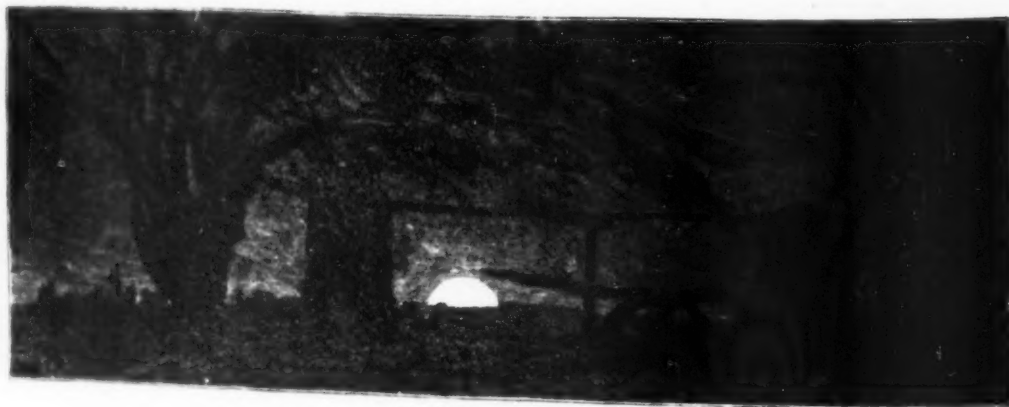
Hebrew words *sok*, *sukkah* (in the plural *sukkoth*), which means "tents."



Cleopatra's Needle.

According to the monumental indications, Pitom, the capital of the district of Sukot, had a surname derived from the presence of its god Ankh, "He who lives," pronounced *Pu-aa-ankh*, the

domicile of the god Ankh. The meaning of this word is the same as that of the word Jehovah, "He who lives;" but Brugsch Bey, whilst suggesting this similarity, does not ven-



Old Persian Water-wheel.

ture to decide the question as to whether Ankh and Jehovah were identical.

This district was elsewhere called by another name—*Pu-nt-pa-aa-Ankh*, to which, if we prefix the Egyptian word *za*,

meaning "governor," we have the title *Za-p-u-nt-pa-aa-Ankh*, "the governor of the district of the abode of him who lives," which the Greeks would have translated "Nomarch of the Sethroitic nome." Brugsch Bey here points out a remarkable coincidence in the name or title with which Joseph was honoured

by Pharaoh, namely, Zaphnatpaneakh, very closely corresponding with the long Egyptian word above analyzed.

The plain of Succoth, intersected by canals, had no cities in its interior. The inhabitants lived in tents, like the Bedouins of the present day; hence its name. There were two important



Saïs, or Groom.

Egyptian fortresses: one called Khetam, situated near Pelusium, protected the district on the Arabian side; the other, named Segor or Segol, hindered strangers from crossing the frontier on the southern side. In Khetam we recognise Etham, and in Segol, otherwise called Migdol (the Egyptian translation of which is Samout, a "tower," a "bulwark"), we recognise the

Migdol of the Exodus and the Migdol of Ezekiel xxix. 10, where the northern and southern limits of Egypt are described in the original as extending from Migdol to Syene.

The word Pi-ha-hiroth means literally "the entrance into the marshes," gulfs, or bogs, and aptly describes the state and character of Lake Sirbonis, which was in this spot. According

to the accounts of classic writers, this lake extended for two hundred stadia along the shore of the Mediterranean, separated from it only by a narrow strip of land. It was overgrown by reeds and papyrus plants; and the surface was often covered by sand, driven there by the south winds. The unwary traveller, placing his foot on these quicksands, was speedily engulfed and unable to extricate himself. Diodorus Siculus states that when Artaxerxes, King of Persia, made his expedition against Egypt, a great part of his army was lost in this lake.

The main route from Egypt to Palestine was on the narrow



A Nile Boat—Moonlight.

strip of land between the lake and the sea. The Israelites, after encamping at Pi-ha-hiroth, proceeded along this route, and traversed it safely, having the waters of the lake on their right hand and the waters of the Mediterranean on their left. The Egyptians followed them; but the east wind, which had been blowing all night, caused the sea to rise and to cover the narrow barrier, and they were all engulfed in the quicksands.

The Israelites, having reached the Egyptian fortress of Baalzephon (the god of the north), thence turned southwards through

the desert of Shur, in which they marched three days, but did not find any water; from thence they came to Marah, the bitter lakes through which the Suez Canal now passes. Still continuing their journey southwards, they reached Elim, a place on the northern side of the Gulf of Suez, recognised in the Egyptian records under the name of Aa-lim or Tent-lim; that is to say, "fish-town."

Brugsch Bey maintains that the Egyptian monuments contain



A Door of rude design.

all the materials necessary to trace the road traversed by the Israelites, and to place against the Hebrew names of their different stations their Egyptian equivalents. But the reader will prefer to gather this information from the original source, to which we confidently refer him, whilst we return to Alexandria in order to commence our journey to Cairo.

(To be continued.)

THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART, QUEEN SQUARE.

SINCE we last took notice of the doings of this admirably conducted School of Art, Miss Gann and her pupils have had to lament the loss by death of Miss Naomi Burrell, one of the most kindly and indefatigable teachers engaged at the institution. In the late John Henderson, Esq., F.S.A., the well-known connoisseur, also, the school has lost a generous friend and intelligent patron, and we could scarcely call attention to the present exhibition without making some allusion to these melancholy events. In Miss Wilson, however, the Lady who superintends and instructs in all the higher branches, the superintendent has a most willing and accomplished coadjutor, and one upon whose shoulders largely rest the technical progress and welfare of the school.

With the drawings, paintings, modellings, and designs exhibited this year we are particularly well pleased. Katherine Benson's 'Fighting Gladiator' is one of the finest drawings we ever saw, and we are not at all surprised that it carried off the National Gold Medal against all the hundred and forty-four

schools which competed for it. We are glad to see that Miss Wilson encourages the use of the stump, and discards in a great measure the laborious point. A National Silver Medal, also for the 'Fighting Gladiator,' fell to Ida R. Lovering; and to Alice Hanslip and Maud A. West two National Bronze Medals. National Queen's prizes were awarded to Ida R. Lovering, Ellen Ashwell, Edith Gibson, and Florence Reason. The Queen's Gold Medal was carried off by Anne E. Hopkinson, two of whose flower drawings in water colour have been purchased by her Majesty; and it ought to be mentioned that the Department of Science and Art has purchased Maud A. West's 'Study of Mice' and K. Benson's 'Fighting Gladiator.' The Queen's Scholarship has been taken by Elizabeth M. Lovell, and National Gilchrist's Scholarships by Charlotte M. Havell and Harriett A. Payne. Catherine M. Wood and F. Reason have gained Subscribers' Scholarships, and eight students during the past year have passed into the Royal Academy. There are many other prizewinners we should like to mention did space permit.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A STATUE.*

By PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A., F.S.A.



UT now we approach a very delicate and embarrassing point, which has distracted artists for many a year, viz. the question of costume. Every day we hear of "the unsuitability of modern dress," and the hopelessness of dealing with it. If the statue be represented *à la* noble Roman, the incongruity is apparent, as such is not "the habit in which he lived," and he might as well be arrayed in some fancy dress. In fact, looking at the figure of Canning at Westminster, or of Fox at Bloomsbury, the idea is suggested not of a "noble Roman," which is scarcely familiar to the crowd, but of some one arrayed in a sheet, the guise in which we leave a bath. Therefore, even at starting, there is a failure in the intention. The object, we are told, is to secure graceful or "flowing folds," and to avoid the hideousness of modern costume. Sculptors have, however, now agreed that the figures must be arrayed in the clothes they were accustomed to wear, and therefore the only question is, how are they to be treated with effect?

First, it may be stated broadly that almost any costume, if treated on intellectual principles, will have effect; that is, if the figure itself be conceived in the spirit of the principles we have been laying down. In real life we may find ourselves in presence of some remarkable man of individualised character. As he talks and walks we become impressed with the eye, the play of feature, the dramatic and illustrative movement of the limbs. It is the *man* that impresses us—his life, character, face. We may take a general notion of his figure, that he is short or tall, spare or stout; but the dress is quite subsidiary. The body asserts itself *through* the dress, so that we notice the spareness of the chest under the shirt, the thinness of the legs under the trousers, though the latter may be made large, with other points which show that, though clothed, the body is the first consideration, and reveals itself as it were through a *skin* of dress. It will be said that this is obvious; but who shall say, when we look at an average statue, that it has been kept in mind? *There* it is the clothes that are the important question; that is a coat and a pair of trousers "stuffed," a loose skin as it were, not a *case* such as dress. But what practical principle in the matter of working is to be drawn from this somewhat trite observation, and that will be of help to the sculptor? This:—

1st. *Dress is secondary to the figure, and should be dealt with in subjection to the curves, muscles, &c., of the figure.*

To deal with a surface in this secondary or subject way, it must be generalised as much as possible—indicated rather than expressed. This, again, is opposed to the prevailing treatment, for we find stiff flat collars, padded coats, bronze buttons and button-holes that one might button. But it will be said that this idealization is very well on paper, but the sculptor must present a coat and other garments in his metal. A coat is a coat: a door must be open or shut. This theory, however, is perfectly capable of being reduced to practice, and, so far from being Utopian, can be shown to be of practical use by our

2nd Principle. *The various portions of European dress are and have been pretty much the same in all eras, and each has a fixed unchanging principle.*

That is, a cloak, however cut and differing in shape, is still a flowing garment to wrap round the figure; a coat, a garment with sleeves and a collar, whether jacket or doublet; trousers, a casing for the legs, &c. Or, to be more particular, one would think that the present stiff collar of a walking coat belonged specially to our modern day; yet, looking at what is its essence, a coat collar is no more than the turning down of the edge of the coat. All the variations that come within this flexible definition

are therefore open to the sculptor, and lie at the same time *dans son droit*. Indeed, in many instances, the clothes of men of mark fall into these primitively general shapes, either from abundant movement or from a wish to be at ease. The collars of their coats, for instance, instead of being board-like and stiff from the hot iron, fall easily and freely on the back of the neck. So with the lapel, that extraordinary peaked facing which every tailor holds as sacred. For the sculptor this is no more than the turning over of the coat in front, so as to exhibit the chest. So, by keeping to this "root" principle, it is obvious he can have an element of grace to use without following the hard outline of the existing fashion. By holding these two principles in view, viz. generalising dress as much as possible, and emphasizing it as little as possible, the sculptor will find the problem amazingly simplified. The figure of Sidney Herbert, before alluded to, is an instance; it is so gracefully clothed that it is hard to say, without minute examination, what costume it bears. It would be quite possible to devise a bronze coat and trousers which would come under the definition of those garments, and yet not suggest homely and prosaic associations. Statues thus arrayed generally suggest our

3rd Principle. *Clothes from use acquire the character of the limbs and figure.*

That is to say, the continued movement, either in walking or speaking, completely changes the outward character of the dress, throws it backwards, produces hollow folds, and, as in the case of the trousers, inclines to wrap them round the limbs, so that the casings do not present the appearance of hollow tubes correctly falling on the instep, but exhibit an indication of their own shape, muscles, and even surface. If we watch a "leg" when in the act of walking, it will be seen that the trouser does not move as fast, remaining behind as it were, while the leg, pushing forward, leaves an impression of itself in the cloth; hence, by the act of the motion, each limb becomes as it were draped, just as the whole figure would be draped in a classical toga. There is no reason why, in the "leg" of a trouser, the whole outline and shape of the limb should not reveal itself through this disguise. The principle cannot be controverted, and yet what do we see in practice? Sleeve and trousers fall correct and symmetrical as if inflated; no sign of motion or vitality, and therefore of likeness. With coat and trousers idealized in cut, and also made to reflect the movements of the limbs, the prevailing idea as to the impossibility of treating modern dress in a classical manner will disappear.

At the same time, a statue recently erected, and by a very good artist, though carrying out these principles, does not seem to have the due effect. This is Mr. Woolner's 'John Stuart Mill,' on the Embankment. Here the coat and trousers abound in free folds and wrinkles, and seem to enclose a living body; but the result is prosaic. These *are* garments of every-day life. The cause of this shortcoming is that the artist has forgotten one of the principles we have been examining, and has produced a literal rendering of nineteenth-century garments, without attempting to idealize them. This is often the cause of failure where realism is attempted. The coat is given in its primitive ugliness and faithfulness, and the trousers are twisted round the legs in an equally natural but ungraceful way. This is no doubt intentional, and the effect produced is vivid enough; but then the subject is not lifted into dignity. The coat is straining on the button-holes, the trousers are drawn up as if too short, and tightened round in a very natural way, but without claims to beauty. Further, the material—bronze—does not seem to lend itself to the sinuosities and the square contour of the "frock," or to what Johnson might have styled "the tightened exigencies of the trousers." On the other hand, the great blanketing folds that may be seen in some of our more classical

* Continued from page 6.

statues seem to have an extra heaviness from the material, and the subject carries a wrapper of metal. This effect is certainly produced by treatment of the material. The front skirt of a frock-coat and such square-cut corners seem to be leaves of metal, and the huge swelled folds to be "blobs" of metal congealed in casting. Now these two failures are entirely owing to want of consideration in the treatment of the material. The thin piece of cloth used in the front skirt of a frock-coat is in itself an exceedingly meagre and "poverty-stricken" mode of garment—it is so thin, so poor in extent of material. To be produced in so noble a material as bronze brings out the defects yet more, and this square corner would have much the effect of some sharp instrument with a razor-like edge. Nothing should be undercut, and the projection should be apparent, but not real. But this only leads us to yet another most important principle, which is that

Bronze only reaches its real use and dignity when expressing the human form, limbs, muscles, &c., and should represent dress only when the latter is an expression of the former.

This is to say, when the limbs, their form, power, muscles, &c., are still evident through this sort of rough skin or coating. It is still the human figure, though clothed, and its force caused the drapery or clothes to take effective and significant shapes; but when a coat is tightly buttoned, and trousers, in default of room, having to be drawn up and shortened when the knee is bent, such elements become distortions and compromises, and cannot express the movement or powers of the human

figure. This is the true principle and the true solution, and amounts to what was before insisted on, that a statue is a human figure clothed, not a suit of clothes with a human figure within. This principle, combined with the others we have been considering—viz. the aiming at a generic shape of dress—will certainly to an important, if not a very great degree, help us in the difficulty of treating the costume of our day. In truth, it is no difficulty at all when genius and not "hodmanship" is concerned; and so long as lay figures and models are the artist's helps and main stay, so long will he be held in a miserable bondage. Let him seize a spirited attitude, retain and reproduce it, the ordinary "lay figure" attitudes being at his command through a sort of instinct, being the A B C of his art.

There are many other points to be noted, but what we have been considering are suggestions of principles rather than principles. A study of Roubilliac in Westminster Abbey would be wholesome for our sculptors, whose great defect is a lack of spirit. There would be no fear of imitating his flamboyant extravagance. Nothing can be more admirable than the freedom of this artist, who, as the phrase goes, can "do what he likes" with his material; and though he plays pranks such as the nobility of marble rather indignantly accepts, still such specimens as the Argyll and Nightingale tombs are worthy of admiration for their expression and spirit. Some reform is certainly needed, for with the rage for erecting statues that now prevails, and the paucity of good sculptors, the public eye is likely enough to be cruelly offended.

EXHIBITION OF THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IT was whispered towards the close of last year, and stated positively in some of the papers, that there would be no exhibition of the Old Masters at Burlington House this winter; but the believers in such rumours knew little of the energy and enterprise of the new régime. Those better informed are perfectly aware that the present magnificent collection of paintings, miniatures, and drawings is but an earnest of what the public may expect, and we congratulate heartily the new President on the palpable success which has thus attended the first public event of his administration.

The Royal Academy, indeed, like the Grosvenor Gallery, embarrasses alike the critic and the visitor with the wealth of its display, and in this case, as in that, we must limit ourselves to giving a brief summary of the contents of the exhibition. In both cases the number of works shown is nearly the same. The Grosvenor has eleven hundred and fifty-one, of which seven hundred and eighty-seven belong to the Old Masters, including such lately deceased men as Ingres, and three hundred and sixty-four to modern water-colour Art.

The gross number, on the other hand, of the works exhibited in the Royal Academy is ten hundred and fifty-five, being a hundred and four less than at the Grosvenor; but then Tintoretto's 'Hunting Scene,' the four great Snyders belonging to the Duke of Newcastle, and the beautiful life-sized white Arab painted by the late James Ward, R.A., are all pictures of gallery size, and occupy more wall space than would fifty of the largest water colours in the Grosvenor.

These ten hundred and fifty-five exhibits at Burlington House are made up of two hundred and fifty-eight works in oil by deceased masters of the British school and by the so-called Old Masters; four hundred and seventy-seven drawings by the Old Masters; and three hundred and twenty miniatures, contained in seventeen cases, and produced mainly by the great limners in little—to use an apparent paradox—whose works have helped to make this country famous.

The first portrait in Gallery No. 1, which rivets attention is Sir Henry Raeburn's speaking likeness of 'Robert Allan, Esq.' (11),

a work which easily holds its own against such well-preserved portraits as Sir Joshua's 'Charles James Fox' (17) and 'Emily, Duchess of Leinster' (16). Solid and vigorous also in its brush-work is George Romney's 'Mrs. Lee Acton' (42), and most masterly in its suggestiveness the sketch of 'Lady Hamilton as Euphrosyne' (35). The enthusiastic painter worshipped this lovely, warm-hearted, clever woman, and never wearied painting her in all manner of pleasing characters. Thomas Gainsborough's 'Pink Boy' (39) is simply an illustration of the fact that a competent artist can take any note he likes for a key-note; and Gainsborough has over and over again painted his sitters, both old and young, green or yellow, blue or pink, just as the fancy seized him. His own portrait in a green coat and yellow vest, painted by himself, will be found in the next room.

Before entering it, however, we would draw attention to William Dobson's portrait of 'The First Duke of Newcastle' (50), which enables us to judge of what native portraiture was in this country a century before Sir Joshua appeared. Dobson could scarcely be put to the blush even by the best masters of the eighteenth century. He was, on the whole, a better painter than George Jameson, his contemporary, of whom the Scotch are so justly proud. Besides the many excellent Sir Joshuas, there will be found in this room examples of Hogarth, David Teniers, and a very interesting musical group of 'The Family of William Sharp' (27), all seated in the stern of a river pleasure boat, painted by Johann Zoffany, R.A. The landscape of the room, apart from the black trees which project like theatrical wings on each side, is most assuredly Richard Wilson's 'Tivoli' (43). The distance and middle distance in this picture, as in the 'View of St. Peter's' (234), are equal to anything in the whole range of landscape Art for delicacy and beauty.

The second room is devoted mainly to Dutch and Flemish masters, with a sprinkling of those belonging to France. To these are added, in the third gallery, many of the masters of Spain and Italy. The place of honour on the left as one enters is occupied by Vandyck's 'Rinaldo and Armida' (126), which is

flanked by a much-restored 'Female Figure' (127), said to be by Andrea Salaino, and by a 'Portrait of a Lady' (125), by Leonardo da Vinci. By far the finest work of Titian's we have seen for a long time is his 'Rape of Proserpine' (136); it is one of the three or four pictures of the exhibition, and gives a very adequate idea of his invention and of the marvellous wealth and beauty of his colour. Another of the choice things is certainly Vandyck's study of the infant heads of 'The Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester' (131), children of Charles I.

In the centre of the long wall hangs a large 'Hunting Scene' (141) by Tintoretto, having for companions works by Bellini, Bassano, and Parmigiano. In the far angles of the room are sundry small panels of classic subjects painted by Rubens, and in other parts of the room various sketches for the paintings in Whitehall Banqueting-room. In the opposite place of honour to the large Tintoretto hangs the glorious 'Falls of Schaffhausen' (169) by Turner—not quite the same as the engraved work; but, for all that, one of the grandest landscapes belonging to the English school. It is the perfection of his second, and, as many people think, his best manner. The picture would make an exhibition of itself.

Gallery IV. is, as usual, devoted to the pre-Raphaelite period, and to the archæologist and Art historian it is as interesting as ever. The portrait, by the way, called 'Mary, Queen of Scots' (211), by Peter Pourbus, is an excellent piece of work, but is the portrait of some comely blue-eyed Flemish dame, whose

armorial bearings we see in the corner of the picture, and not that of the historic Mary Stuart. Authentic presentments both of her and her first husband will be found in miniature, Case I., lent by the Queen. The best picture in this room, and one of the few gems in the exhibition, is the 'Portraits of an Old Man and Woman' (219), attributed to Quentin Matsys. Mr. J. C. Robinson, no mean authority, is rather inclined to call it an early Holbein; we agree with him, at all events in repudiating the idea of its being a Matsys.

Gallery No. V. is notable for its four grand 'Market Pieces' (227, 230, 244, and 252), by Francis Snijders, belonging to the Duke of Newcastle, and for the noble white Arab horse by the late James Ward, R.A., already referred to. This last work ought to be in the National Gallery along with the 'Great Bull' by the same master.

Gallery No. VII. contains seventeen cases of miniatures by Holbein, the Olivers, Hilliard, Cooper, Cosway, Hoskins, Smart, and many others; and these works would of themselves, both from their historic as well as their artistic interest, occupy a long summer's day in examining, comparing, and admiring. Similar remarks are applicable to Galleries VIII., IX., and X., which are exclusively devoted to drawings by the Old Masters; and with such wealth in this special department as is to be found both here and at the Grosvenor, the English student has little occasion to lament the absence of the treasures of Rome and Florence.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

OF the eleven hundred and odd drawings composing the present exhibition, seven hundred and eighty-seven are by old masters, or by artists lately deceased, and the remainder by distinguished living members of the British school. This latter section, in continuation of last year's display, brings down British water-colour Art in regular historic sequence to a period within five years of the present date. These examples, and the various studies and drawings of the old masters, native and foreign, impart quite an educational character to these winter exhibitions at the Grosvenor, and Sir Coutts Lindsay is to be congratulated on the spirit with which he has carried out his idea. Indeed, he has been but too successful, so far as the functions of the critic are concerned, and sets forth the history of Art with a wealth of illustration which is almost cruel. If we take but a few yards anywhere in the east gallery, we find enough to detain and charm us for hours; and the exhibition is made up of hundreds of such yards.

Instead, therefore, of affecting criticism in the case of those who, by the general verdict of educated opinion, have taken their place long ago among the great masters of Art, we propose contenting ourselves with indicating their place in the gallery, and stating to what extent they are represented.

Entering the East Gallery, then, after an admiring glance at Michael Angelo's noble cartoon of 'Charity,' which faces the visitor at the top of the staircase, and following the catalogue, we find that the old masters are led up to by several mediæval illustrations of the early French and Italian schools.

From Christ Church College, Oxford, come a full-length figure of Christ, a pen drawing in bistre on brown paper, attributed to Cimabue, and a quaint, Assyrian-looking archer, also drawn in bistre on brown paper, and pertaining to the school of Giotto. Christ Church College appears to be rich in drawings of the early Florentine school. There are more than a dozen drawings by Andrea Mantegna, mainly from the collection of John Malcolm, Esq.; one especially, a 'Design for a Chalice,' a highly finished drawing on vellum, with arabesques and figures beautifully subservient to the general form of the cup. This pen and bistre drawing, lent by R. S. Holford, Esq., was once in the possession of the Earl of Arundel.

Masaccio, Botticelli, Filippino Lippi, Perugino, Signorelli, and others of the early Italian schools, may be leisurely studied as one gradually makes one's way towards the far end of the room, where the interest and glory of this section of the exhibition culminate in works by Leonardo da Vinci, Andrea del Verocchio, Bartolommeo, Correggio, Giorgione, and Titian. These are succeeded by interesting drawings, studies, and scraps by the great men of the Low Countries—Rubens, Snijders, and Vandyck; Berghem, Ruysdael, and Ostade; Frans Hals, Paul Potter, and Van der Velde; and, above all, by Rembrandt, whose method of working, and the very germs of whose ideas, so to speak, we are enabled to note and admire in more than a score of instructive examples.

The Water-Colour Gallery, strictly so called, is mainly filled with drawings by the illustrious Ingres, the delicacy and precision of whose hand are testified to by more than seventy examples. His pencil portraits are wonderfully subtle and satisfying. In the same room will be found examples of Nicolas Poussin, Sebastian Bourdon, Bertin, David, and Flaxman.

Entering the Great, or West, Gallery, we find the drawings and studies of lately deceased masters continued on the screens, which are chiefly devoted to men of the British school, such as Flaxman, Wilson, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney, Lawrence, Turner, and Wilkie. The walls themselves are occupied by finished water-colour drawings, bringing, as has already been intimated, the history of the art down to the present time.

Among the half-dozen drawings representing Mr. Poynter's pencil, 'Venus and Æsculapius' (794) is perhaps the most perfect as well as the most pleasing. Smallfield, Marsh, H. B. Roberts, Parker, and E. J. Gregory are all in considerable force. 'The Norse Pirates,' by the last named, in the vigour both of its invention and execution, reminds us of the late David Scott. Lady Lindsay of Balcarres has, among other contributions, two very successful studies of a fair child's head; and Sir Coutts himself a drawing of 'Mount Athos,' suggestive enough in colour, but more of a sketch than a finished work. Mrs. Allingham, Clara Montalba, F. Powell, E. H. Corbould, Alma-Tadema, and Millais are but sparingly represented. Sam Bough, on the other hand, who has so lately been

taken from among us, is brought vividly back to us by half-a-dozen most delightful drawings.

The place of honour at this end of the gallery is occupied by Basil Bradley's magnificent drawing of a four-horse waggon being pulled up on a wintry road that a worn-out traveller might get a 'Lift by the Way.' This is flanked, on one side, by James Orrock's imposing sketch of 'Cardross Moss, Scotland,' one of the finest bits of distance he ever painted; and on the other by Joseph Knight's 'Morass,' a similar subject painted in a lower key, but whose impressiveness is somewhat marred by its tendency to woolliness: all these, nevertheless, are remarkably fine, each after its own manner.

Round them are grouped important drawings by Hamilton Maccallum, Edward Hayes, H. S. Hine, and Birket Foster; and, as the visitor continues his rounds, he will find himself arrested at almost every step by such fascinating masters as J. D. Watson, A. B. Donaldson, Arthur Severn, Albert Goodwin, H. Moore, and G. P. Boyce. 'Newcastle from the Rabbit Banks' (912), by the last named, is one of the most delightful studies of old red brick ever seen on the walls of an exhibition.

When we look at the magnificent drawings of F. W. Burton, we regret that so consummate a draughtsman, so delightful an artist, should exhibit so rarely. Onwards, past the pleasing productions of the two Fripps, of Carl Haag, George Dodgson, J. W. North, T. R. Lamont, A. W. Hunt, Shields, Herkomer, Buckman, and Crane, till we reach the other end of the gallery. This we find most adequately filled by such universal favourites as P. F. Poole, R.A., Sir John Gilbert, R.A., Arthur Glennie, Carl Werner, E. A. Goodall, and Frank Dillon; while the circuit is completed by H. C. Whaite, J. Skill, E. Duncan, John O'Connor, E. K. Johnson, Dobson, R.A., Danby, and J. D. Linton, and all, too, by drawings which they may be proud to own.

Our readers will see that the Art wealth thus displayed is exceeding great, and leads one to fear that such magnificence cannot be kept up. The influence and energy of Sir C. Lindsay, however, are great; and if he has set his mind on keeping up these winter exhibitions to the standard he has taught us to expect, we may rest assured he will not fail to carry out his purpose to a satisfactory result.

OBITUARY.

HENRY DAWSON.

MANY of our readers have doubtless seen in the public papers the announcement of the decease, on the 13th of December, 1878, of an artist whose pictures within the last few years have been much in request. About six years ago Mr. Dawson was attacked with a dangerous and most painful malady, from which, however, he recovered after a considerable length of time; it returned, unfortunately, a few months since, and terminated fatally at his residence, The Cedars, Chiswick, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

Mr. Dawson was born at Hull in 1811, and, according to the *Northamptonshire Guardian*, was taken to Northampton when about a year old; and there he resided more than thirty years, working in a lace factory in the town, at the same time doing all in his power to gain a practical knowledge of the art of painting, for which he appears to have had an intuitive aptitude. The pictures he then produced found a purchaser in Mr. Roberts, a hairdresser in Nottingham, who formed quite a collection of the artist's works. Through many years the self-taught artist struggled arduously, but with a very small measure of success, against the difficulties that beset his path. In 1844 he removed to Liverpool, with the hope of receiving encouragement from some of the numerous Art patrons of that busy seaport; but here disappointment again awaited him. Five years later he came to London, making Croydon his resi-

dence. Here he painted some of his best pictures, which were hung at the Portland Gallery, the British Institution, and occasionally at the Royal Academy. Among the works executed about this time are 'The Wooden Walls of Old England,' 'The Rainbow at Sea,' 'The Pool from London Bridge,' which realised at a sale, in 1876, at Messrs. Christie & Co.'s, the large sum of £1,400. 'London at Sunset' is another fine work painted by Mr. Dawson at this period of his career. Later on, namely, in 1867 and the two following years, he exhibited at the Academy respectively 'Lincoln,' 'Greenwich Hospital,' and 'London from Greenwich Hill;' but, judging from the places assigned to them by the hanging committees, Mr. Dawson's pictures were held but in small estimation; yet they found purchasers nevertheless. Had they been on a smaller scale—and the subjects often would have justified it, and even been advantaged by a reduction in the size of the canvas—they might have been more favourably hung at the Academy. Mr. James Orrock, the well-known water-colour painter, had long proved himself a liberal patron of his brother artist, and he possesses, we believe, several of his best works; we engraved one of them, 'A Stormy Sunset,' in the *Art Journal* for 1869.

Mr. H. Dawson has left a son, Mr. H. T. Dawson, who is worthily upholding the family name in the annals of Art: an engraving from a very clever picture by him, 'Men-of-War at Sheerness,' appeared in our volume for 1871.

THE CRITIC.

J. L. MEISSONIER, H.R.A., Painter.

THE versatility of M. Meissonier's pencil is seen in the contrast afforded by the subject of this picture and that of the last we engraved of the works of this master—in our number for November, 1878—in which a priest is praying by the bedside of a dying man: an unusual subject with the artist, who seems to be following out the natural bent of his mind more when he paints such themes as 'The Critic,' and others somewhat analogous to it, which will readily suggest themselves to the mind of any one who has studied the works of this popular and highly gifted painter of the French school, who is as well known, at least by name, in every civilised city of the world as in his own. An Art connoisseur, habited in the fanciful but picturesque costume of a portion of the seventeenth century, is

DESCLAUX, Engraver.

minutely examining a small picture on the easel of a youthful artist—for he seems to be little more than a boy—who stands by, brushes in hand, anxiously waiting the critic's verdict. The expression of the face of each figure is earnest in its respective character, and the two are well grouped. The furniture and properties of the studio are, equally with the figures, painted with a minuteness of detail M. Meissonier has made his own; and, as a writer in a contemporary journal remarks—somewhat in terms too complimentary, we think—"There is but one such master in the known world:" still there are but very few who could be put in competition with him for marvellous finish; and it is this quality—opposed as it is in his works to littleness of manner—that constitutes in many minds the great value of his pictures.

THE WORKS OF KEELEY HALSWELLE, A.R.S.A.



IN London Mr. Halswelle is known principally, if not entirely, as a figure painter, but he began his Art career as a painter of landscapes and marine subjects, which were exhibited in Edinburgh, where, in fact, he chiefly studied his art, leaving England for that purpose among others.

He was born at Richmond, Surrey, in 1832.

Living during his childhood on the banks of the Thames, and daily brought into contact with its beautiful scenery, he showed at an early age a great predilection for the study of Art, and most of the leisure hours of his boyhood were passed in attempting to sketch the scenery of the river and adjacent parts. His desire to become an artist met with some opposition at home, but eventually he was articulated to an architect. This, however, did not meet the youth's aspirations, and a few months' trial proved that the drawing of plans and elevations was not a congenial occupation; so, after some delay, he was placed under the guid-

ance of a skilful draughtsman and engraver, and was also sent to study at the British Museum. During the few following years Mr. Halswelle was much engaged in sketching and drawing upon wood for the *Illustrated London News*. While connected with that paper he paid a visit to Scotland—this was about 1854 or 1855—and when in Edinburgh he made the acquaintance of several of the leading publishers; among others, that of Mr. William Nelson, who gave him Robert Herrick's quaint but fanciful poems to illustrate. This commission, which was followed by others, compelled him to remain in Edinburgh some time; and, attracted by the picturesque beauty of the "Modern Athens," he was induced to make it his residence, taking advantage of the opportunity thus afforded him of pursuing his studies in the schools of the Royal Scottish Academy, with whose annual exhibitions his works were identified for ten years before they made their appearance in any of the London galleries. His first picture exhibited in Edinburgh, 'In Vino



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

The Shrine.

[Engraved by J. A. Quartley.

Veritas,' was in 1857; it was followed in 1858 by a large picture, 'The Bridge of Sighs,' which attracted considerable attention in that year's exhibition.

The works contributed by Mr. Halswelle to the Scottish Academy during several subsequent years consisted chiefly of a series of pictures illustrating the fisher life of Newhaven, and it was with some of these he made his *début* in London in 1867; but of this more will be said hereafter. It may be remarked here, however, that in the International Exhibition of 1862 a place of honour was given to one of the artist's drawings, entitled 'A Child's Dream.' In 1866 Mr. Halswelle was elected an

1879.

Associate of the Scottish Academy, and it will convey some idea of the versatility of his pencil to note the subjects of the pictures he sent to the exhibition of that Academy the year after his election: they were—'Summer Moonlight;' 'Jack Cade's Rabblement;' 'Whistle, and I'll come to you, my Lad;' 'A Message from the Sea;' 'The Burgomaster;' and 'Portrait of a Lady.'

In 1868 the painter went to Rome, accompanied by a brother artist, and during that visit he produced his 'ROMA DI ROMA,' which we have engraved: it was exhibited in the Royal Academy, London, in the following year. The principal actor

in the scene—one on the Piazza Navona, Rome—is a Jewish pedlar, who displays his wares on a stall in the open street: before it has stopped a group of priests, one of whom (a broad, burly ecclesiastic), holding an eyeglass, uses it to read a paper or document of some kind, and the pedlar, with forcible action, gesticulates while expatiating on the goodness or utility of what he has to sell, objects, apparently, of various kinds—garments, rosaries, crucifixes, &c. The word *roba* has a wide signification as applied to the stock in trade of a Roman pedlar. Beside the stout priest is another, a younger man, looking furtively at a pleasant-faced female passing the stall with a basket on her head, and accompanied by a little girl carrying a number of flasks or bottles; behind these is a man, wearing the cloak common to the lower classes in Rome, and lighting a pipe. Each of the two groups is effectively put together, and, combined as we see them, unite into a most attractive and forcible whole. The picture, when we saw it in the Academy, reminded us much of some of the late John Phillips's works, in broad por-

traiture of character, deep yet brilliant colour, and vigorous execution; it is a work which, once seen, is not likely to be forgotten. Mr. J. T. Gibson Craig is its fortunate owner. When exhibited at the Royal Institution, Manchester, in 1870, the Council awarded to the artist the prize of fifty guineas for it as the best picture contributed to the exhibition.

In that same year (1870) Mr. Halswelle contributed to the Royal Academy a picture called 'A Street Scene in Rome,' but which appeared to us to have a more appropriate title in 'A Scene at the Theatre of Marcellus, Rome:' it is another of those works recalling Phillips to mind. Among the figures is a boy whom the Spanish Murillo might have painted, and a group of monks who would do right good service in a picture of Seville: it is a most successful work. 'Contadini in St. Peter's, Rome,' was the artist's solitary contribution to the Royal Academy in the following year, characterized by us at the time as "the most powerful work yet produced by the painter," who, however, seems to have been rather unfortunate in his choice of models,



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

"Non Angli, sed Angeli."

[Engraved by J. A. Quartley.

which were not of an order so refined as they should have been to afford unmixed satisfaction to the spectator. Judging from some poetical lines which accompanied the title of the picture in the catalogue, Mr. Halswelle seems to have been more impressed by the "majesty, power, glory, strength, and beauty" of the church, than judicious in the choice of those who are presumed to have been worshipping there at the time the painter sketched it. In the autumn of 1871 the painter was again in Rome, in search of subjects for his pencil. The first-fruit of this visit was 'The Elevation of the Host,' a work of rare excellence, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1872. The scene is the interior of one of the churches in Rome, wherein the admiration of the spectator is challenged by a group of peasants of both sexes kneeling in fervent adoration of the consecrated host. Picturesque as is the costume of the Italian peasantry, one is apt sometimes to weary of it; but it is not here retarded beyond what is necessary to establish the nationality of the worshippers. Then, in a consciousness of purpose, even an elevation of motive, which he has agreed what it may, engages in the ceremony, one's

best feelings; and here is served one of the great ends of Art—the transmission of the loftiest impressions which the painted idea is capable of producing. In another room of the gallery was hung the artist's carefully painted sketch of the well-known church, 'St. Mark's, Venice.'

In 1873 there appeared at the Academy Mr. Halswelle's 'Il Madonnajo, an Image-seller of the Kingdom of Naples,' vigorous both in conception and in execution, yet defective in colour, especially so from the hand of one whose works are usually distinguished by that attractive quality—and, in most instances, really essential quality—of good Art. It cannot be said that colour is wanting, for there is abundance of it, but it is distracting from not being harmonious; hence the picture seems fragmentary. The figures are drawn with force and unquestionable truth, and the execution is of a kind well suited to the representation of dress and manners. The bold and free handling of the group in the corner where the image-seller has stationed himself is particularly worthy of notice; but the scheme of colour in one part of the composition is changed in another, and no attempt

has been made to bring the discordant elements into harmony. With this exception the picture is of great merit. It has since been purchased for the Town-hall, Bradford, Yorkshire.

In the following year Mr. Halswelle was represented at the Academy by two works, excellent in artistic qualities, but of a comparatively unpretentious character—'A Roman Fruit-Girl' and a Venetian view called 'Under the Lion of St. Mark.' In 1875 he sent to the gallery the most important and inviting picture he had hitherto produced. It is a large work, and was almost universally considered worthy to rank among the great pictures of a year which witnessed the appearance of Mr. Millais's 'The Crown of Love;' Mr. Long's 'Babylonian Marriage Market;' Mr. Armitage's 'Julian the Apostate;' Sir J. Gilbert's 'Don Quixote and Sancho;' Mr. Goodall's 'Day of Palm-Offering;' Mr. Alma-Tadema's 'Sculpture Gallery;' and other notable works. An extract from the artist's diary explains the subject:—"On leaving Arpino, we were fortunate in falling in with a marriage procession of contadini, who were 'bringing

home the bride.' The bride and bridegroom, surrounded by their friends and relations, occupied the centre of the group, and were fine types of the physical beauty for which that district of the Abruzzi is celebrated. Some of the women carried on their heads baskets containing the 'roba' of the newly married pair, and amongst them was a man supporting the 'arca' or meal-chest, an indispensable article of furniture in the household of a contadino. The procession was enlivened by the music of the Piferrari, who marched in front with their pipes and tambourines, and boys were scrambling on each side of the road for the confetti scattered from time to time by men in the rear." The composition is arranged almost in strict accordance with the description, and it is painted with special brilliancy of colour, for which the subject gives warranty sufficient; for certainly the love of gay colours which prevails so much, at all times and on all occasions, among the lower classes of the continent, gives to the ceremony a picturesqueness rarely seen in our own country, even in the rural districts. The peasantry of Italy had long



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

Roba di Roma.

[Engraved by J. A. Quartley.

engaged the attention of Mr. Halswelle, and their brilliant dress, when lighted up by a bright southern sun, found many interpretations at his hands, but none so forcible as in 'Lo Sposalizio.'

In the winter of 1874-5 he exhibited, at the gallery of Messrs. Agnew, a number of Venetian sketches made (to quote his own words) under the following circumstances:—"The present collection of pictures and sketches of Venice is the result of the accident of a damp studio. Early in the year 1873 I made arrangements for a long residence in Venice, and took the only studio to be found unlet, with the intention of painting a large figure subject, of which I had prepared the sketch during a summer's sojourn in Venice two years previously. My choice of a studio was unfortunate, on account of its extreme dampness; so, finding after some trials that it would be impossible to work in it with safety, and not being idly disposed, I determined to employ my time in the gondola in endeavouring to delineate, under a summer aspect, some of those beautiful and unique views so familiar to all who have had the happiness of visiting this wonderful city of the sea. When I began my delightful work, it

was with no idea of doing more than some desultory painting and sketching among the picturesque 'bits,' and with no plan or design of making any series of views to illustrate the principal objects of Venice; yet, now they are gathered together, they will be found to embrace most of the well-known points on the Grand Canal and Lagoon. Their fidelity to the places represented may be relied upon from the fact that all were drawn and painted on the spot, without any attempt 'to make pictures,' or to alter or vary any effect or form in nature. They have been painted *con amore*, simply as realistic and faithful delineations of every-day effects in Venice." These sketches must be accepted for neither more nor less than what they profess to be; they show in the artist a genuine love of nature, as well as a gift for landscape painting that only needs cultivation and practice to produce a perfect result. Still, we are better pleased that Mr. Halswelle should persevere in the department he evidently prefers, and in which he seems to be steadily advancing towards distinguished success.

He exhibited nothing at the Academy in 1876, but in the next

year he sent two pictures, one of which, 'Rome, from the Sistine,' showed qualities confirmatory of the remarks we have just made of the artist's powers in landscape, and the other fully justifying the remark that he does better to continue his practice as a painter of history or of figures. This picture had for its title 'NON ANGLI, SED ANGELI,' the exclamation attributed to Gregory the Great, who, on seeing some young English children exposed one day for sale in the streets of Rome, and inquiring of his attendants who they were, was told that the young captives were 'Angli,' or Angles. "Call them not Angles," he said, "but Angels, for surely their faces fit them for such a dignity and companionship;" adding, it was lamentable that, having outsides so fair, there should not be God's grace within. The manner in which the subject is treated is seen in the engraving, where, however, the draughtsman has not, unfortunately, caught the beautiful expression the painter has given to the faces of the children, who are lying, almost naked and quite uncared for, in one of the streets of Rome, where they attract the attention, not alone of the Pope and his companions, but also of a Roman woman and a child, who regard the juvenile strangers with a degree of wonder mingled with admiration. The picture unquestionably marks a new starting-point in the career of the artist, for he here deals with the nude figure—the main point in the composition, and therefore that to which the spectator's notice is most obviously drawn, instead of being absorbed, as usual, by the brilliant colouring of varied costumes; yet the painter has found scope enough for the exercise of this special characteristic of his pencil in the dress of the woman and child, with their accompaniments.

Last year Mr. Halswelle attempted a still higher flight in

historical painting than even this last work; and indeed it was a bold essay, seeing that Maclise's version of the same subject, 'The Play Scene in *Hamlet*,' is so widely and popularly known. But the more recent composition bears no resemblance to its prototype. The *dramatis personæ* are arranged somewhat differently, and are thrown more into the background than those in Maclise's picture; the chamber wherein the drama is being acted is large, consequently the figures occupy a more extended space in the rear, leaving the foreground comparatively barren of interest, if we recollect rightly, for we are writing from memory, having mislaid our notes taken at the time: the impression it made on our mind when we saw it was that the picture manifested a most successful advance beyond the artist's previous productions, considering what demand the subject would necessarily make upon the mind and hand of any painter. The work is now in the possession of Mr. Andrew Kurtz, of Liverpool.

The engraving of 'THE SHRINE' is taken from a picture which has never been exhibited; it is, in fact, from a painting little more than a finished sketch. The interior is that of a church in Venice, into which a devotee has entered and kneels in supplication before a figure of the Saviour. The subject is a simple one, but is very effectively treated, chiefly by the skilful management of the chiaroscuro.

Mr. Halswelle, who is in the very prime of manhood, has yet, we trust, a long and honourable career before him. From what he has already accomplished, it may confidently be predicted that he is on the high-road to what distinction the Royal Academy might confer on him; he has fairly earned it.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

THE annual Report of the Royal Scottish Academy for the last year has reached us. After a general reference to the exhibition in the spring of 1878, which was "one of acknowledged excellence," a very large portion of the Report is, unhappily, occupied with comments on the loss of the several members of the Academy whom death has removed from its ranks during the last year. These were Messrs. G. P. Chalmers, L. Macdonald, and K. MacLeary, Royal Academicians; Sir F. Grant, P.R.A., H.R.S.A.; J. Docharty, Associate; and David Laing, LL.D., Professor of Ancient History—a long list when the comparatively limited number of the Academical body is

considered. Our obituary list of the year contains notices of all these deceased members, and, elsewhere in the volume, of those elected to fill their vacant places as they occurred. The Report concludes by saying that "although, from causes which have affected all classes of the community, the finances of 1878 have not quite reached the height of those of 1877 (which were exceptionally high), they yet contrast favourably with those of previous years; and the valuable bequests of friends, both at home and abroad, announced in this Report, are gratifying proofs of the interest taken in the Academy, and of the recognition of its importance as a great National Institution."

THE QUEEN OF THE VINEYARD.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF H. P. HUGHES, ESQ., WALTHAMSTOW.

P. SEIGNAC, Painter.

F. A. HEATH, Engraver.

THE painter of this picture is one of the many excellent foreign artists whom Mr. Wallis has been the means of introducing to the English public through the French Gallery in Pall Mall. M. Paul Seignac is a French artist who studied under M. Duverger and M. Picot, and has long held a leading position as a *genre* painter in the schools of his native country. He made his first appearance here at the Pall Mall Gallery more than twenty years ago, for we find him exhibiting, in 1857, four pictures, and in the following year no fewer than seven works, all of good character. His subjects are very varied, but generally of a simple domestic kind. His 'Queen of the Vineyard' was purchased out of the gallery in 1877 by its present owner, who has very kindly allowed us to engrave a picture which in every way is a covetable work, albeit of a homely character. A group of cottage children, having effectively performed their

parts as grape gatherers, have assembled in what appears to be the bakery of the dwelling, and, like good disciples of Bacchus, are manufacturing, in their way, the juice of the purple grape into wine "of its kind." Evidently the juvenile growers do not purpose to hold their vintage till it ripens and becomes mellow, till it comes to maturity: they seem to be consuming it almost as soon as the grapes are pressed out, the 'Queen' herself, seated under the canopy formed by an old umbrella, setting the example of self-indulgence by emptying her bottle into a sort of jar, while one of her subjects pours out her share of the brewing into a kind of hand-basin; in fact, almost every vessel within reach is utilised for vintage purposes. The picture is as amusing in subject as it is thoroughly good in design and execution. Our grateful thanks are due to the gentleman who lent it to us for the purpose of engraving.



F. A. HEATH SCULPT.

THE QUEEN OF THE VINEYARD.

FROM THE HISTORY OF THE QUEEN OF THE VINEYARD BY WASHINGTON.

LONDON: J. B. LEECH & CO. 1840.

F. SEIGNAC PINX.



THE MAYOR OF DARWEN'S BADGE AND CHAIN.

THE custom dates a very long way back in British history—decorating the mayor of city, town, or borough with badge and chain, indicative of his high and honourable office, which places him above all “neighbours” within the bounds of his jurisdiction. It would occupy more space than we can spare to trace, from their birth up to their present palmy state, the records of those time-honoured decorations. Some of them are very beautiful works of Art, designed and executed by skilful goldsmiths who were artists. They were valued not only for their intrinsic worth—yet in their production cost was of no importance—but were meant to be fine examples of workmanship, intended to outlast many scores of “owners and occupiers” for a year (“splendid annuals,” as Theodore Hook used to term the Lord Mayors of London); and not unfrequently the boroughs from which they emanated preserved them as carefully and faith-

fully as they did their charter of incorporation. There is hardly a borough in the kingdom without its badge and chain wherewith to honour and inaugurate the mayor's election; it is as needful to him, sitting in judgment, as the wig to the judge when he passes sentence, the seals to the Lord Chancellor, the sceptre to the Sovereign.

Messrs. T. and J. Bragg, of Birmingham, have made so many of these chains and badges as almost to have a monopoly of such mayors' “furnishings”—the trappings and signs of state. This page contains an engraving of one of them—that made for the town of Darwen.

The borough of Darwen, situate in a picturesque valley of Lancashire, is a new one. A few years ago it was a village; it is now a rising town, and has made good its claim to be presided over by a mayor and corporation.



The badge and chain were designed, as others of the kind have been, by Mr. J. W. Tonks, an artist long known and highly esteemed in Birmingham. He is now one of the partners in the firm that has for many years been aided by his services. To the chief links of the chain are attached shields, twenty in number, upon which are to be placed the names or initials of the mayors as they succeed each other. These links are alternated with lesser ones, made in the shape of the letter D, the initial of the name of the borough. The centre link is very finely made, and bears the monogram of Mr. W. Snape, the first mayor. There are also upon it some very good imitations of the mace, axe, and fasces, with the motto, “Aspirans atque fidelis.” The badge, which depends from the centre link, is admirably ornamented in enamel. In the centre are the arms of the borough and county (Lancashire), the principal features

of which are a blue band and wavy lines, to represent a river and its tributary brooks, and sprigs of the cotton plant in full bloom. Interspersed are the various national emblems—the oak, laurel, thistle, rose, and shamrock; and there are also a Lancaster red rose, a triton, and a snake entwined around a staff. The chain and badge are designed upon a Gothic basis.

The work was shown to a few friends in London before being sent to its destination. We had thus an opportunity of examining it. We sustain the statement of several local authorities. The work is in all ways good—good in design, and certainly as good in execution. It is undoubtedly a fine piece of goldsmith's work, ably moulded, chased, and enamelled, highly creditable to the great capital of Art manufacture, renowned Birmingham, from which it emanates, and to the firm which produced it.

CHESTER CATHEDRAL: RESTORED AND UNRESTORED.*

BY THE DEAN OF CHESTER.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALFRED RIMMER.

II.—THE INTERIOR. PART II.



WE may now proceed to enter the Choir, where the woodwork of the stalls will at once arrest attention. No such woodwork is to be found in any other English Cathedral. The nearest approach to rivalry with it on equal terms is in the Choir of Lincoln. The seats and stalls of the Choir had in recent years, as was said above, been brought beyond the Tower to the Western edge of the Nave. Now they have been moved Eastwards, and are bounded by their proper limit, the Eastern side of the Tower. The heavy stone barrier has been altogether removed; but the return-stalls have been retained,—forming a Choir-screen of great beauty, with rich carved work above and light tracery below, and presenting no real barrier to the eye or the ear, either during Divine Service or at any time. The stall-work has not been altered, except by the removal of certain small dividing shafts, which were modern; but it has been carefully and minutely repaired. The many coats of paint, of various colours, having been removed by a chemical process, it was ascertained where the oak structure and oak carving had been mutilated or imperfectly repaired with deal; and restoration or substitution was applied according to the requirements of each part, new foliage or figures being added where the old were lost.† It should be added that the restoration of each stall, with the enrichments that belong to it, was a separate gift, some stalls being in this way associated with separate families or separate parishes, and some made to be memorials of those who have been removed from this life.

Formerly there were two rows of pews in the Choir. Now (if pews they can still be called) there is only one. A large compensation, however, is obtained for any loss of space caused by this change and by the removing of the stalls eastward, through a freer use, for congregational purposes, of the aisles beyond the extremities of the stall-work. And another change in the arrangement of the Choir ought here to be mentioned. The breadth of the open part, generally, being greater than before, the seats for the Choristers have been made, without sense of encumbrance, to project; and the Lay Clerks can be placed immediately behind the Boys, without being in the stalls, as was formerly the case.

Attention may now be given to the roof and to the floor of the Choir, each of which is characteristic, in a very strict sense, of the restored Cathedral.

The recent restoration has, as regards the Choir, been a considerable modification of that which took place about thirty-four years ago; and in no part of it is this more observable than in the roof. One portion of that former work of restoration had indeed consisted in the addition of an interior vaulting, below the external roof which alone there existed, the springers only showing what the original architects intended. But this vaulting was incorrect in its curves and depressing in its effect; it consisted, too, only of plaster between the ribs. Thus it was decided to supply a new interior roof of oak and of the proper form; and a generous donor, R. Platt, Esq., added this construction to his other gifts. The decoration of the roof, which has been accomplished since, is a cause of great satisfaction, in its harmony of colour and in combining with enrichment great lightness and cheerfulness of general effect. The subjects in the western part of the Choir, near to the organ and to the seats of the Lay Clerks and Choristers, are Angels with musical instruments.

* Concluded from page 23.

† The *misericordes* in these stalls are specially worthy of notice.

In the eastern bays are larger figures of the sixteen Prophets, each bearing a motto from his own prophecy.

The floor of the Choir, laid partly in marble and partly in tiles, contains round the Lectern, which has been added in virtue of a recent bequest,* heads of the Twelve Apostles; and in the corners of the wide Eastern space, below the steps, the heads of two Greek and two Latin Doctors, to symbolize that union of the Church which must be the object of our devout desire—Chrysostom as the representative of Preaching, Augustine of Theology, Athanasius of the Creeds, and Ambrose of Church Music. On the broad space within the Communion Rails are delineations in marble of three scenes in the Jewish Passover.

What has just been described is new. So likewise are the Pulpit and the Bishop's Throne. The former, a gift from the Freemasons of Cheshire, is of oak, and is carved with representations in relief of the building of the Jewish Temple, the preach-



Choir, from the extremity of its South Aisle.

ing of St. John the Baptist, and the view of the Heavenly City in the Apocalypse. The latter is of woodwork similar in general character to that of the stalls, and contains seats for two chaplains, flanking the seat of the Bishop. In connection with this last subject it should be stated that the former pulpit was constructed partially of fragments of St. Werburgh's shrine; that other fragments of it were found during the progress of the restoration of the Cathedral;† and that all these portions of the shrine are now placed together in the western part of the South aisle of the Choir.

The Holy Table is made of wood from Palestine, and is deco-

* By the late Miss A. Potts.

† This discovery took place almost simultaneously with the discovery of the remains of the shrine at St. Albans.

rated with carvings of the plants that are mentioned in the history of our Saviour's Passion.* In the Retable, which is constructed partially of the same wood, is a carefully designed and richly executed mosaic of the Last Supper.

The Sedilia, which have been restored at the cost of the Free-



Extremity of South Aisle of Choir.

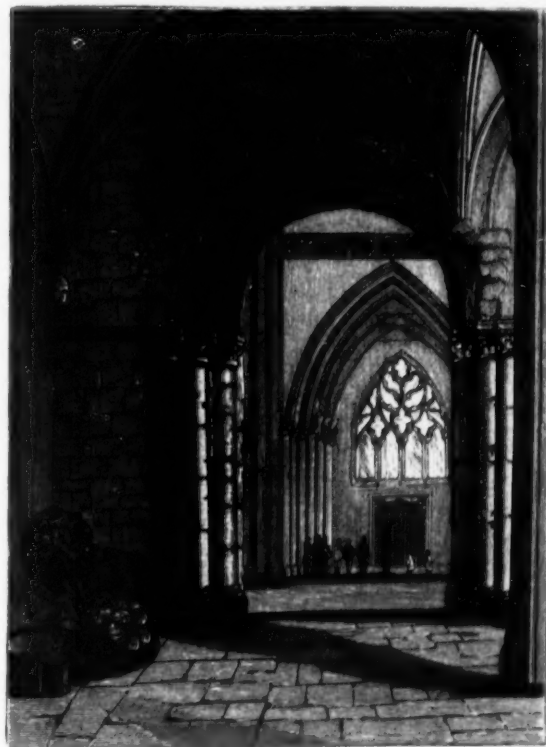
masons of Lancashire, are full of interest, and are a curious link between the old and the new. It is a tradition that once these Sedilia belonged to St. John's Church in this city, which soon after the Norman Conquest was one of the Cathedral churches of the old line of Bishops of Coventry, Lichfield, and Chester; and certain it is that one of the canopies of this structure, which had long been missing, was recently found among the ruins of the old Choir of St. John's Church. Whatever may be the worth of this tradition, the restoration of these Sedilia would, if we could compare what they were with what they are, be seen to be a very remarkable work. Formerly the part above the canopies was truncated and flat. Now it rises up into a collection of light and beautiful pinnacles. The newly discovered fragment supplied part of the evidence on which the restoration proceeded.

Various portions of the restored Choir have been gifts from separate persons. It has been possible within these limits only to mention the most important. We turn to one of these larger gifts, when we direct our attention to the eastern termination of the South aisle of the Choir. The singular conical roof which crowns this part of the Cathedral on the outside has been mentioned in the previous paper. The whole fabric of this apsidal termination from foundation to summit has been adopted by the sons of the late T. Brassey, Esq., whose name is honoured throughout the industrial world, and especially in Cheshire, his native county. Coloured windows have been inserted, with subjects from the Old and New Testaments, illustrative of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Patience, and the heads of Bible Saints, with the same general reference, have been painted on the roof. The spaces below the windows are about to be decorated with rich Mosaics in memory of the late Mrs. Brassey. The subjects

selected are female characters from the Bible, Priscilla, Phœbe, and the Widow of Sarepta.

Two of the engravings which illustrate this paper have a close connection with the apsidal termination of this aisle. One is a view of part of the Choir and its woodwork as seen from within the apse. The other is a view of the apse itself. In the latter a curved line will be observed on the floor. This represents the ancient termination of the South aisle of the Choir, when the Church was Norman. There is a similar curve on the floor of the North aisle; and to this point we must cross over in order to appreciate more exactly certain changes which have taken place in this part of the Cathedral. If we move a little farther to the East, we can easily appreciate the changes which have taken place in the aisles of the Choir. Looking up to the roof, we see an abrupt alteration in the vaulting. This indicates the final prolongation of the aisle about the end of the fifteenth century. The history of these lateral parts of the Choir has three distinct periods. In the Norman time the aisles terminated in semicircular apses. In the fourteenth century they ended in semi-hexagonal apses; and the angle at which the sides went off from the main wall can still be seen at the point where we stand. It has been observed in the first of these papers that the form which existed at this period has now been reinstated in the south aisle, the part which corresponded with the still-remaining Eastern and later termination of the North aisle being denoted by a flagged space in the Churchyard.

But here attention must be called to a very serious structural change which took place coincidently with the last prolongation of the aisles. The external walls of the Lady Chapel becoming now internal walls, buttresses were removed, which diminished the safety of the building; and this safety was still further compromised by the cutting away of the walls below the two western windows on each side, so as to procure new entrances from the aisles into the Lady Chapel. On the South side the wall has been restored, with its buttresses in proper form. On



View of Interior from Eastern Cloister Door.

the North side the entrance to the Lady Chapel remains as before, but the buttress has been partially replaced, for the sake of mechanical support; and this, in fact, was the beginning of the recent restoration of Chester Cathedral. The writer of these pages has an affecting recollection of the time when, in con-

* An account of "The Communion Table in Chester Cathedral," with the accompanying embroidery, will be found in *Good Words* for September, November, and December, 1876.

templation of this work, he stood at this point (near the recumbent statue of Bishop Graham) with the late Sir Gilbert Scott, who pointed out that the first step to be taken must be the restoration of some part of the mechanical support which had been lost in this endangered part of the building.

The Lady Chapel, except as regards its windows, is not properly a part of our present subject. Its decoration, which is very beautiful, belongs to a partial restoration of an earlier date.* The eastern window, however, on the north side, and the three windows on the south side, have been reinstated in their true form;† and advantage has been taken of this alteration for the use of coloured glass in illustration of the Acts of the Apostles. Ten scenes from St. Peter's life are on the north, and thirty scenes from St. Paul's life on the south.

Retracing our steps now along this aisle to the west, and passing by "the Canons' Vestry," which has been restored, and where evidence has been obtained that in the Norman times it ended in a semicircular apse, we enter the Cloister by a door on the right. Here, for two reasons, we ought to pause a moment. In the first place, this door is Norman, and should be taken into consideration along with the Norman work in the North Transept, as already described, and in the north wall of the Nave, as indicated very clearly in the Cloister. In fact, though masonry of this date is scanty in Chester Cathedral, we have abundant evidence to show what the form and dimensions

of this church were in the reign of Henry I. But further, this point, when we emerge from the Cathedral, has this special interest for us, that it now affords to us an uninterrupted view, across the part under the Tower, to the very extremity of that South Transept which was entirely hid a few years ago.

This slight survey of the changes effected in Chester Cathedral between 1868 and 1876 must terminate in the Cloister, which we enter here, and which forms the natural connection between the interior and the exterior. One marked alteration has been accomplished within this enclosure itself by the restoration of the double arcade on the south. This part of the Cloister had been utterly destroyed and lost, with the exception of some small fragments, just sufficient to show its true form; and by its restoration the mechanical support was obtained which was necessary for the vaulting of the North aisle of the Nave. And one more instance of the recovery of what had been lost, in close connection with the Cloister, must be mentioned. This is the restoring of light and completion and usefulness to the old Fraternity of the Benedictine Monks, which used to be subdivided by brick walls, and filled with rubbish and consigned to darkness. Beyond this, on the North side of the Cloister, is the Refectory, one of the most interesting parts of the old monastic buildings connected with the Cathedral Church, but not yet restored. Like a considerable part of the South Transept, it waits for new enterprise and new funds.*

ART NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

BERLIN.—Sculpture is about to gain a footing among the commercial haunts of this city, competitive designs having been invited for decorating with statues the hall in the Imperial Bank wherein the directors are accustomed to hold their meetings. The following are the subjects which have been accepted:—"Peace," by Albert Wolf; "Plenty," by Begas; "Work," by Geiger; "A Warrior returning Home," by Siemerling.

GENOA.—The group of sculpture, by Monteverde, in the Paris International Exhibition, representing "Jenner vaccinating his Son," which attracted so much attention in the building, has, it is understood, been purchased by the Duchess of Galliera for a hospital she has founded at Genoa.

SYDNEY.—We are informed that the Government of New

South Wales has requested Mr. William Forster, Agent-General for the colony; Professor Liversidge, of the University of Sydney; and Mr. E. Combes, M.P., C.M.G., to collect information in the United Kingdom and on the continent relative to the working of English and foreign technological museums and colleges, with a view to forming similar institutions in Sydney. A sum of money has been placed on the estimates by the Government of the colony, to enable the committee to purchase suitable specimens. We have no doubt that the Agent-General for New South Wales (3, Westminster Chambers, S.W.) will be extremely glad to receive from such institutions, or from any other source, reports or any information which would assist the committee in its inquiries.

THE FIRST FLIGHT.

Engraved by W. ROFFE from the Statue by A. BRUCE JOY.

THIS work may be classed with those sculptures which are strictly called picturesque: it has all the elements of a picture in it as regards design. It was exhibited at the Academy in 1877, and appears to have been suggested—or at least it was accompanied, as a motto, in the catalogue—by Tennyson's simple lines:—

"What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
Let me fly, says little birdie,
Let me fly away."

The pretty young maiden, who has captured and holds in her hand a nest full of these little warblers, whose open beaks tell more of breakfast-time than liberty, has one on the top of her

finger, and is desirous of giving it freedom; but "birdie" is too timid, evidently, to quit its foothold, and perches on the girl's forefinger, fluttering its wings and happy in the sense of security. There is something very attractive in the upper part of the figure, but the arm of the would-be liberator is too attenuated for a girl whose face and body look well nourished and in good healthy condition, and her lower limbs are certainly out of drawing. The attempted foreshortening of the right leg is altogether wrong; if the foot were placed flat beside the other, the knee would not nearly be on a level with its companion, and the thigh is thereby most unduly elongated as the limb is presented to us. It is a pity these defects, and they are very prominent, exist in what is in all else a very attractive and most graceful design, and most carefully executed.

* It was in 1868 that the decoration of the Lady Chapel was executed by Mr. Hudson, at the cost of Mrs. Hamilton, of Hoole Lodge.

† The true form of the battlements was ingeniously found by piercing the present eastern wall of the north aisle, on the supposition that one of the old buttresses would be embedded in it, as was found to be the case.

* The enlargement of the organ by Messrs. Whiteley, of Chester, is a satisfactory part of the "restored" Cathedral, which ought not to be overlooked.



THE FIRST FLIGHT

DESIGNED BY W. HAYES FROM THE STATUE IN A BRICK JURY

LONDON: 1874



ART NOTES FROM THE PROVINCES.

CORK.—The twelfth exhibition of the Irish Fine Art Society was opened last year, at the Round Room, Opera House. The society had its origin eight years ago in the town of Lismore, when a few friends agreed to form a small amateur society for the mutual encouragement of the Fine Arts. Among the founders were the Baroness Prochazka, Miss F. W. Currey, the Misses Keane, and Miss Musgrave. The scheme met with unexpected encouragement, and in a few years, after exhibitions in Lismore, Clonmel, Kilkenny, and Carlow, the society migrated to Dublin, and have held exhibitions at the Leinster Hall, Molesworth Street, in March, for the last four years. The committee decided last spring to hold a second exhibition every autumn in some city in the provinces, for the purpose of advancing the cause of Art in other localities than Dublin. This venture has met with most encouraging success in Cork, the first city selected for the experiment. The exhibition, which was advertised to be open only for a fortnight, received such patronage and support from the citizens and the surrounding neighbourhood, that it was continued for a third week, and we have no doubt the cause of Art in the south of Ireland has received considerable impetus from the spirited conduct of the Irish Fine Art Society.

CHELTHENHAM.—An exhibition of oil paintings and water-colour drawings, chiefly on loan, was opened in the Ladies' College in this town early in the year. The collection consisted of about three hundred examples, including Mr. E. Armitage's, R.A., 'After an Entomological Sale,' Mr. B. W. Leader's 'Clearing up after Rain,' Mr. Briton Riviere's 'The Poachers,' Mr. A. MacCallum's 'Siege of Jerusalem,' 'Babylon,' by Mr. S. Herbert, with specimens of the works of J. Pettie, R.A., W. Müller, Canaletti, Schopin, Aumonier, J. F. Henshaw, Edwin Williams, E. Barclay, L. Haghe, D. Cox, and others, the whole constituting a display doing credit to its promoters and the locality.

BATH.—A year or two ago the term "Art pottery" did not convey any clear idea to dwellers in our provincial towns. A good example has been set by the late head master of the Bath School of Art, who has opened an exhibition of paintings on china at the Paragon Art Studio, which it is hoped will interest and enlighten the inhabitants of that city. More than two hundred works are on view for a month. Messrs. Doulton have sent specimens of faience, and these establish a good standard by which the other contributions may be judged, and they will assist in educating the Bath students who have lately taken to china painting. Several well-known artists in china are represented in the exhibition. Mrs. Harbutt (formerly Miss Cambridge, of Minton's) exhibits figures, Miss Earle Japanese designs with beautiful colouring, Miss Spiers sends several works, and besides these there are numbers of amateur paintings. As is usual in pottery galleries, the exhibitors seem to be confined almost entirely to lady artists; only two names of men occur besides that of the energetic promoter of the exhibition. If Bath proves itself capable of appreciating Art pottery, a larger exhibition will be attempted next year, and prizes given.

EDINBURGH.—The second winter exhibition of the Albert Institute of Fine Arts was opened towards the close of last year. Medals offered in competition were awarded to Mr. W. Geddes and Mr. J. Heon for oil painting, to Mrs. D. C. Hill for sculpture, and to Miss Fowler for water-colour painting.—The members of the Royal Scottish Academy have elected Mr. Arthur Mitchell, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Ancient History in the place of the late Dr. Laing; and Messrs. James Cassie and Robert Gavin, Associates, have been chosen Members, to fill the vacancies made by the decease of Mr. G. P. Chalmers, R.S.A., and Mr. K. Macleay, R.S.A. Mr. Cassie is a landscape painter; Mr. Gavin is a painter of *genre* subjects.

GLASGOW.—The Scottish Society of Painters in Water Colours opened its first exhibition of pictures, in a gallery specially fitted up for the purpose, in West Nile Street. The collection included about one hundred and seventy examples.—The Glasgow Art Club also opened its sixth annual exhibition at Messrs. Annun's galleries: about one hundred and sixty-seven pictures in oils and water colours were hung, the collection showing, on the whole, an advance over its predecessors.

LINCOLN.—A meeting was recently held in this city to take into consideration a proposal to form an Art museum on the plan of the one lately organized at Nottingham. The project originated with Bishop Wordsworth, who announced his intention of giving £1,000. A resolution was unanimously passed to the effect that a school of Art, free library, and museum were urgently needed, and a committee was formed to take preliminary steps for the purchase of the old County Hospital.

LIVERPOOL.—An extensive and most valuable collection of the works of Josiah Wedgwood was opened in Liverpool at the beginning of last month, under the auspices of the Art Club. The works exhibited have been lent for the occasion by many of the leading collectors of Wedgwood ware, and they are classified as arranged in Wedgwood's own catalogue. The number of examples is about fifteen hundred.

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NOTTINGHAM.—At the last distribution of prizes to the students of the School of Art in this town, which is under the direction of Mr. J. S. Rawle, two gold medals were awarded, two silver medals, and four of bronze, in addition to fourteen "Queen's Prizes," making in all the very large number of twenty-two awards, placing the Nottingham School at the head of all the schools in the kingdom, a fact which is as honourable to the head master as it is most creditable to the pupils themselves. On the occasion referred to, the prizes were presented to the winners by Sir Philip C. Owen, C.B., &c. In the course of his remarks he said that while acting as secretary to the English Commission at the Paris Exhibition, he had opportunities of witnessing the practical results of the schools of Art. As an Englishman he had reason to be proud of the position this country had taken during that Exhibition. He had been pleased to hear the French acknowledge that we had obtained, through the agency of the schools, a style of our own, and that they were willing to come to this country for designers for their manufactures.

SOUTHPORT.—We understand the Town Council of this place has decided to have an exhibition of oil and water colour pictures, to be opened on March 1, in the new Atkinson Free Library and Art Gallery, which was inaugurated last spring with a valuable collection of works of Art contributed by residents in the town and neighbourhood, and which proved most successful in every way.

YORK.—A Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition will be opened here on the 1st of May, under the patronage and auspices of a most influential committee of noblemen and members of Parliament, with his Grace the Lord Archbishop of York as President. It is to be held in a building now in course of erection and preparation near the old palace. Applications for space may, we believe, be made to Mr. Wallace Hargrove, Hon. Sec., Fine Art Department, York.



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MINOR TOPICS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Messrs. Fildes, MacWhirter, and Val Prinsep have been elected Associates. Each has established his right to the distinction, though the choice will certainly not pass without question: opinions will be divided as to those selected and those rejected.

ARTISTIC COPYRIGHT.—The Royal Academy of Arts has presented a memorial to the Government on recommendations contained in the report on the Royal Commission on Copyright. The following is a concise summary of the views of the Royal Academy on the subject:—1. The copyright in paintings and drawings to belong to the artist, but carrying no right to disturb the purchaser or owner in his possession of the picture. 2. The purchaser or owner of a picture or drawing to be protected against replicas that should so colourably imitate such picture or drawing as to reasonably allow its identity to be challenged. 3. The commissioner of a portrait picture to be protected against copies of any size and in any material. Also, to be protected against the publication and sale of engravings or prints of any kind, or of photographs from the said portrait. 4. In the event of his sale of the copyright in a picture or drawing, the artist to be protected against such sale affecting detrimentally his full rights of property in all studies and sketches connected with the work in question. 5. Sculpture, as per Royal Commissioners' report. 6. Engravings, as per Royal Commissioners' report, but to be protected in all International Conventions. 7. Registration of paintings and drawings not to be required until the legally defined owner (the artist) parts with his copyright. 8. Registration of sculpture to be the same as in the case of paintings and drawings. Recommendations 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 are in accord with those of the Royal Commissioners. *This is an important subject, on which we shall have a few words to say next month.*

THE LUXOGRAPH.—This new photographic light, lately patented by the Luxographic Company, is now being largely used by Messrs. Lombardi & Co., the eminent photographers of Pall Mall East. It consists of certain chemical compounds, the company's secret, which are burned in the centre of a large glass lantern. The light produced, being a red flame, is non-actinic; and, in order to render it photogenic, it is made to pass through a violet medium in the shape of the glass which forms the lantern. Although the light thus becomes white, it remains very weak. To strengthen it, it is allowed to impinge on a symmetrically arranged series of concentric polished surfaces, which may be glass or metal; and the light, being multiplied by these six hundred times, is reflected on to a prearranged point. So strong and searching does the light now become, that it requires to be passed through a thin medium of *papier végétal*, in order to soften it before it reaches the sitter. The gradations of tone produced are of the most exquisite kind, and warmer and more lifelike than those effected by the sun itself, even under the most favourable circumstances. The operator, indeed, can laugh at a London fog, and produce by this artificial means a better likeness in dark December than he can by the aid of the sun in the brightest day in June.

THE ART UNION OF LONDON will this year give to its subscribers a book of illustrations of Byron's poem of "Lara," with the text. The artist who designed the series is the sculptor, Mr. C. R. Birch, who gained the commission, we believe, in competition; that mode is by no means certain to obtain the best. The work is here well done, but it would be folly to doubt there are artists who would have done it better; moreover, we question the wisdom of the selected subject. "Lara" is by no means the best of Byron's poems; it is not a pleasant poem to read, exciting little sympathy, and very rarely touching the heart. The Art Union Council might have given to the world illustrations of some great work that would have taught virtue

and led the way to it.—By special permission of her Majesty, Mrs. Thornycroft is making for the society a reduced copy of her fine portrait bust of H.R.H. the late Princess Alice. A number of copies in porcelain will form a part of the prizes in the coming distribution.

LAMBETH SCHOOL OF ARTS.—The Clothworkers' Company has given to the School of Arts of Lambeth a sum of nearly £600 per annum, to be expended at the discretion of the director of the school. Probably a portion of this amount will be devoted to the institution of a free life class, as this will be a considerable relief to the students, who now defray the expenses.

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.—An Italian artist, the Chevalier Eduardo de Martino, stirred by our island story, has addressed himself to the grave task of depicting one of its most glorious episodes, and in four distinct pictures he sets before us the Battle of Trafalgar. Having himself served as an officer in the Italian navy, and the British Admiralty having placed at his disposal drawings and models of the ships which took part in the battle, the Chevalier has been able to reconstruct on canvas the hulls, and reproduce the spars and rigging, of all the principal vessels, and thus give historic value to his series of representations. He has drawn, moreover, upon the best authorities—English, French, Italian, and Spanish—and we were not surprised to hear him say that in this instance the most impartial narrators of the fight were those of his own country. No. 1 shows Admiral Collingwood, in the *Royal Sovereign*, breaking the enemy's line and passing the stern of the Spanish flag-ship *Santa Anna*, drawing from the lips of his observant chief the laudatory exclamation, "See how that noble fellow, Collingwood, carries his ship into action!" We see the water splashed up by the dropping shot, but not a breath of wind flutters the canvas. No. 2 exhibits the *Victory* alongside the French ship *Redoubtable*, from the mizzen-top of which the shot that killed Nelson was fired. "They have done for me at last, Hardy!" exclaimed the hero, when he received the fatal wound. No. 3 shows the *Achille* on fire, and the water with its wreckage all ruddy with the blaze. It was during the turmoil and agitation of this supreme time that Nelson, in the agonies of death, put the well-remembered query, "Well, Hardy, how goes the day with us?" In No. 4 we behold disabled ships making, on jury-masts, what sail they may, under clouds that are already lowering and before a wind that will by-and-by rise into a gale. The setting sun looks upon much havoc and wreck; but the battle is won, and not only Nelson, but every man, has done his duty. These pictures are full of life and incident, soberly and manfully painted, without trenching upon the unnecessarily sensational. Any one wishing to have an adequate idea of the doings on that grand day could scarcely do better than consult the authoritative canvases of the Chevalier de Martino. In the same gallery will be found the well-known *chef-d'œuvre* of David Cox, the noble landscape representing the 'Vale of Clwyd.' We are glad to hear it will be shortly placed in the engraver's hands.

THE DUNCOMBE PARK COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS AND STATUARY, rescued from the fire that occurred in and entirely destroyed the mansion in January last, are to be placed in the York Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition, which opens on the 1st of May next. The collection contains many valuable works. The permanent picture galleries for the exhibition are rapidly approaching completion.

SUBURBAN ART EXHIBITIONS.—Mr. George J. Knight, of South Hackney, has been trying an experiment we strongly hope will answer, so as to prove an example that other suburbs may follow. He has opened, in the schoolroom of his father, an exhibition of two hundred drawings, to which any applicant will be admitted free. An hour cannot be better spent than

in visiting the collection; it will be a refreshment to the mind, while cultivating Art knowledge and stimulating Art taste. There is no suburb of the metropolis that cannot do likewise. A room may generally be found where such valuable teachers can be shown, while contributions of drawings can be always had by a limited canvass of a neighbourhood; moreover, the small cost of an attendant some one will surely be found to defray. It is a good thought, for which we thank Mr. Knight; and we understand it is but one of many benevolent movements for which society is indebted to that gentleman.

GUSTAVE DORÉ'S SCULPTURE.—The elaborate work contributed by M. Doré to the Paris Exhibition initiates a new phase of sculpture. Forms and attitudes which would tax the skill of any but the boldest draughtsman to fix on paper are there made concrete, not in marble, but in plaster. We wish, indeed, that the French Government would become sufficiently aware of the rare merit of the work to commission the artist to execute it in marble, or we might say in metal. It is by no means certain, however, that bronze would be a material in which justice could be done to much of the work. Oxydized silver, or electrum, would be the true substance to employ, were expense no bar; and failing those alloys, we should recommend marble. It will be a sin against invention in Art to leave such a work to moulder to pieces in plaster. The design is that of a round pilgrim's bottle, with long neck, placed on a sort of pedestal. The outline of the vessel in itself is of graceful simplicity. But over the whole surface of the work (the vase is fourteen feet six inches high, and seven feet in diameter in the fullest part) is woven a tangle of foliage, which gives holding ground to some hundred and fifty figures of half-life size. Pan, Silenus, and attendant satyrs, Venus and her nymphs, and winged Cupids without number, dance, and woo, and fight, and laugh around the vase. Round the neck Amorini are clambering to the very top, and they are perched upon the lip. A little group around the base are exterminating insects of the woods; and one of them has seized a

shrew-mouse by the tail. The life, motion, vigour, and perfect freedom of the whole beautiful and fantastic rout are of the highest order. They are pen-and-ink sketches, suddenly embodied in the round. The figures are not so much in relief as they are *appliqués*. They are, in fact, wrought in the round, and on every side of the vase some one or other form may be regarded which is almost wholly detached. It is impossible for any description to do justice to the quaint and bold originality of the design. Only the camera can reproduce it; and even for that it is requisite to take half-a-dozen standpoints, and produce as many distinct photographs, in order to give any idea of the luxuriant wealth of the design and of the audacious success of the execution. France must be held to have abdicated her claim to the European Art-primacy if she fails to give a permanent embodiment to this wonderful dream of the sculptor. The work is engraved in our Illustrated Catalogue of the Exhibition (January number, p. 141).

MESSRS. RAPHAEL TUCK & Co., publishers, in the City Road, have sent us an oleograph from a picture by a renowned German artist, Professor Bleibtreu, commemorating the victory of Gravelotte. Count von Moltke brings the news of that victory to King William, the Emperor of Germany. It is unquestionably a work of great merit, not only as a painting, but as an example of this comparatively new art. It will have greater interest in Germany than it can have in England; moreover, its popularity will be chiefly with those who love to look on dismal and painful scenes—the fruits of war. It is, however, a grand work of its class, and as a specimen of oleography has not yet been surpassed.

THE BELGIAN GALLERY, NEW BOND STREET, has been rearranged with a set of fresh pictures by the most eminent continental masters, mainly of the Belgian school. The very remarkable picture by Olof Winkler, representing 'Evening in the Moon,' which has been seen and approved of by our astronomers and *savants*, is still in the gallery specially fitted up for it, and will continue on exhibition for a short time.

ART PUBLICATIONS.

SEVENTY years after the death of a painter is rather a long time to wait for a detailed account of his life and labours; and after all it is scarcely a question if, beyond the comparatively limited circle of the Art world, the fame of John Opie, "the Cornish boy," is not absorbed in that of his accomplished and handsome wife, Amelia Opie, the Quakeress, whose literary talents placed her in the foremost rank of the writers of her time. However this may be, a biographical sketch of the artist is now given to the public, and will, no doubt, prove a welcome addition to the Art literature of our day.* Born in 1761 at St. Agnes, near Truro, the son of a carpenter, his father wished the boy to follow the same trade, but a natural impulse impelled him forward in the pursuit of Art, in which he was greatly encouraged by Dr. Wolcot (Peter Pindar), then resident at Truro, and an amateur artist of some pretensions. Wolcot found Opie much employment as a portrait painter among his own friends and acquaintances till the young artist had established a very good local reputation, when "Wolcot judiciously considered that the time had come when his pupil might try his fortune in the metropolis." In the autumn of 1781 the two reached London together. Leslie says, "It was now that Opie came to London to astonish the fashionable world as a self-taught genius." Sir Joshua Reynolds thought very highly of his talent, and contrasted him with Northcote, who had just then returned from Italy, telling the latter that Opie was

"like Caravaggio, but finer." Through the influence of a Cornish lady, Mrs. Boscawen, wife, or rather widow at that time, of Admiral Boscawen, Opie was engaged by George III. to paint a portrait of Mrs. Delany, a great favourite of royalty, a commission which at once brought the artist into public notice, and, for a time at least, "he was sought after by such crowds of admirers as would have turned a weaker head," as his biographer remarks. The numerous portraits he painted—upwards of five hundred—including heads in family groups, testify to his popularity and industry. The remainder of his seven hundred and sixty pictures consist chiefly of historical subjects, sacred and secular, and ideal compositions.

Opie painted six historical pictures for Boydell's Shakespeare Gallery, which were engraved for the alderman's edition of the writings of the dramatist. The best of these paintings are a scene from the *Winter's Tale*, 'Prince Arthur taken Prisoner,' 'Hubert and Arthur,' and 'Juliet in the Garden.' But he acquired as much, if not greater, renown from his 'Assassination of James I. of Scotland,' exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1786, and purchased by Boydell, who presented the painting to the Corporation of London; and by his 'Death of Rizzio,' painted in the year immediately following. This also is in the possession of the Corporation of London. Both works may be seen in the Guildhall. Other pictures by him which have been engraved are three painted for Macklin's "British Poets," four for Macklin's Bible, and eleven for Bowyer's edition of Hume's "History of England." Opie delivered a course of lectures on painting at the Royal Institution, which his biographer asserts

* "Opie and his Works: being a Catalogue of Seven Hundred and Sixty Pictures by John Opie, R.A., preceded by a Biographical Sketch." By John Jope Rogers, M.A., sometime Hon. Sec. and Treasurer of the Arundel Society. Published by Paul and Dominic Colnaghi & Co., London; Netherton and Worth, Truro.

"were listened to with attention by a fashionable audience; they displayed his extensive professional knowledge, set forth the principles of Painting, and represented an accumulation of maxims founded on history and observation." When, in 1805, Fuseli was elected Keeper of the Royal Academy, Opie was chosen to succeed him in the office of Professor of Painting, but he gave only four lectures, which have received high commendation from competent judges of such compositions: they were delivered in the spring of the year 1807, the last of the four on the 9th of March. But the effort of preparing these lectures, and the excitement consequent upon the reading of them, brought on an illness which proved fatal, for he died on the 9th of April, 1807. Opie was buried with considerable pomp in St. Paul's Cathedral, near the grave of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with whom Sir James Mackintosh compares him as a painter, pronouncing Opie to be superior to Reynolds in animation and strength, but admits Reynolds's superiority in elegance and instructiveness as a teacher. It has been remarked that none of Opie's paintings affect ideal beauty or refined poetical conception, but they are stamped by a peculiar energy of style, and by a vivid reality; for, instead of attending to conventional beauties, the artist adhered closely to his models, one fortunate consequence of which is the striking and remarkable truth of his colouring. Opie in everything was a thorough naturalist.

Judging from the list of authorities his biographer has consulted for the volume in our hands, Mr. Rogers has certainly spared no trouble to obtain the information he required; the result is a compilation which tells as much about the artist as it may be assumed there is to say, while the catalogue of his works, with short descriptions and comments, is ample, though Mr. Rogers considers there must still be many pictures in existence of which he has been unable to acquire any information, "from the mere want of a clue to their discovery."

COSTUME and dress are subjects that have frequently been discussed in the pages of the *Art Journal* at more or less length, the latest being the series of papers by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald on "The Art of Dressing," which appeared in 1877. Mrs. Oliphant now enters the arena, in the contest for what she calls a "science," in a small volume, being one of the "Art at Home" series of useful publications.* Dealing with the past as well as with the present, and with the dress of men equally, or nearly so, with that of women, she argues with discretion, taste, and good sense; the absurdities of fashion in both sexes are pointed out with no unsparing hand; while whatever is good, becoming, and picturesque in modern costume—however circumscribed these qualities may be—is duly weighed and recorded. But it is much easier to point out ugliness, extravagance, and defects of dress than to have them remedied. Fashion is a tyrant, and we are most of us voluntary victims to its insatiable demands; while few persons have the courage of their convictions, and care to take the lead in denouncing by personal example what they feel to be absurd and most inconvenient. If Mrs. Oliphant's kind and sensible suggestions—and we heartily commend them both to men and women—were carried out, we should not have our faculty of sight outraged by the strange-looking figures one is accustomed to meet indoors and out of doors. We have heard young girls throw the onus of their peculiar appearance on the men: "they like to see us dressed in the fashion," they say. Perhaps so; but why not then, ladies, adopt a fashion equally becoming and elegant? Fashion is not like the laws of the Medes and Persians, incapable of change.

THE old house at the west corner of St. Paul's maintains its supremacy; the children's books issued thence are very far superior to those sent forth by other houses, far better in literature, and infinitely so in Art. We have seen many that must "hide

diminished heads" in the presence of a fairy book upon our table, bearing the now distinguished names of Griffith and Farran as publishers.* The stories are capital, full of point, humour, and pathos; admirable as exciting tales, to be read with interest and pleasure; well suited to the young, yet not ill suited to the old. It is long since we have examined a book so honey sweet. And certainly the Art does not please us less than the literature; the little bits are especially charming. The drawing of the figures is so good that they may be studied as lessons: the little ones will be instructed while they are delighted, and if there be any critics among them they will be at least content. We should like to know the name of the artist.

THIS is one of the most charming children's books we have met with for a long time. "Esther"† is not, as its name would suggest, one continuous story, but a gathering of various *historiettes* beneath one banner; generally short, yet sufficiently long to leave a trail of pleasant memories—memories laden with delightful fruit—little argosies, freighted with rich and varied pleasures, that we are thankful to say we are not too old to enjoy. "Esther" might be likened to a noble Christmas cake, into which each invited guest

"Put in his thumb,
And pulled out a plum:"

playful and childlike during the first tales, as the volume advances it grows more earnest, but not beyond the range of youthful sympathy, and valuable because of the actual interest, which is by no means overstrained. Marcus Ward, in addition to the pretty woodcuts which are sown broadcast through its pages, has enriched this charming book with four brilliant chromographs, that may perhaps introduce a new style of Art to the juvenile readers.

A COPY of the twelfth edition of the Rev. R. H. Baynes's collection of hymns and sacred songs, widely known as "Lyra Anglicana,"‡ has reached us. One can scarcely wonder that upwards of sixty thousand copies of these collected poems should have been sold already, when we find among them some of the most beautiful and expressive minor poetical compositions our language contains—as, for example, Mrs. Alexander's magnificent, almost sublime, "The Burial of Moses;" "Neale's "Widow of Nain;" Owen Meredith's "The Ten Virgins;" with poems by Miss Rosetti, Dr. Newman, Dr. H. Bonar, the Rev. R. H. Baynes, and other well-known writers of sacred lyrics. The present edition has been entirely reset, with new type and new ornamental head and tail pieces; it may be accepted, independently of its poetic value, as an excellent specimen of the printer's art.

"THE Norman Conquest illustrated by the Bayeux Tapestry" is the subject of a lecture which has been delivered in the hall of the Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art, and also before the Aberdeen Philosophical Society: a printed copy of it has reached us.§ The lecture was illustrated by a facsimile of the original tapestry now in the Museum of Edinburgh; and it sets forth, with considerable graphic power and vivid description, the narrative of the Conquest as depicted in this remarkable specimen of ancient embroidery, preserved still in what is called the "Museum" in the quiet little town of Bayeux. The story, with its numerous and diversified associations, is well told.

* "Fairy Tales." Published by command of her Bright Dazzlingness, Gloriana, Queen of Fairyland, by a Soldier of the Queen. Published by Griffith and Farran.

† "Esther. A Story for Children." By Geraldine Bute, Author of "Christmas Roses," &c. &c. Published by Marcus Ward & Co., 67 and 68, Chandos Street, and Hester Works, Belfast.

‡ "Lyra Anglicana; Hymns and Sacred Songs." Collected and Arranged by the Rev. Robert H. Baynes, M.A., Hon. Canon of Worcester Cathedral, Vicar of St. Michael and All Angels, Coventry. Published by Houlston and Sons.

§ "The Norman Conquest illustrated by the Bayeux Tapestry." A Lecture by Ella Burton. Published by Simpkin, Marshall & Co., London; the Publishing Company, Edinburgh.

* "Dress." By Mrs. Oliphant. Published by Macmillan & Co.



CHRISTIAN ART IN THE EXHIBITION.—PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

PART I.



ART being the index to a nation's mind, the first impressions produced by the Fine-Art Department of the Paris Exhibition are most discouraging, for they lead to the belief that religion is at a very low ebb in the world, so few are the sacred subjects, so low the standard of nearly all. A cursory glance at the painting and sculpture brought thither by so many varied nationalities shows us, it is true, a universal advance in execution, truthfulness, and sympathy with nature, but with nature chiefly in its terrestrial moods, wandering rather in the lowlands of realism than scaling the "excelsior" heights of the soul. The grand conceptions of another world in which Germany above all others once abounded, incidents in the life of our Lord dear to every Christian heart, the legendary or historical traits of the countless saints honoured by the Catholic Church that formerly filled the minds of all her children, or scenes of the present day illustrated in a religious spirit, seem as if by some common consent to be banished from the memories and affections of mankind. A closer examination no doubt modifies this view, especially with regard to Austria and France, when one has had time to disentangle what Christian Art there is from the overpowering mass of secular subjects; moreover, it were perhaps wrong to draw final conclusions from an exhibition even on this large scale, for accidental circumstances may have prevented some nations from sending all they possess. Switzerland, for instance, does not exhibit one religious painting, and yet she boasts Deschwanden, a lofty, disinterested mediæval character, whose paintings abound in the Catholic Cantons, and, however deficient now and then in drawing, are full of that true spirituality which is the primary essential of a Christian artist. The Munich painters, too, still belonging—though in a minor degree—to its old supernatural school, are conspicuously absent, owing, it is said, to the hurried manner in which the German Commission set to work only at the last moment, when giving but six weeks' notice to her artists, of whom many of the best consequently contributed nothing. The great predominance, also, of fresco painting in Bavaria is asserted to be another cause of the absence of sacred subjects in the German *salles*, though, but for the hurry, cartoons might easily have been sent.

These drawbacks notwithstanding, we can still, looking to the past, form a fair opinion of the tone of mind which prevails in the Christian Art of the present day, and our last impressions then—alas! like our first—point to a lower range of thought, and an absence of that highest ideal in most countries, of which, some thirty or forty years ago, there were so many indications. Nowhere, for example, do we find a "Christus consolator" or "St. Augustine and St. Monica" of a new Ary Scheffer, a "Visitation" recalling an Overbeck, the saints of a Flandrin, the spiritual Madonnas of a Hess, or the Christ of a Thorwaldsen. Of devotional Art, strictly so called, there is scarcely any, least of all in Italy and Spain, once so rich in this branch, but which might now be almost obliterated from the category, so deplorable is their poverty of conception, so small the number of their sacred subjects, so beneath contempt the artistic qualities of those few. "How are the mighty fallen!" is the never-ceasing burden of one's song on emerging from their

salles, especially if perchance under the influence of a recent visit to the not far-distant Louvre.

Some countries, however, still show much of the old spirit of high Art, which, idealizing all it touches, elevates whilst it likewise purifies. First and chief amongst these ranks is Austria. A 'Virgin Mother and Child' by Steinle, in water colours, is as beautiful and spiritual as that of any pre-Raphaelite painter; cartoons also by him, for the chapel of Princess Löwenstein and the Museum of Cologne, are of the highest standard. A 'Procession in Venice' by Passini, and pencil drawings of the 'Prodigal Son' and other holy subjects by Führich—since dead—show that in Vienna, at least, devotional Art is cultivated in that true spirit which we miss so much elsewhere. But it is principally in historical painting that the Austrian-Hungarian school is distinguished above all others, and in no branch of it more than in the combination of national with religious.

Here, alongside Makart's 'Triumphant Entry of Charles V.,' which is so splendid in its colouring, but so offensive to modesty and reprehensible in many points, we find a large painting by Matejko, called 'The Union concluded between Poland and Lithuania in 1569,' belonging to the Diet of Galicia, and one of the finest in the Exhibition. It commemorates a great event in history, the wedding of Hedwige of Poland with Jagelon of Lithuania, whereby the two countries became one, and the latter was converted to Catholicity. In every particular it fully rises to the level of its theme. The young Queen, a gentle but thoughtful girl of sixteen, stands on one side, her sturdy nobles in front swearing fidelity to the treaty on bended knee, their right hands on the Gospels, while a crucifix is held aloft, and a cardinal raises his hands in benediction, Jagelon, a rough warrior, at his side, doubtfully scanning his future subjects, and calling the Cardinal's attention to one in particular. In colour, contrast, and general composition it is one of the most satisfactory paintings we have for a long time seen. The same artist has another picture, less artistic because more confused in colour and grouping, but still full of life and interest, the 'Christening of the Bell of Sigismund at Cracow'—a bishop here likewise holding out his hand in benediction as the bell is hoisted up to its final destination, while the Queen and her son preside at the ceremony, seated on a throne close by.

In the next room—that of Hungary—is the 'Baptism of St. Stephen of Hungary,' by Gyula Benezur, as rich in colouring as the last, as noble in sentiment, and faultless in execution. The King kneels in a most devout attitude, with bent head, before a font garlanded with flowers, his scarlet mantle thrown back from his bared, bronzed shoulders, down which flows his raven hair lightly fastened with pearls, while the aged bishop, in cope of cloth of gold, pours the water on his head, surrounded by servitors holding the crosier and the incense, the Emperor beside, crown on head over his red hair, leaning upon Charlemagne's sword. Colour, feeling, composition—nothing is wanting; realising, with Matejko's picture, the ideal of what national-historical Art, treated from a Christian point of view, is capable of and ought to be. It is, therefore, not surprising to hear that this painting was bought soon after the opening of the Exhibition for the National Gallery at Pesth. Nor does this exhaust the Austrian-Hungarian contributions. There are a very



fine 'Death of Jacob,' surrounded by his sons, in brown, a Raphaellesque 'Madonna' of great beauty, and one or two others of extreme merit.

In singular contrast to these rooms is the German, where 'Our Lord raising the Daughter of Jairus,' by Max of Munich, is the first that strikes the eye. It is an attempt to modernise sacred Art, and wholly devoid of spirituality, our Lord being so uncharacteristic as more to resemble a doctor by a girl's bedside than the Great Physician who is to bring her back to life. Her death-like sleep is the most successful portion of the whole, the flesh being neither of death nor yet of life, and the expression that of calm repose; but the realism of the age portrays itself further in the triviality of a fly crawling up her arm, so true to nature that many a lady has wished to brush it off, had she not been deterred by the "Ne touchez pas" of Exhibition fame. A 'Crucifixion' and 'Last Supper,' by Gebhardt, of Dusseldorf, are even worse, the heads being so common, coarse, and vulgar, with the idea of making them of "low birth," that one turns away hoping never to behold them again. Untrue to human nature is it also, for the poorest beggar in the street would not sit down to table, were he invited to a banquet by a superior, with the unkempt locks and unwashed hands which this painter has bestowed on the twelve apostles. Here, too—and one of them by the great Menzel of Berlin—are several of those cynical paintings of 'Monks in a Brewery,' in a 'Convent Refectory,' and such-like, belonging to that low school which, intending to be satirical, in truth is only scandalous, and which inundates Germany, Switzerland, and Italy with representations injurious to all religious sentiment; having no foundation, moreover, save in the inimical imaginations of the artists themselves. That here and there abuses have existed no one thinks of denying, but even Leopold Ranke, the Protestant author of the "Lives of the Popes," asserts that the enemies of the monks at the time of the Reformation far oftener distorted the exaggerated self-accusations of holy, humble, saintly men, made in a moment of fervour, than they grounded their calumnies on well-ascertained facts. His remarks remind us of a pretty picture seen some years since in the Paris *Salon*, of a party of monks carving gargoyles on the roof of a cathedral, when, full of that innocent mirth which always pervades religious minds, one "brother" twists his face into ridiculous forms as a model for another working at the stone.* Such a gargoyle, however, seen by enemies of the Menzel type in later centuries, would doubtless be interpreted as a true picture of "monkish physiognomy."

To this same school belong a larger painting, 'The Discipline administered to St. Elizabeth,' and 'St. Paul preaching in the Synagogue in Rome,' which, though technically well painted, is also of a low standard. Not so a most beautiful landscape in the Tyrol, called 'Waiting for the Funeral,' a scene at a mountain chapel in midst of the Alps, the processional cross appearing round the corner of some rocks, while the priests, serving-boys, and friends are gathered in expectation at the church door. Every portion is poetical and reverential, true to the character both of the country and its people.

Passing out of these German rooms, we find the historical painting which ranks next in merit to Austria, to our surprise, in Russia; and this we say advisedly, for, considering the strict adherence of the Russo-Greek Church to those conventional forms of sacred Art which may be called more or less archæological, we look for nought but "Eikons" and "Mount Athos Saints" in this country. These, however, are to be found in another portion of the Russian section; and, however devoid of that life and variety which, in her protection of the arts as a civilising spiritual power, the Catholic Church has encouraged in all its branches, they still possess a great charm and interest, and by their universal diffusion all over Russia testify to the strong faith in Christian sentiments of her people. 'Nero's Living Torches,' however, is by a Russian who lives in and has studied at Rome, M. Siemiradski, and therefore readily accounts for the progress in Art evident in his picture. The subject at first seems too painful

for contemplation, but it is treated so grandly, the character of the period is so well rendered, and the lesson it conveys so deep and impressive, that the oftener we behold it the greater is our admiration. It is false sentiment, moreover, which turns away from such glorious pages of Christianity, the same which cannot bear to look upon a crucifix, although to a pious mind it is suggestive of the deepest gratitude, and, withal, repentance. The name in the catalogue in no way prepared us for the fearful sight, but the grand motto on the frame—"Et lux in tenebris lucet," above, "Et tenebræ eam non comprehenderunt," below—fully explains the story. On one side we see a row of high stakes festooned with flowers, but bearing on their tops Christians of all ages and both sexes, young maidens and old men, bound with straw and rope, which brutal menials are setting on fire, while Nero, borne on a gilt palanquin by impassive, coal-black Nubian slaves, and carried forward from his white marble palace behind, watches the scene with calm ferocity. As a composition it is magnificent, the surrounding groups of men and women of true Trastevere type, the contrasts striking, and the story throughout powerfully told. Moreover, it is strictly true. Paley, in his "Evidences of Christianity," quotes the passage from Tacitus describing it; Suetonius and Juvenal also allude to it. This painting, then, is the production of a great artist, and though far below Austria and Hungary in colouring, it is well suited for engraving, and undoubtedly is the prelude to perhaps greater works. So little, however, does it correspond with the temper of the times, that it is passed by with indifference, if not aversion, while Fortuny's low-minded subjects, though exquisite, doubtless, as paintings, and Alfred Stevens's 'Les Mondaines,' and similar frivolities, count their votaries by hundreds, nay, thousands. The 'Last Repast of the Martyrs,' by Bronnikoff, belonging to the St. Petersburg Académie des Beaux Arts, is also a fine conception, full of spirituality; likewise the 'Obsequies of a Martyr,' by Botkine, small and sketchy, but touching, poetic, and religious in the highest degree. Singular is it that Russian thought apparently loves to dwell on martyrdom, for those are its best in sacred themes, with the exception of a mosaic of the Entombment, eminently beautiful. A 'Christ in the Desert' and a 'Pieta' exhaust their sacred subjects, and are far inferior in all the spiritual qualities. The same may be said of the statue by Antokolski called 'Ecce Homo,' or 'Christ before the People,' which is so much spoken of: splendidly modelled certainly, and original, but with so ordinary a countenance that it is difficult to believe it was intended for any other than some earthly criminal.

Belgium, true to its old historic element, comes after Austria in the number of such subjects connected with religion, yet few of them can be styled thoroughly satisfactory. The most prominent is by Cluysenaer: "Henry IV. of Germany before Gregory VII. at Canossa," in every particular save drawing a most disagreeable picture. The Pope stands on slightly raised steps, erect, stiff and thin, but not even ascetic, with crozier in hand, and totally expressionless; Countess Matilda and her aunt beside him, resentful, but most commonplace; cardinals and priests on either hand, stout, earthly, and vulgar; while the Emperor, in a monk's habit, and barefooted, is seen in front in a cringing and awkward attitude. Some years ago we remember having seen this same scene treated in Germany by a German artist (probably none of the present day would venture to paint it there just now)—but how different! It was on a smaller scale, which permitted the Pope to stand on a high balcony, and concentrated the attention on the two chief figures; snow lay on the ground beneath, yet the Emperor, in the same habit and barefoot, passed along, silently and without grimace, yet revealing in every feature the treachery which was in his heart, and the submission which was only feigned. Here, on the contrary, every single face and attitude is common, and were the painting by any other artist, one might suppose it intended as a caricature. 'Charles V. at Yuste,' dying, yet admiring a copy of the 'Transfiguration,' is in every respect superior. 'St. Elizabeth of Hungary'—"La chère Sainte Élisabeth" sung by Montalembert—"driven from the Castle of Wartburg" with her infant children, is of the class we may call half-satisfactory, her expression lacking that lofty-

* The author recently alludes here to "The Franciscan Sculptor and his Model," by H. S. Marks, A.R.A., of which an engraving appears in the *Art Journal* of Dec., accompanying a biographical notice of the painter.—[*Rev. A. J.*]

ness one looks for in such a character, though otherwise the story is well told; while 'a Flight into Egypt' is wholly unsatisfactory, the Virgin so like a peasant girl, and every figure so unspiritual, that it is mistaken by many for a simple citizen domestic scene. 'Give us Barabbas,' on the other hand, is admired for its vigorous drawing, the felon himself being of a most repulsive type, and, as such, in good contrast to our Lord standing behind, though He is so feeble and pre-eminently uncharacteristic as to mar the whole effect; the mob too is all "legs, arms, and teeth," faultless, it is said, in anatomy, but giving the impression that this was the main idea in the artist's

mind, rather than a spiritual rendering of the story. French critics, however, who passed through the Commune days, are unanimous in their approbation, recognising "Communards" and "Pétroleuses" in every figure, and declaring that nothing ever can be too coarse or too demoniacal for "furies" of this kind. As to ourselves it was always with a sigh of relief that we turned to 'St. Allmayne—or Telemachus—and the Last Fight of the Gladiators' hard by, where the saint, rushing in between the combatants, draws down their anger upon himself: a painting crude, no doubt, in colour, but full of life and character.

(To be continued.)

MR. WHISTLER'S APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC.

A FOLDED leaf of common coarse brown paper, six by eight inches square, was arrested, in the course of transfer from our table to the waste-paper basket, by noticing a few words printed on one side. As far as personal satisfaction goes, this observation is to be regretted. But inasmuch as the interests of Art are concerned, it is desirable to make one or two remarks. The letters printed on a very appropriate vehicle are "Whistler *versus* Ruskin, Art and Art Critics," with the name and address of the writer, and the date 24th Dec., 1878.

Inside the brown paper, a sheet (which bears the words "Second Edition") contains a sort of virtual complaint on the part of Mr. Whistler of the inadequacy of the amount of damages allotted to the plaintiff in the recent trial of Whistler *versus* Ruskin. The letterpress occupies just twelve pages of twenty-two lines each, and the price asked for the whole, including the wrapper, is the modest sum of one shilling. We have read these pages with care. We find a difficulty in fully characterizing them. That difficulty arises not so much from the wish to avoid any future case of "Whistler *versus* the Proprietors of the *Art Journal*," as from the fact that it is difficult to find language that will justly describe this extra-judicial appeal without being unworthy of the pages of a periodical devoted to Art.

Mr. Whistler's position, so far as we can understand his language (which is as hasty and ill distributed as the paint on his Nocturnes), is that none but painters can be judges of painting. As to the thesis, "None but artists can be judges of Art," it is one which might be eloquently and nobly maintained, and one to which, within certain clear limits, a very widespread adhesion might be commanded. But to limit that proposition to the art of the painter is, in fact, to degrade that art to the level of a craft. We do not find this limitation exactly stated in his pamphlet, though the "assistance from the unscientific, the meddling of the immodest, the intrusion of the garrulous," are mentioned in connection with "the hand that holds neither brush nor chisel." But some excessively close and narrow limit of the kind must have been present to the mind of the author, if indeed anything but an unreasoning anger guided his pen; for the gist and point of the whole is—that Mr. Ruskin is deficient in the technical knowledge which should be required as an Art critic. If that is not the meaning of the pamphlet, it has no meaning whatever. The application, however, is simply ludicrous in this case. It is not many months since, in our own columns, in speaking of the exhibition of some works of Turner side by side with some sketches by Ruskin, we had occasion to call attention to the perfect mastery displayed by the latter artist in two distinct media or branches of Art. Of these, one is that which, perhaps more than any other, tests not only the learned eye, but the delicate and practised hand—namely, pencil drawing. We called attention, if we remember rightly, to some pencil drawings by Mr. Ruskin from a fresco of Giotto at Pisa, which were equal to anything we have ever seen produced by that delicate implement. The other proof given, in the same exhibition, was one not only of the skill, but of the most perfect technical power and delicacy, of the same artist as a draughts-

man in water colours. It is not probable that a man who has attained the highest excellence in these two subtle and difficult kinds of graphic Art could have failed to satisfy the public if he had turned his attention to oil painting. England has, there can be no doubt, lost many noble pictures by the fact that Mr. Ruskin has chosen to devote his time to that most durable of human work—the toil of the pen. Whether she is or is not the richer for the change may be doubted. The question is like an equation involving several unknown quantities.

In an attack so very imperfectly motivated, Mr. Whistler has certainly done much to throw discredit on the verdict of the jury. As to that, we are not about to reopen the pleadings. Let bygones be bygones. But if a too hasty or too strong expression—something a little *ultra crepidam*—was indicated by the verdict as attributable to the defendant, it would be hard to do more to justify such human infirmity than has been done in this pamphlet. Its perusal leads the reader to doubt very gravely whether the celebrated farthing was not just a fourth of a penny in excess of the proper mulct. At all events, any one who is cultivated by the practice and study of literature, of which Mr. Whistler speaks with so much contempt, can hardly fail to come to that conclusion. If a man who to mastery of blacklead and camel's-hair pencil adds a lifelong study of the chief works of modern Art be unfit to form a judgment as to that new mode of putting colour on canvas which is the peculiar gift of Mr. Whistler, what shall we say of a writer who intimates that a knowledge of literature is a qualification for a "Chair of Ethics?"

We are debarred from minute criticism of the pamphlet in brown paper, not only by its want of method, but by its tone. "No shame in it either, no 'bigod nonsense'; they are all doing good—yes, they all do good to Art. Poor Art! What a sad state the slut is in; and these gentlemen must help her." It is very conceivable that any one who does not consider such language as this an appropriate mode of dealing with a subject akin to Fine Art is not likely to be a very competent judge of literature. The thickly sprinkling of the page with ordinary, or even with slang, French words is another habit which deserves, and generally meets with, the most marked condemnation on the part of writers or lovers of good English. The expression of "*ennuyer-ing*" is one of which the credit is special to Mr. Whistler; it beats anything that we have yet seen in print. Perhaps this specimen of his work, not with the brush, may be sufficient for the curiosity of our readers.

It is melancholy to see a man so misuse both his own time and the facilities of the press. If Mr. Ruskin required any comfort under the verdict of the jury, Mr. Whistler has here provided him with it. To distinguish between the work and the man is one of the duties of the public writer. It was only as having been judged somewhat to have forgotten this important canon that Mr. Ruskin was mulcted in his farthing and his own expenses. But when a man deliberately abandons the position of an artist for that of—the author of this pamphlet, he should reflect that he renders the distinction more and more

difficult to be maintained. As a literary production, the brown-paper pamphlet is as poor, angry, inconclusive, and indecisively vulgar as we conceive anything can be. It was hardly the way to convince the public that Mr. Ruskin's opinion of Mr. Whistler's paintings was erroneous to bring forth this essay in literature.

We say loss of time, because we are not among those who deny the possession of a certain power to Mr. Whistler. Where he errs, in our opinion, is in want of steady toil, the only road to true excellence. There is an old story of a painter who, having wasted hours in the vain attempt to paint the froth on the mouth of a panting dog, in desperation threw his sponge at the figure. The desperation was happy; the sponge left the very effect so long sought in vain. But we do not hear that after that happy accident the painter abandoned his brush for the use of a missile sponge. Yet some such method may, without injustice, be attributed to Mr. Whistler. When he told us how long a certain work took to produce, he gave some measure of its value, unless one could count on such a happy chance as that of the dog. But such a chance is as rare as a hundred-thousand-pound prize in a lottery.

And, to do justice all round, we may here confess the effect produced on ourselves by one of Mr. Whistler's pictures (we

think it was) in the very exhibition that contained several other productions, as to the character of which we confess to agree with Mr. Ruskin. This was a quiet winter scene—a man out in a snow-storm in a street, a distant fire-lit apartment, with curtained windows, contrasting with the desolate cold without. When the gallery of the exhibition was full, on passing and re-passing this picture the effect was anything but good. A hasty writer would have called it a smudge. But as the gallery emptied, from a particular spot we caught the true aspect of the picture. Hence, quietly looked at, it was not a smudge; it was a poem. The blinding effect of the drifting snow was perfectly given, from that particular stand-point; one shivered with the wayfarer, whose weather-beaten discomfort was intensified by contrast with the comforts of the home, indicated to the imagination rather than to the eye. This little bit of candid praise should convince Mr. Whistler that the severer the critic whose opinion he provokes, the more likely is the criticism to tend to his own improvement as an artist. For his own sake, let him eschew the use of the pen, or at all events of the printing-press. Nothing could reform such a literary style. Why does he furnish such an example of his own theory? He has not proved the inability of Mr. Ruskin to criticize, but he has proved the inability of Mr. Whistler to write.

THE WINDSOR TAPESTRIES.

THE committee of the Royal Tapestry Manufactory at Old Windsor, which we noticed at some length last season in the pages of the *Art Journal*, have very wisely opened an exhibition of their beautiful products in the Town-hall of Windsor, so that the public may have an opportunity of judging for themselves how far this revival of an industry which flourished in the days of the royal Stuarts, at Mortlake and elsewhere, is worthy of countenance and support.

For variety's sake, and in order to set forth adequately the various tapestry panels, Mr. Henry, the managing director, has imported into the exhibition a collection of Art objects, miscellaneous in themselves, but perfectly in harmony with the tapestried walls surrounding them. For example, there are some remarkably clever terra-cotta figures by A. Chesneau, especially his statuette of a 'Devonshire Girl'; several figures in walnut-wood contributed by Gillow & Co.; a small replica in silver by Lord Ronald Gower of his famous 'Marie Antoinette'; some *repoussé* brass sconces worked by A. Chesneau, after designs by Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford; Indian carpets; Japanese vases; several pieces of carving by Grinling Gibbons, lent by Colonel Julian Hall, of the Coldstream Guards—old carvings of various kinds, in fact; a large collection of seventeenth and eighteenth century silver, lent by Colonel R. W. Follett, not to mention cabinets of various kinds; and most of the decorations, in the way of curtains and *appliqué* work, belonging to the Prince of Wales's pavilion at the Paris Exhibition, and for which the Messrs. Gillow were awarded the silver medal.

Among the paintings we noticed portraits by Jansen, landscapes and other subjects by Berghem, Bristow, Sandby, Constable, and T. F. Dicksee. On the walls also were conspicuous two famous portraits by J. E. Millais, R.A.: one that of Lord Ronald Gower, and the other that of his niece, the lovely Marchioness of Ormonde. On referring to the catalogue, however, we found that only the former was original, and that the latter was a copy by Robert Tufts. It may gratify the artist to know that had we not casually looked at the catalogue as we passed, we should never have dreamt of challenging the authenticity of the work. The same artist's copy of Mason's lovely picture of the homeward-bound reapers is scarcely so satisfactory; still, in default of the original, one might well be satisfied.

Turning to the tapestries, the series of panels which carried off the gold medal at the French Exposition, and which, when

there, decorated the dining-room of the Prince of Wales's pavilion, illustrates the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and was designed by T. W. Hay. The whole series is the property of Sir A. Sassoon, K.C.S.I., and has been kindly lent by him. These pictures are in flat tones, and shaded in only one or two colours, after the manner of Flemish arras. For the old Beauvais ornamental style, so much in vogue in the Louis Seize period, we turn to the covering of a sofa ordered by her Majesty, and designed, like the preceding, by T. W. Hay. A third style of tapestry-work is the Gobelins, which is more rounded and pictorial in effect, and altogether richer in tone than either of the other two. Examples of this last-named class of work will be found in the series of panels designed by the late E. M. Ward, R.A., for C. Sykes, Esq., M.P. In the set are included 'The Start for the Hunt,' 'The Boar Hunt,' 'The Finish of the Hunt,' and 'The Falconer,' which are deserving of praise for the thoughtfulness of their design and the spirited manner of their execution.

But full of life and appropriate action as these designs undoubtedly are, we scarcely think the genius of Mr. Ward found field enough for its expression in compositions of this kind. His habit of mind was almost entirely historic, and when we turn to his water-colour sketch for a 'Cartoon to be worked in Windsor Tapestry, twenty-four feet by eleven, for Henry A. Brassey, Esq., M.P.,' we find him entirely at home, and filling the whole composition—æsthetically speaking—with his familiar and generous presence. The reason is simple enough; his subject is historic. It is 'The Battle of Aylesford, A.D. 455,' and the more to satisfy ourselves, we walked over to the atelier at Old Windsor to have a look at the finished cartoon.

Besides the works already noticed, we would, before drawing our remarks to a close, call especial attention to the large panel of fourteenth-century tapestry representing a scene from *Le Roman de la Rose*, lent, along with other valuable objects, by Sir Richard Wallace, Bart.; and to the old piece of Beauvais tapestry designed by Boucher, which has been sent by its owner, Lady Anthony de Rothschild, to be repaired. One entire side, indeed, of this piece is new; but where the new begins and the old leaves off only an expert in tapestry weaving, we should imagine, would be able to say.

Altogether the tapestry exhibition is a great success, and we proffer Mr. Henry, the accomplished and enterprising director, our heartiest congratulations.

THE LAND OF EGYPT.*

By EDWARD THOMAS ROGERS, Esq., LATE H.M. CONSUL AT CAIRO, AND HIS SISTER, MARY ELIZA ROGERS.

THE DRAWINGS BY GEORGE L. SEYMOUR.

CHAPTER IV.

*Window with carved-wood Shutters.*

THE railway from Alexandria to Cairo was constructed more than twenty years ago, from plans made by George Stephenson. The country is so flat that no engineering difficulties had to be overcome, excepting that of preventing the rails from sinking into the sand, and this is effected by the use of large inverted basins or saucers, made of iron, placed under the rails, and connected by iron rods, instead of ordinary sleepers.

At the railway station we find intelligent guards, who speak

several European languages, and are soon accommodated with seats in well-appointed first-class carriages. The third-class carriages—long open trucks, with roofs to keep off the sun—are crowded with native passengers, who patronise this modern means of locomotion quite as much as do the European residents or travellers. Indeed, the introduction of steam locomotion has been the means of partially revolutionising the old ideas of pilgrimage: many advanced or liberal-minded Moslems, who would perhaps not undertake the perils or discomforts of a land journey on camel-back, consent to travel by railway to Suez, and thence by steamer to Jeddah, whence they can easily pay their obligatory visit to the holy places. But the old-fashioned and orthodox pilgrim still prefers to go with the caravan which conveys the Mahmal and the holy cover of the sacred stone at Mecca. The return of these orthodox pilgrims is a season of great rejoicing; relations and friends go out a day's journey into the desert to meet them, and accompany them in crowds, with music and singing, back to their homes.

The first part of the route is carried on an embankment through the Lake Mareotis, upon the surface of which flocks of water-fowl may be seen disporting themselves. Passing thence through a well-cultivated plain, where rice, cotton, maize, and millet are grown, the train stops at the town of Dammanhour, which was made memorable in 1798 by a conflict between the French under Napoleon and the Mamelouks, who nearly captured the French general. This town stands on a slight eminence, and, although the capital of the wealthy province of Beheira, has no pretensions to being more than a large village.

A small canal runs parallel with the railway, and on its surface may be seen, during the autumn, the floating leaves and

*Line Men of the Oriental Telegraph Company on the road to Suez.*

the graceful flowers of the water-lily growing in luxuriant pro-

* Continued from page 44.

fusion. Along the side of this canal is a path, upon which the peasantry are seen proceeding slowly with their camels or

donkeys from village to village. The fields beyond are being tilled with ploughs of most simple construction, drawn by sullen-looking buffaloes, meek oxen, or sometimes by a tall camel.

Here and there we see a Persian wheel, or *sâkiah*, erected over a well, and turned by one or other of these useful animals, for irrigating the land. Another plan for irrigation is the



One of the many Solitary Courts common in Cairo.

shaduf, a bucket suspended to one end of a pole, which is balanced on a cross-bar fixed on two upright pillars, and counterpoised by a large lump of mud. The peasant dips the bucket into the canal, and the weight at the other end raises it, when full, without any exertion on his part. Another and still more primitive arrangement for irrigation is that of scooping, as it

were, the water from the canal to a trough on a higher level. Two men stand on the bank just above the canal, and with a basket or skin, which, pendulum fashion, they swing first down into the canal and then up to the trough, succeed in raising a large amount of water. Some of the wealthy landowners have



Dooley Boys.

steam pumps of English or other European manufacture on the banks of the canals, by means of which they water their fields.

At about sixty-five miles from Alexandria the Rosetta branch of the Nile is crossed by a splendid iron railway bridge, which has, however, but one line of rails, the up and down lines converging to pass over it. Part of this bridge is so made as to



A Narghileh.

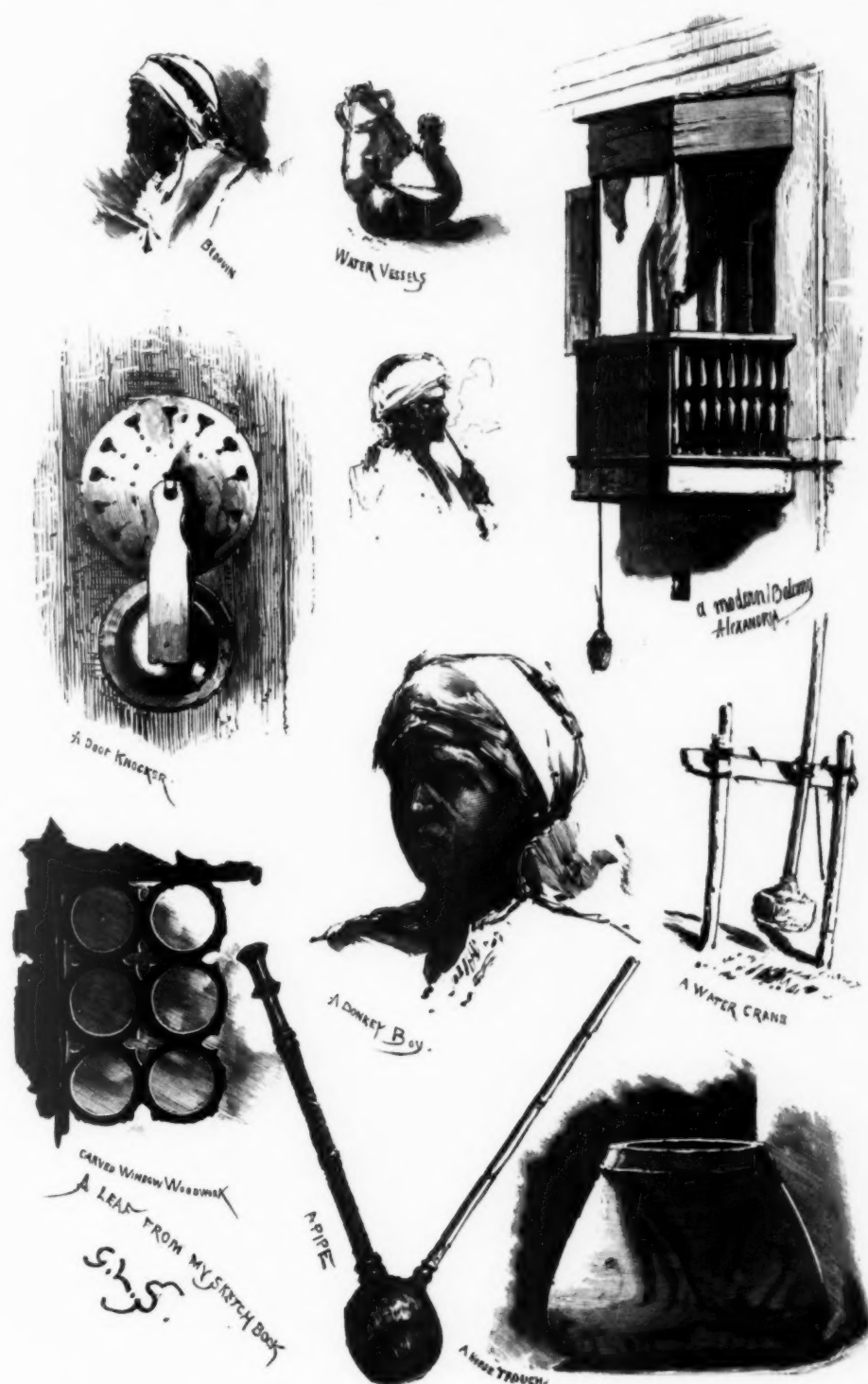
swing round on a pivot, to enable sailing vessels to pass. Besides the large iron cylindrical pillars on which the bridge is supported, there are two others above and below it, to support the ends of the revolving part when open.

Immediately after crossing this bridge the train stops at the

half-way station of Kafr-*ez-zayát*, where it remains for twenty minutes, to enable the travellers to obtain refreshment at the restaurant. Kafr-*ez-zayát* is an important emporium of the cotton trade, and contains many large ginning factories.

The next station at which the train stops is Tantah, a large town, capital of the province of Gharbiyeh. After Cairo and Alexandria, Tantah is the largest and most important town in

Egypt, and the population is estimated at 60,000. The railway station is well built, and its platform is of great length. The Khedive's palace and the Government offices are imposing edifices. The streets are wider and more regular than those in other Egyptian towns, and many of the houses have a European appearance. Its principal mosque, enclosing the tomb of the titular saint of the place, Seyyid-Ahmed-el-Bedawy, is a grand



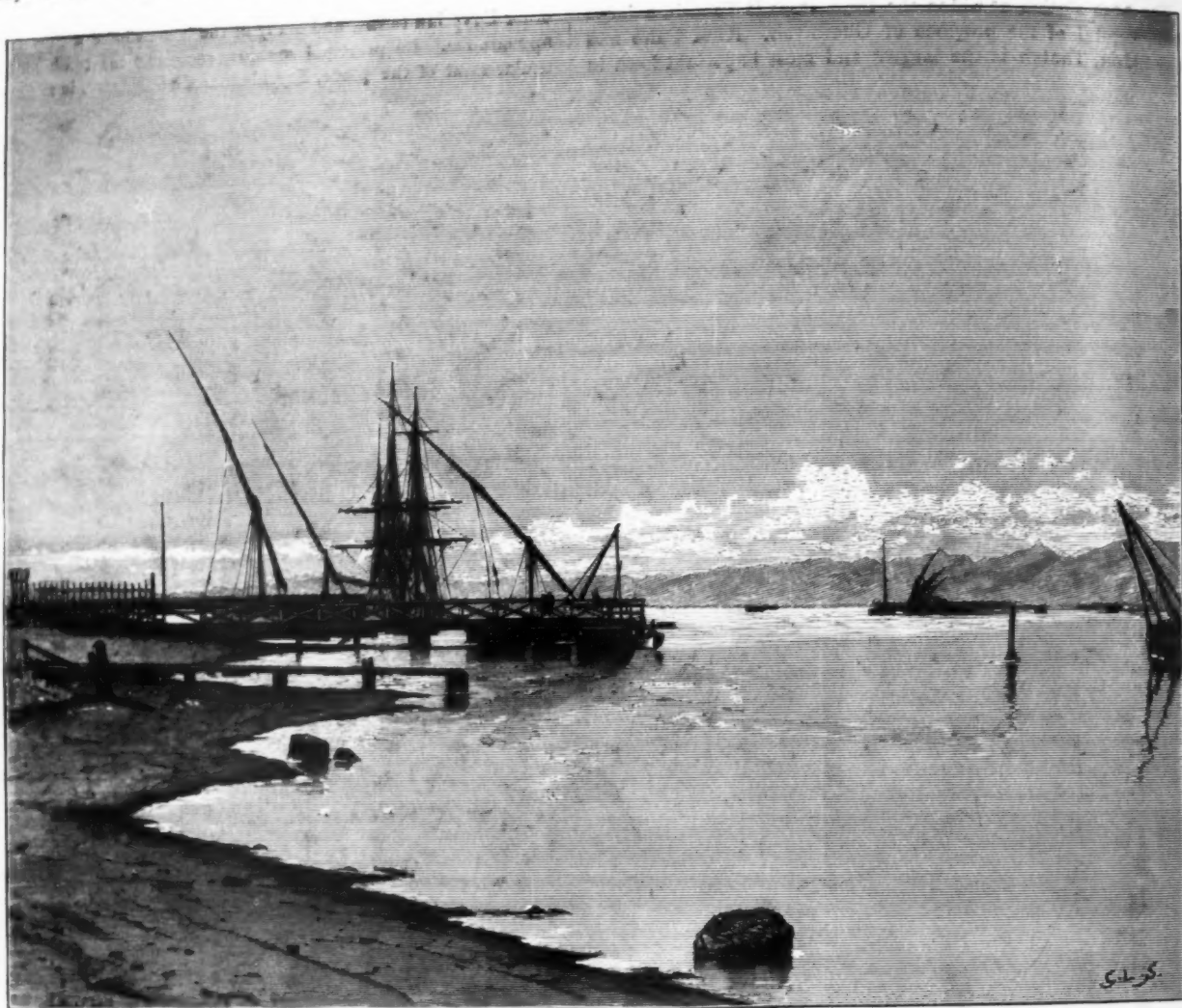
structure, adorned with dome and lofty minarets, on which the Khedive, and the princess his mother, have lavished large sums of money.

Here have been convoked, in troublous times, meetings of the representatives of the people, to discuss political, financial, and agricultural questions; and here, three times a year, is held a fair, more numerously attended than any in the world excepting

that of Novgorod. This fête is in honour of Seyyid-Ahmed-el-Bedawy, a sheikh who died here nearly seven hundred years ago, and who is still held in the greatest reverence by the Mohammedans. His aid is invoked in times of trouble by people of all classes, and devotees flock hither in thousands to perform their vows, or to implore his intervention in present or future emergencies.

Although this annual fair is nominally a religious institution, it is made the means of much commerce, and during the few days of its continuance more debauchery and immorality are

practised in the town of Tantah than in the rest of the whole year. It is quite probable, as has been suggested by several learned Egyptologists, that the orgies countenanced and en-



On the Suez Canal: Station at El-Kantara, i.e. "The Bridge."

couraged in Tantah embody the remnant of old customs prevalent amongst the ancient Egyptians, which have been continued under another name since the change of the national religion. Each of these annual fairs—one in January, another in May, and

the third in August—is kept up for a week, beginning on Friday, and culminating in a great religious procession to and from the tomb-mosque on the following Friday.

(To be continued.)

NAPOLÉON IN THE PRISON OF NICE, 1794.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

E. M. WARD, R.A., Painter.

J. OUTRIM, Engraver.

THIS picture is one of the early exhibited pictures of the recently deceased painter, Mr. E. M. Ward, who sent it to the British Institution in 1841, where it attracted the notice of the late Duke of Wellington, who purchased it, as well, it may be presumed, from the interest of the subject as illustrating an incident in the early career of his great rival at Waterloo as from the merits of the work itself, which are great, and especially so as coming from a mind and hand then comparatively young. It is briefly recorded by Sir Walter Scott, and it appears that in August, 1794, while stationed at Nice, with the rank of *chef de bataillon*, Bonaparte was superseded and imprisoned, in consequence of his having incurred the suspicion of Laporte and the other "commissioners," Albitte and Salicete,

who had been appointed to the army in Italy. His confinement, however, was of short duration: his freedom followed inquiry, and when the officer entered with the order for his release he found Napoleon busy in his dungeon studying the map of Lombardy. The invasion of Italy by the French armies took place not very long after, and Napoleon was appointed to the supreme command. Who would undertake to say how far the temporary incarceration in the prison of Nice, and the geographical study therein of that map, contributed to the successes of the French arms in the Italian campaign?

Bourrienne, Napoleon's old schoolfellow, supplies, in his *Life of the Emperor*, more complete particulars concerning the imprisonment. We must refer our readers to the book.

of grace, and who, seeking to rend and devour the virgin soil, is overcome by the Christian girded about with Truth, having on the breastplate of Righteousness, his feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace, carrying the shield of Faith and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, and wearing the helmet of Salvation." In most allegories in which the dragon figures he is made to be overcome, as in the quotation

just given, by Christian armour and the Sign of the Cross; but this was not the case with the "Dragon of Wantley," for his stalwart opponent, "Moore of Moore Hall,"—

"To make him strong and mighty
He drank by the tale
Six pots of ale
And a quart of aqua vitae,"

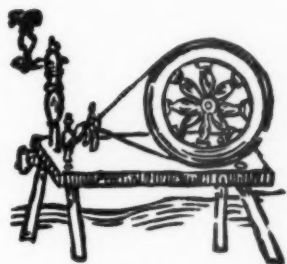


Fig. 38.

and ensconced himself, not in the "armour of righteousness," but in a bran-new suit of armour, which he did

"Respeak in Sheffield town,
With spikes all about,
Not within, but without,
Of steel so sharp and strong
Both behind and before,
Arms, legs, and all oer,
Some five or six inches long.
Had you seen him in this dress,
How fierce he look'd and how big.
You would have thought him for to be
An Egyptian porcupig.
He frighted all—
Cats, dogs, and all—
Each cow, each horse, and each hog—
For fear did flee
For they took him to be
Some strange outlandish hedge-hog."

But I must pass on to speak, very briefly, of some of the singular illustrations of costume and manners, customs and home appliances, which ballads present to those who make not

only their quaint verses, but still quainter woodcuts, their study. Figs. 37 and 40 are pleasing illustrations of costume, and show, as does Fig. 22 (p. 229, vol. 1878), better than many, the simplicity and comfortable style of dress worn by the women of the time.

In Fig. 38 we have an admirable illustration of the spinning-wheel as then in common use. It stands, in the original, side by side with a full-length figure of King Charles II. (Fig. 30,



Fig. 39.

p. 231, vol. 1878), at the head of a ballad entitled "The Spinning Wheel, or The Bonny Scot and the Yielding Lass," which begins, "As I sate at my Spinning-wheel," and describes, to some extent, its various parts:—

"As for my Yarn, my Rock, and Reel,
And after that my Spinning-wheel,
He bid me leave them all with speed,
And gang with him to yonder mead;
My panting heart strange flames did feel,
Yet still I turn'd my spinning-wheel."



Fig. 40.



Fig. 41.



Fig. 42.

Of clocks, as used a couple of centuries ago, two good examples are shown on Figs. 34 and 36, and are much, in general form and design, such as are at the present day being re-introduced by our most fashionable makers. The first of these occurs (with Fig. 35) at the head of a ballad, "Bee Patient in Trouble; or, The Patient Man's Counsell, wherein is shovne the great goodnes of God towards them that beare the Crosses

and Afflictions of this World patiently: As also a friendly instruction, whereby to advise us to forsake our wonted sinnes, and turne unto the Lord by speedy repentance, very meete and necessary for Worldlings to marke, reade, heare, and make use of." The ornamental clock with its pendent weights, the globes, the reading-stands, and other appliances, render this a strikingly interesting illustration. Fig. 36 is of course a figure

of "Time," and it is here copied from a unique black-letter ballad of the time of James I., entitled "Take Time while Time is; Being an Exhortation to all sorts of Sexes, of what degree soever, from the highest to the lowest, old or young, rich or poore." Here "Father Time," with sleeves turned up and unclad legs and feet, holds the inevitable scythe in his right hand and an hour-glass in his left: he is winged to show that "time flies," and he bears on his head a clock, while flowers are on the ground and swallows in the air, the whole being highly emblematical and curious, and the allusions in the ballad itself particularly trite.

Behold, I say, the picture now
That here doth stand above;
And be you warn'd by what I say,
If that yourselves you love,
To you he offers now himselfe,
Until your thread be spun;
But, as he offers, steals away,
Untill your thread be done.
Lay hold on him, therefore, I say,
And say, I warn'd anew;
Lest that he steal away from you,
And bid you see adieu.

His glasse that in his hand he holds
Doth cut off all delay,
His wings that on his back do sticke
Doe show he cannot stay
For any that comes after him,
Be he swarthy or fair,
But he must come and stand before
And take hold of his haire.

The dyall fixt upon his head
Most evident doth show
How fleeting is this mortall life,
And Time doth alwayes goe.

His sythe within the other hand
Doth shewe how he cuts downe
The lives of all, from great to small,
From cottage to the crowne.

The flower, like to youthfulnessse,
Is fragrant, sweet, and fayre;
But soon is pluck't and vanished,
As is the smoake in ayre:
The swift-wing'd swallow shewes us plaine
How Time doth fleet awaye;
We summer have, and winter eke,
And Time for none will stay."

(To be continued.)

SAMSON.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

E. ARMITAGE, R.A., Painter.

W. GREATBACH, Engraver.

THIS is an illustration of biblical history which few artists would, perhaps, from the painfulness of the subject, be tempted to undertake; and if they did, still fewer would be able to carry it out with such power of conception and execution as Mr. Armitage has shown. The picture was one of the attractions of the Royal Academy exhibition of 1851, when the artist was comparatively unknown among us. It assumes to illustrate that passage which refers, in the Book of Judges, to Samson's captivity and the cruelties he suffered at the hands of his enemies:—"But the Philistines took him, and put out his eyes, and brought him down to Gaza, and bound him with fetters of brass; and he did grind in the prison-house;" or, as Milton, in his "Samson Agonistes," puts into the lips of the mourning captive—

"Why was my breeding ordered and prescribed
As of a person separate to God,
Designed for great exploits, if I must die
Betrayed, captured, and both my eyes put out:
Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze
To grind, in brazen fetters, under task
With this heaven-gifted strength? Oh, glorious strength,
Put to the labour of a beast—debased
Lower than bond-slave! Promise was, that I

Should Israel from Philistine yoke deliver;
Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill, with slaves,
Himself in bonds, under Philistine yoke."

The scene is most dramatically presented to the spectator, the principal figure being, of course, Samson himself, which, for drawing and powerful expression, could scarcely have been surpassed by Michael Angelo: with his face upturned, and in it "holes where eyes did once inhabit," he mourns his unhappy fate, as with great strength he pushes forward the pole that turns the corn-mill, in front of which a female slave apparently is prepared to urge him with a whip to greater speed, while a Philistine keeper, on the opposite side of the mill to that occupied by Samson, is seated on the same pole, directing with a pointed staff the movements of the captive. In the background are ten young Philistine girls and a female slave regarding with a kind of compassionate interest Samson at his wretched task; and curiosity, if not some other motive, has attracted a group of the inhabitants of Gaza to the windows of the prison-house. The subject, in all its parts and varied details, has been well thought out and worked out.

OBITUARY.

EDWARD MATTHEW WARD, R.A.

THE sad intelligence conveyed in our February number of the premature decease of this able and most justly esteemed painter, added to the melancholy circumstances attending his death, has, we well know by this time, been received with deep regret, not only in this country, but also on the continent, where his name and his works have long been highly appreciated. Personally our own sorrow at his loss is great, for we have known him almost from his boyhood, and have watched his career in the Art world with much interest, and his progressive steady advance in public favour with gradually increasing pleasure. Mr. Ward's name appears as one of the earliest in the series of papers published in the *Art Journal* under the

head of "British Artists," where, in the volume for 1855, is sketched out a brief record of him and his works up to that period, which includes the production of most of his best and most popular pictures. Born at Belgrave Place, Pimlico, in 1816, and the son of a gentleman who held a very responsible and lucrative post in the banking-house of Messrs. Coutts, Mr. Ward entered upon his professional course under more than ordinary advantages; for he had Chantrey and Wilkie to encourage him, while the latter stood sponsor for him when admitted as a probationer to the schools of the Royal Academy, whose walls in after-years were so brilliantly ornamented with the results of his genius, skill, artistic knowledge, and patient industry. It has been too much the fashion of late years among some Art critics and assumed Art patrons to decry that school

of painting of which Mr. Ward was so distinguished a disciple; but so long as the public at large can have access to such pictures as 'The Last Sleep of Argyll,' 'The Execution of Montrose,' 'The South-Sea Bubble,' 'The Disgrace of Clarendon,' 'The Family of Louis XVI. in the Prison of the Temple,' 'Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith,' 'Alice Lisle,' with half-a-score others that might be named, there will be few—and among them many good judges too—who will be disposed to deny that "a painter has been among us," and left behind him works of which our school may be justly proud. If Mr. Ward was not, strictly speaking, an historical painter—a title some refuse to give him—he was undoubtedly not behind any artist of the English school, of whatever period, as a most pleasing, attractive, and impressive illustrator of historical events. The future will award to him more justice than the past too often gave to him. There is a fund of admirable reading in his compositions, whether taken from English or from French history, which gained the suffrages of a host of admirers; and there were few pictures more carefully studied, or that were more generally attractive, than those contributed to the Royal Academy by the deceased artist. To enumerate one-half even of these would be more than we could do at this time; our readers who would know of them, and of other matters associated with his Art life, must consult the volume to which we have just referred.

Mr. Ward was elected Associate of the Royal Academy in 1846, and Royal Academician in 1855. He was a man held in great respect, independently of his art, by all who knew him; of a genial disposition, though somewhat rough in manner; a true and sincere friend; and a ready helper where aid was needed. The large troop of brother artists and of friends that gathered round his grave in Upton Old Church, on that bleak wintry morning of January 21st, testifies to his private and social worth. His deeply mourning widow, Mrs. Henrietta Ward, has long since proved herself an artist right worthy of sharing his honoured name, and he has left children who show they possess talents that will tend to uphold it in the interests of Art.

JOSEPH NASH.

We have to record the death of this gentleman, for a long time a much-admired and most efficient member of the Society of Water-Colour Painters. Mr. Nash died at his residence in Bayswater, on the 19th of December, in the seventy-first year of his age. He was nearly the oldest surviving member of the society, whose annual exhibitions were adorned with those attractive architectural views—especially those ancient Elizabethan and Jacobean mansions, with their knightly tenants, which carry back the thoughts of the spectator to mediæval times. Mr. Nash's works are most carefully painted, both architecture and figures—the latter generally being in harmony with the date of the building—and are highly finished. Among his published works are "Mansions of England in the Olden Time," a series of lithographs which appeared in 1838: his subsequent publications are "Scotland Delineated," "Architecture of the Middle Ages," and "Views of Windsor Castle." Mr. Nash also made some of the drawings published in Mr. S. C. Hall's "Baronial Mansions," and transferred to stone Wilkie's "Oriental Sketches," published in 1846. His works will be much missed from the gallery of the society in Pall Mall East, where they were seen almost annually, for among the members there is no one except Mr. S. Read who attempts a similar class of subject, but in a very different manner.

JOHN CHASE.

This artist, one of the oldest members of the Institute of Water-Colour Painters, died at his residence in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, on the 8th of January, having nearly reached the sixty-ninth year of his age, being born February 26th, 1810. When a child his love of Art attracted the notice of John Constable, R.A., who interested himself greatly in his studies, which were chiefly of architectural subjects. Chase's earliest attempts and first exhibited pictures were interiors of an elaborate character, such as those of Westminster Abbey and St. George's Chapel, Windsor. His later works, however, combine chiefly architecture and landscape, such as terraced gardens

1879.

(Haddon Hall, for instance), ruined abbeys, castles, and baronial halls, with occasional interiors of some of the famous old Belgian halls and churches. He was a constant and prolific exhibitor at the gallery of the Institute, but his drawings were generally of rather small dimensions.

CHARLES BAXTER.

One of the oldest and most popular members of the Society of British Artists has ceased from his labours, in the person of Mr. Charles Baxter, who died on the 10th of January last at Lewisham, whither he had removed a few months previously from Liddington Place, which for many years had been his home. He was born in London in 1809, and after serving some time to a bookbinder (which his friends considered a more profitable and a surer way to independence than Art work of any kind) he relinquished the engagement, and commenced his career as a miniature painter, which he soon laid aside for portraiture in oils: of these he painted many. But he was, perhaps, most favourably known by his fancy portraits, chiefly of children and of poetic and rustic subjects. One of his best works of this kind, 'Olivia and Sophia,' is engraved, with the half-lengths of two children, in the *Art Journal* for 1864: accompanying these is a biographical sketch of the painter in the series of "British Artists." Mr. Baxter's female heads are especially characterized by refinement of expression and purity of colour. They were always graceful additions to the gallery of the society, of which he was elected a Member in 1842.

ANTOINE-LAURENT DANTAN.

This French sculptor, whose works are held in good reputation in his own country, died at St. Cloud last year, in the eightieth year of his age. He was born at the same place, and studied his art under Basio and Brion, and afterwards went to Rome, as the winner of the *Grand Prix de Rome* in 1828. While in that city, and staying at the Villa Medici, he made, says the *Moniteur des Arts*, a remarkable copy of the statue 'L'Amour,' attributed to Praxiteles. His principal ideal works are 'The Bather,' 'An Italian Grape Gatherer,' 'Silenus,' 'Asia,' 'The Tambourine Player.' His more important portrait statues are those of Marshal Villars, Louis of Bourbon, Louis of France, the Empress Joséphine, Baron Mounier: among his numerous busts are those of M^{me}. Paul Delaroche, M^{lle}. Rachel, M. Picard, M^{me}. Dupeyrat, &c. In 1824 M. Dantan obtained a medal of the second class, in 1835 one of the first class, and in 1855 a third-class medal. The decoration of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour was conferred on him in 1843. He was the elder brother of Jean Pierre Dantan, perhaps the more distinguished sculptor of the two, whose sudden death at Baden-Baden, towards the end of September, 1869, is recorded in the *Art Journal* for November of that year.

GASPARD JEAN LACROIX.

The French papers announced the death, some time ago, of this clever landscape painter, who was born at Turin, in Sardinia, and studied his art under Corot, a master in the French school of landscape. In 1842 M. Lacroix received a medal of the third class for landscape painting; and in 1843, and again in 1848, medals of the second class. At the Paris International Exhibition of 1855 he exhibited two pictures—one entitled 'An Evening Effect,' the other 'A Green Path in the Environs of Meaux.'

JOSEPH LOUIS DUC.

The French papers announce the death, in the month of January, of this distinguished architect, at the age of seventy-six. He long filled honourably the post of architect to the city of Paris, and in that capacity was, during many years, engaged on the Palais de Justice. When in the reign of Napoleon III. the Emperor offered a prize of 125,000 francs for the architect who should be deemed by his colleagues the most deserving among them, the choice fell upon M. Duc. In 1876 the Royal Institute of British Architects awarded him its gold medal.

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AMERICAN PAINTERS.—J. APPLETON BROWN.



HIS artist, who has already acquired a prominent place among American landscape painters, was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, July 12, 1844, and is consequently now between thirty-four and thirty-five years old. At an early age he exhibited a great fondness for Art—a taste which is usually shown as soon as a love for music; at least, so we learn from the biography of most artists. While still very young he went to Boston, where he studied in the same studio with Mr. Porter, who is now taking a leading position as a portrait painter.

Brought up amid one of the most picturesque surroundings of New England, where the sea, the low, many-hued marshes, a beautiful river with its windings and its small tributaries, vary the scene with soft hills and a rich farming region, a poetical mind could hardly fail here to fasten upon the innumerable points of beauty, fit either for lovely word-descriptions or for pictures. The same regions about Newburyport have inspired Whittier, and the beauty of Plum Island and the misty reaches

of the blue Merrimac have delighted Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, who has described their charms in some of her best verses.

The stamp of these youthful surroundings has impressed itself indelibly upon the work of Mr. Brown; and in a trip to Europe in 1866 he found in the interpretations of nature by Lambinet a spirit most congenial with his own. The strong, rugged forms of hills and trees, the misty interiors of woods, and the still pools nearly hidden by surrounding sedge-grass, in the pictures of Lambinet, were the same in spirit as those Mr. Brown had contemplated from his childhood. With Lambinet he studied for a year, and from him learned to portray in a forcible and direct manner his impressions of landscape, where a more detailed and realistic master would have entirely failed to help him.

At the end of his year's stay with the French painter, Mr. Brown, with very slender resources, made a trip through Europe, and in Switzerland painted studies from some of the most notable points, which are now possessed by prominent Bostonians. On returning to America he took a studio in Boston, and has



The Upper Merrimac.

since spent his winters there, retiring to Newburyport each summer for his studies from nature.

American landscape paintings at the present time divide themselves into those where great detail appears, and those which convey through large and simple treatment the sentiment as well as the general character of the scene they portray. Of the former class are the pictures by Whittredge, McEntee, Hobbard, Kensett, and the older landscapists, such as Durand. Another set of men, conceiving landscape art rather as a combination of impressions than in its photographic detail, however beautiful the latter may be, render it through great masses of light and shade, rich colour, with here and there, in significant position, firm and precise outline, or solid, definite drawing. The painters of

this class in France are Daubigny, Lambinet, Jules Dupré, and Diaz.

A visit to Mr. Brown's studio shows us his wall covered with brilliant sketches done in this manner. Here are standing, on exposed hillsides, gnarled and bent fruit trees, whose twisted branches are in one portion strongly indicated, and in another vanishing into the misty silhouette of the tree. You see a stunted greensward in the same picture reflecting the heat of a summer sky, or the mist and dampness hugging the grass where its pale colour rises faintly against an old dark undergrowth at twilight. In one picture Mr. Brown has put upon his canvas some stray young willows, whose gawky, rambling arms are thrust out at all points and in various directions, with their thin,

scant foliage on the tips of the twigs, that look like fingers, suggesting the thought of dryad transformations, where the spirit of some poor soul still lingered under its painful body:—

"Yet latent life through her new branches reigned,
And long the plant a human heat retained."

Mr. Brown has a charming picture called 'Apple Blossoms,' and in it is shown the same tender love of nature. Round young trees, with their outlines melting into a misty atmosphere, appear the young shoots of branches decked with the pure, filmy pink of the delicate flowers. The trunks are not yet old, nor bent, nor moss-grown, but they are the healthy young trees of orchards such as are so often found in sheltered nooks and in the hollows of New England pasture land, where the low granite hills, with no better growth than juniper and thin grass, protect the fruit trees, and the kitchen garden with its vegetables, from the piercing and destructive salt winds of the sea. The ground here is soft, and often through its spongy surface little brooks creep along lazily to find an outlet somewhere, or they lose themselves in the earth.

Other pictures yet are of the pooly salt-meadows near the sea—places so remote from the ocean that the tide never overflows them, except at spring and autumn floods; but the small creeks are flooded in their half-hidden courses twice a day from the

ocean, and long, coarse marsh-grass draggles its heads in the black muck when the creek is empty.

But it is not alone in these nooks and corners about Newburyport that Mr. Brown finds his inspiration, for two or three large canvases are filled by scenes of wild ocean storms. Darkness, and clouds, and wind drive in with the great green waves that come up and break over rock and sand. Mr. Brown has caught the cold green colour of the sea; but it is not for its beauty as a pigment that his colour impresses the imagination most powerfully, fine though the hues be, but the tints are an expression of the weight, the density, and the mass of the water—of the sea in its great throes of fury.

Mr. Brown is a true artist in spirit, and in his painting is entirely separate from the worldly considerations of what subjects will be popular or will take the market. His pictures are a matter of conscience with him, and though he has a fine and true eye for colour, he uses it always, as in the sea waves we have described, not for its sensuous charm, nor yet as a showy palette, but each tint of blue or white, green or scarlet, is so important on his canvas to carry out his ideas and purposes, that, even where we feel the richness and harmony of his tones, the amateur cannot fail to recognise them as used to carry out a thought or a suggestion, and not, as is too often the case with painters, being laid on from vain display, or from the fascination of their beauty.



Storm at the Isle of Shoals.

Mannerism is totally absent from Mr. Brown's work; and whether he draws the details of a tree with pre-Raphaelite care, or slurs into shapeless masses the paint upon his canvas, it is always the scene that is in his mind he endeavours to evolve, and not to make a pedantic display of his own knowledge of painting. The two pictures engraved are respectively examples of the diversified subjects of which we have been speaking: the one a kind of "pooly salt-meadow near the sea"—a most attractive locality, very artistically treated; the other a "scene of wild ocean storm," presented with considerable feeling for poetic grandeur.

In 1874 he sent two pictures to the Paris *Salon*, both of which were accepted, and purchased from the gallery. The

compliment of this will be appreciated when it is considered that four thousand canvases were rejected from the same exhibition.

Mr. Brown's aims as a painter have been recognised by numerous persons in his vicinity. His first considerable commission was from Mr. Thomas G. Appleton, author of "Syrian Sunshine." Mr. Martin Brimmer is also the owner of a fine painting by him; while the artist, Ernest Longfellow, son of the poet, also possesses one of his characteristic subjects. Of the many recent promising artists who are now commanding attention in America, Mr. Brown has a place to which his fresh and unmannered style of painting justly entitles him.

THE GUITAR-PLAYER.

From an Etching by MARIANO FORTUNY.

THIS is the work of the very clever Spanish painter whose premature decease, towards the end of the year 1874, we had occasion to record at the time. Remarkably vigorous, yet peculiar in his style of painting, fanciful but brilliant as a colourist, with an extraordinary range of thought and executive faculty, he was on the high-road to a fame that was rapidly becoming European, when a fever, contracted at Rome, carried him off in a few days in the midst of his busy labours. A native of Barcelona, a student in the schools of Spain, Rome, and Paris, he appeared to have adopted a manner of painting in which the modern French is grafted on that of the Spanish, as mainly seen in the works of the two brothers Frederick and Louis

Madrazzo, the elder of whom, though born in Rome, was of Spanish extraction, and practised his art at Madrid as court painter.

Fortuny acquired great skill as an etcher; many of his works of this kind have been compared with Rembrandt's in the facile use of the etching-needle, and in the powerful effect of chiar-oscuro. The elderly guitar-player, evidently an enthusiast, who is practising his instrument from a score resting against the back of a chair in front of him, is the facsimile copy of a pen-and-ink drawing, masterly both in design and in execution; every stroke shows the hand of a genuine artist working with a definite object in the result. The drawing of the figure is unexceptionable, and the attitude quite natural.

THE WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

THE OLD BOND-STREET GALLERIES.

TWO hundred and twenty-three water-colour drawings make up the present collection, and no one will accuse us of extravagance in our statement if we say they have invariably been chosen with wise discrimination. The collection, indeed, as illustrating English water-colour art in a wide and embracing signification of the term, could scarcely be better. All the various sections of the school are here, and the poetry and brilliancy of Turner, the force and significance of James Holland, the life and motion of David Cox, and the serene repose of P. De Wint may be studied on the walls of this gallery under conditions which will be thoroughly appreciated by the visitor.

At this time of day it would be what those fond of syllables long drawn out would call a work of supererogation to characterize or classify the works of such men as J. F. Lewis, Copley Fielding, F. W. Topham, E. M. Ward, R.A., or any of the other great men we have named; yet, when we have such a *chef-d'œuvre* as we have from the late F. Walker, A.R.A., it is but natural that we should call attention to it. We allude to 'The Harbour of Refuge' (38), in which is seen, as many of our readers will remember, a tall, graceful young girl walking with her widowed mother on her arm, bent with age and possibly sorrow. The daisied grass in the quadrangle of the almshouses is being cut, and the vigorous action of the limber young gardener, as he follows the successive swaths created by his scythe, has for the two women a subdued, but scarcely identical interest. The red brick almshouses, the old "pensioners" gathered garulously round the monument of the founder, the daisied turf, the athletic scythesman, the mourning widow, and the comforting daughter are all brought into graceful harmony, and the picture leaves on the mind grateful impressions of repose and peace. Still we cannot help thinking, as we did when the large work in oil was exhibited on the walls of the Royal Academy, that the tone of the picture is too warm, and that the action of the man with the scythe is not that of one cutting short, light grass, but of one addressing himself with the full swing and power of his body to a heavy field of oats or barley. After all this may be hypercritical, and, in spite of anything said to the contrary, Fred. Walker's 'Harbour of Refuge' is likely to remain a notable picture while the paper on which it is painted lasts.

But what gives especial character and interest to the present exhibition is the circumstance that its walls are adorned with a dozen of the masterpieces of the late Sam Bough, R.S.A. In the modern Athens this artist has long been looked upon as a

master, and like respect would have been shown him here, but the fact is Londoners never had a fair opportunity of judging of his abilities. He never had, at one time, above one or two landscapes of insignificant size hung on the walls of the Academy, and these were generally passed by London critics without a single remark. Now that they have a proper opportunity of weighing the man's merits, and especially when they ascertain that Sam Bough was regarded by perfectly competent authorities as one of the strong ones of his time, they will run to the other extreme, and laud him to the very echo. Could the rough, genial cynic, with his keen perception and his supreme contempt for all sorts of "blather," open his eyes, how he would "look and laugh at a' that!" Sam Bough was a Cumberland man, born and bred in Carlisle, and indebted to Scotland for all his technical knowledge, and for not a little also, possibly, of his pawky, rasping humour. As an artist his choice of subjects was wide and various, from 'Portobello Sands' (73), with its donkey-riding and crowds of people, as at Ramsgate, only much more joyous, to a quiet sweep of the lordly 'Clyde' (77). 'The Horse Fair' (17), being held in a quaint old town, is full of characteristic fact as to man and beast, and, like 'Portobello Sands,' is replete with life and motion. 'Sunset on the Solway,' with a grey horse and some folks coming across the sands, shows the artist under another aspect; and 'Ferry on the Avon' (69) proves how goldenly glowing he can be, just as 'Dunkirk Harbour' (72) with what surpassing cunning he can blend his silvery greys. His touch, like his whole manner, is broad and effective, and he can be as luminous in quality—see his view 'On the Avon' (24)—as any artist that can be named. The Messrs. Agnew have our thanks for bringing so prominently forward one who, to the Londoner at least, was almost a *pictor ignotus*.

Besides what we have mentioned, there are works by Thomas Pyne, E. K. Johnson, E. Hargitt, G. Cattermole, C. J. Staniland, Birket Foster, Walter Severn, James Orrock, Sir John Gilbert, R.A., G. D. Leslie, R.A., H. S. Marks, R.A., and W. Small. The place of honour on the right wall is very effectively filled by F. W. Burton's noble drawing of 'Bamberg Cathedral' (107), filled with earnest worshippers; and it is supported on each side with an important work by A. MacCallum. The one represents a splendid 'Sunrise on the Danube' (105), and the other a storm of wind on 'The Nile at Thebes' (113). They are both of them works of the highest class, and it is to be regretted that the productions of two men so eminent in their art should be seen so rarely.



THE GUITAR-PLAYER.
FROM AN ENGRAVING BY MARIAN PORTER.



THE NEW CONTINENTAL GALLERIES, BOND STREET.

THESE new Continental Galleries are the same as those in which the Society of French Artists, under the management of Mr. Charles Deschamps, held for several years their annual exhibitions. The same gentleman, whom we beg to congratulate on having been created a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour for the capable way in which he superintended the British Fine-Art section at the great International Exposition, Paris, has resumed his old position in these galleries. Now that they are the property of Mr. Everard, whose enterprise and judgment in catering for the public taste in the two great Art centres of Europe, Paris and London—not to mention his establishment at Brussels—we have repeatedly had occasion to praise and admire, we hopefully look forward to a long series of high-class exhibitions of continental Art; and, judging from the present collection, representative as it is of cities ranging from Madrid to Munich, from Stockholm to Rome, we are satisfied our hopes will turn out prophecies.

The collection consists of two hundred and forty cabinet works in oil, sixty-two water-colour drawings, and twenty-six subject drawings by the late J. B. Madou, of Brussels, whose death in 1877 was felt by the Belgian people as a national loss. How far he carried Flemish *genre*, and how completely successful he was in his practice, the drawings referred to will amply testify.

On entering the gallery one naturally walks up to Marchetti's magnificent painting representing the assembling of the court 'Before the Tournament' (62). Gentle ladies and doughty knights, motley-clad jesters and tabarded heralds, gather in the great hall, and musicians look down from the gallery. The scene is at once animated and imposing, and the idea of expectancy is very cleverly conveyed. The colouring has all the sparkle peculiar to Italian practice, and the picture, when exhibited in the Italian department of the Universal Exhibition at Paris, attracted much admiration.

This work is flanked on each side by a daring and brilliant decorative figure by Jan Van Beers. No. 61, 'Difficulty Surmounted,' represents a young page, in a rich yellow fancy dress, with a yellow feather in his white felt hat, coming down a very steep staircase on stilts. No. 65, the pendant to this, called 'The Successful Young Angler,' shows a young girl in a brilliant green dress, similar to the other in design, and differing from it only in colour, standing on some water steps, and regarding gleefully the small fish she has just caught, and which she now holds triumphantly aloft. Both pictures are panel-shaped, and, for masterly drawing and joyous colouring, reflect great credit on their author, who, being still a very young man, has, if he chooses, a brilliant future.

These pictures face the visitor as he enters, but the places of honour to the right and left are equally conspicuous for the high character of the works occupying them. To the left, for example, we have a fine work of the Hungarian, M. Munkacsy, whose 'Milton dictating *Paradise Lost* to his Daughter' carried off the very highest honour at the Paris International Exhibition. The present work is remarkably characteristic of the master, and represents a woman with her baby in her arms and a little girl at her side contemplating a litter of puppies, and their mother eating their breakfasts from a dish on the floor. We have the same low, dark key here that is found in all M. Munkacsy's work; but then we can see into it, and look almost round his figures, so powerfully are they realised and so charming is the chiaroscuro. On one side of this hangs G. Koller's lady in red velvet before the glass at her 'Toilet' (103), and on the other F. Roybet's 'Sentinel' (97). In the same neighbourhood hangs a beautiful cabinet picture by the octogenarian Isabey, one of the most powerful painters France ever possessed. 'Celebrating Mass in a Chapel in a Suburb of Paris' (104) was painted two years ago, when the master was eighty years of age; yet there is no falling off in dramatic intensity, or the faintest indication that his right hand had forgot its cunning.

While at this end of the room we would draw especial atten-

tion to C. Vertunni's 'Fishermen on the Adriatic' (121), a vessel whose white sail rises up commandingly between the spectator and the grey haze which fills up the background. The handling here is broad and vigorous, and we can easily understand this artist being the most successful landscapist in Rome. See also his 'Pyramids' (168) and his 'Pontine Marshes' (99), as showing how varied he can be.

A. Wahlberg comes from the northern end of Europe, and his 'Moonlight near Stockholm' (151) is a very fair sample of those remarkable powers which place him at the head of Scandinavian Art. He carried off the first and only gold medal ever given to the Swedes, and has well earned by his art the decoration of the Legion of Honour. Munthe is also a Scandinavian of note, and a good example of his pencil will be found in 'Returning through the Village.'

The place of honour at the right end of the gallery is filled by a figure subject called 'The Young Widow' (30), from the hand of Alfred Stevens. There are other pictures by the same artist, but this is the most important and characteristic. The brushwork is more than ordinarily vigorous, and the sentiment of widowhood is touchingly rendered. Close by hangs one of J. J. Tissot's London pictures, full of life and bustle in the distance, and having in the foreground a girl with her arms full of wraps and surrounded by trunks and portmanteaus, called 'Waiting for the Train at Willesden' (46). 'Aux Armes de Flandres' (32) is equally characteristic of the manner of F. Willems, who is represented by several other most desirable pictures in the present exhibition. Nor must we forget to note with marked commendation the noble figure and swarthy beauty of 'Delilah' (25), painted by Louis Gallait. In dishevelled hair and loose attire, the betrayer of Samson, whom we see in the distance being carried away captive by the Philistines, sits lonely at her casement, but for the unheeded presence of her maid, a prey to remorse and despair.

Among other masters of note are A. Boniface, De Nittis, Jules Goupil, Fromentin, Rousseau, Corot, Escosura, and Beyle. Among the contributions of the last named will be found a group of 'Mountebanks' (146) proclaiming in a country village their forthcoming performance. The costumes, the humour, the very personages, have been doubtless studied from real life; for when a boy of only ten years of age the artist ran away from home, consorted with strolling players for several years, and his artistic instincts first found expression in painting the huge canvases that act as frontispieces to the booths which are seen at country fairs.

We would call special attention to the works of Boldini and Domingo. The miniature achievements of the latter are, as we have had repeated occasion to point out, equal in power and breadth to the works of Meissonier himself.

The gallery up-stairs is mainly devoted to water colours of the Italian school, and among the more prominent of these are the interior of 'The Sistine Chapel' (252), by Cipriani; 'Moorish Brigands' (282), by Tapiro; 'Feeding Poultry' (290), by Simoni; 'Hungarian Gipsies,' by Portaels; and a couple of Parisian outdoor scenes by the incomparable De Nittis. The exquisite pencil drawings by J. B. Madou, to which we have already referred, will also be found in the up-stairs gallery.

THE BYRON GALLERY, SAVILLE ROW.

THIS gallery in Saville Row contains a hundred and forty-five pictures, mostly of cabinet size, and of these not the least desirable, as regards either composition or colour, are the three characteristic scenes by W. P. Frith, R.A., illustrative of the 'Streets of London.' These are 'The Park at Early Morning,' 'Regent Street at Mid-day,' and 'The Haymarket at Night;' and, although only sketches, they are perhaps as artistic and spirited as anything Mr. Frith ever painted.

Another important series of pictures is that from the facile pencil of George Morland. They are seven in number, and although not of the largest size, they are very characteristic of the master; and such pictures as the 'Happy Family' and 'Rustic Felicity' would be regarded as desirable possessions by

fine 'Death of Jacob,' surrounded, by his sons, in brown, a Raphaellesque 'Madonna' of great beauty, and one or two others of extreme merit.

In singular contrast to these rooms is the German, where 'Our Lord raising the Daughter of Jairus,' by Max of Munich, is the first that strikes the eye. It is an attempt to modernise sacred Art, and wholly devoid of spirituality, our Lord being so uncharacteristic as more to resemble a doctor by a girl's bedside than the Great Physician who is to bring her back to life. Her death-like sleep is the most successful portion of the whole, the flesh being neither of death nor yet of life, and the expression that of calm repose; but the realism of the age portrays itself further in the triviality of a fly crawling up her arm, so true to nature that many a lady has wished to brush it off, had she not been deterred by the "Ne touchez pas" of Exhibition fame. A 'Crucifixion' and 'Last Supper,' by Gebhardt, of Dusseldorf, are even worse, the heads being so common, coarse, and vulgar, with the idea of making them of "low birth," that one turns away hoping never to behold them again. Untrue to human nature is it also, for the poorest beggar in the street would not sit down to table, were he invited to a banquet by a superior, with the unkempt locks and unwashed hands which this painter has bestowed on the twelve apostles. Here, too—and one of them by the great Menzel of Berlin—are several of those cynical paintings of 'Monks in a Brewery,' in a 'Convent Refectory,' and such-like, belonging to that low school which, intending to be satirical, in truth is only scandalous, and which inundates Germany, Switzerland, and Italy with representations injurious to all religious sentiment; having no foundation, moreover, save in the inimical imaginations of the artists themselves. That here and there abuses have existed no one thinks of denying, but even Leopold Ranke, the Protestant author of the "Lives of the Popes," asserts that the enemies of the monks at the time of the Reformation far oftener distorted the exaggerated self-accusations of holy, humble, saintly men, made in a moment of fervour, than they grounded their calumnies on well-ascertained facts. His remarks remind us of a pretty picture seen some years since in the Paris *Salon*, of a party of monks carving gargoyles on the roof of a cathedral; when, full of that innocent mirth which always pervades religious minds, one "brother" twists his face into ridiculous forms as a model for another working at the stone.* Such a gargoyle, however, seen by enemies of the Menzel type in later centuries, would doubtless be interpreted as a true picture of "monkish physiognomy."

To this same school belong a larger painting, 'The Discipline administered to St. Elizabeth,' and 'St. Paul preaching in the Synagogue in Rome,' which, though technically well painted, is also of a low standard. Not so a most beautiful landscape in the Tyrol, called 'Waiting for the Funeral,' a scene at a mountain chapel in midst of the Alps, the processional cross appearing round the corner of some rocks, while the priests, serving-boys, and friends are gathered in expectation at the church door. Every portion is poetical and reverential, true to the character both of the country and its people.

Passing out of these German rooms, we find the historical painting which ranks next in merit to Austria, to our surprise, in Russia; and this we say advisedly, for, considering the strict adherence of the Russo-Greek Church to those conventional forms of sacred Art which may be called more or less archæological, we look for nought but "Eikons" and "Mount Athos Saints" in this country. These, however, are to be found in another portion of the Russian section; and, however devoid of that life and variety which, in her protection of the arts as a civilising spiritual power, the Catholic Church has encouraged in all its branches, they still possess a great charm and interest, and by their universal diffusion all over Russia testify to the strong faith in Christian sentiments of her people. 'Nero's Living Torches,' however, is by a Russian who lives in and has studied at Rome, M. Siemiradski, and therefore readily accounts for the progress in Art evident in his picture. The subject at first seems too painful

for contemplation, but it is treated so grandly, the character of the period is so well rendered, and the lesson it conveys so deep and impressive, that the oftener we behold it the greater is our admiration. It is false sentiment, moreover, which turns away from such glorious pages of Christianity, the same which cannot bear to look upon a crucifix, although to a pious mind it is suggestive of the deepest gratitude, and, withal, repentance. The name in the catalogue in no way prepared us for the fearful sight, but the grand motto on the frame—"Et lux in tenebris lucet," above, "Et tenebræ eam non comprehenderunt," below—fully explains the story. On one side we see a row of high stakes festooned with flowers, but bearing on their tops Christians of all ages and both sexes, young maidens and old men, bound with straw and rope, which brutal menials are setting on fire, while Nero, borne on a gilt palanquin by impassive, coal-black Nubian slaves, and carried forward from his white marble palace behind, watches the scene with calm ferocity. As a composition it is magnificent, the surrounding groups of men and women of true Trastevere type, the contrasts striking, and the story throughout powerfully told. Moreover, it is strictly true. Paley, in his "Evidences of Christianity," quotes the passage from Tacitus describing it; Suetonius and Juvenal also allude to it. This painting, then, is the production of a great artist, and though far below Austria and Hungary in colouring, it is well suited for engraving, and undoubtedly is the prelude to perhaps greater works. So little, however, does it correspond with the temper of the times, that it is passed by with indifference, if not aversion, while Fortuny's low-minded subjects, though exquisite, doubtless, as paintings, and Alfred Stevens's 'Les Mondaines,' and similar frivolities, count their votaries by hundreds, nay, thousands. The 'Last Repast of the Martyrs,' by Bronnikoff, belonging to the St. Petersburg Académie des Beaux Arts, is also a fine conception, full of spirituality; likewise the 'Obsequies of a Martyr,' by Botkine, small and sketchy, but touching, poetic, and religious in the highest degree. Singular is it that Russian thought apparently loves to dwell on martyrdom, for those are its best in sacred themes, with the exception of a mosaic of the Entombment, eminently beautiful. A 'Christ in the Desert' and a 'Pieta' exhaust their sacred subjects, and are far inferior in all the spiritual qualities. The same may be said of the statue by Antokolski called 'Ecce Homo,' or 'Christ before the People,' which is so much spoken of: splendidly modelled certainly, and original, but with so ordinary a countenance that it is difficult to believe it was intended for any other than some earthly criminal.

Belgium, true to its old historic element, comes after Austria in the number of such subjects connected with religion, yet few of them can be styled thoroughly satisfactory. The most prominent is by Cluysenaer: "Henry IV. of Germany before Gregory VII. at Canossa," in every particular save drawing a most disagreeable picture. The Pope stands on slightly raised steps, erect, stiff and thin, but not even ascetic, with crosier in hand, and totally expressionless; Countess Matilda and her aunt beside him, resentful, but most commonplace; cardinals and priests on either hand, stout, earthly, and vulgar; while the Emperor, in a monk's habit, and barefooted, is seen in front in a cringing and awkward attitude. Some years ago we remember having seen this same scene treated in Germany by a German artist (probably none of the present day would venture to paint it there just now)—but how different! It was on a smaller scale, which permitted the Pope to stand on a high balcony, and concentrated the attention on the two chief figures; snow lay on the ground beneath, yet the Emperor, in the same habit and barefoot, passed along, silently and without grimace, yet revealing in every feature the treachery which was in his heart, and the submission which was only feigned. Here, on the contrary, every single face and attitude is common, and were the painting by any other artist, one might suppose it intended as a caricature. 'Charles V. at Yuste,' dying, yet admiring a copy of the 'Transfiguration,' is in every respect superior. 'St. Elizabeth of Hungary'—"La chère Sainte Élisabeth" sung by Montalembert—"driven from the Castle of Wartburg" with her infant children, is of the class we may call half-satisfactory, her expression lacking that lofti-

* The author evidently alludes here to 'The Franciscan Sculptor and his Model,' by H. S. Marks, A.R.A., of which an engraving appears in the *Art Journal* of 1870, accompanying a biographical notice of the painter.—[Ed. A. J.]

ness one looks for in such a character, though otherwise the story is well told; while 'a Flight into Egypt' is wholly unsatisfactory, the Virgin so like a peasant girl, and every figure so unspiritual, that it is mistaken by many for a simple citizen domestic scene. 'Give us Barabbas,' on the other hand, is admired for its vigorous drawing, the felon himself being of a most repulsive type, and, as such, in good contrast to our Lord standing behind, though He is so feeble and pre-eminently uncharacteristic as to mar the whole effect; the mob too is all "legs, arms, and teeth," faultless, it is said, in anatomy, but giving the impression that this was the main idea in the artist's

mind, rather than a spiritual rendering of the story. French critics, however, who passed through the Commune days, are unanimous in their approbation, recognising "Communards" and "Pétroleuses" in every figure, and declaring that nothing ever can be too coarse or too demoniacal for "furies" of this kind. As to ourselves it was always with a sigh of relief that we turned to 'St. Allmayne—or Telemachus—and the Last Fight of the Gladiators' hard by, where the saint, rushing in between the combatants, draws down their anger upon himself: a painting crude, no doubt, in colour, but full of life and character.

(To be continued.)

MR. WHISTLER'S APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC.

A FOLDED leaf of common coarse brown paper, six by eight inches square, was arrested, in the course of transfer from our table to the waste-paper basket, by noticing a few words printed on one side. As far as personal satisfaction goes, this observation is to be regretted. But inasmuch as the interests of Art are concerned, it is desirable to make one or two remarks. The letters printed on a very appropriate vehicle are "Whistler *versus* Ruskin, Art and Art Critics," with the name and address of the writer, and the date 24th Dec., 1878.

Inside the brown paper, a sheet (which bears the words "Second Edition") contains a sort of virtual complaint on the part of Mr. Whistler of the inadequacy of the amount of damages allotted to the plaintiff in the recent trial of Whistler *versus* Ruskin. The letterpress occupies just twelve pages of twenty-two lines each, and the price asked for the whole, including the wrapper, is the modest sum of one shilling. We have read these pages with care. We find a difficulty in fully characterizing them. That difficulty arises not so much from the wish to avoid any future case of "Whistler *versus* the Proprietors of the *Art Journal*," as from the fact that it is difficult to find language that will justly describe this extra-judicial appeal without being unworthy of the pages of a periodical devoted to Art.

Mr. Whistler's position, so far as we can understand his language (which is as hasty and ill distributed as the paint on his Nocturnes), is that none but painters can be judges of painting. As to the thesis, "None but artists can be judges of Art," it is one which might be eloquently and nobly maintained, and one to which, within certain clear limits, a very widespread adhesion might be commanded. But to limit that proposition to the art of the painter is, in fact, to degrade that art to the level of a craft. We do not find this limitation exactly stated in his pamphlet, though the "assistance from the unscientific, the meddling of the immodest, the intrusion of the garrulous," are mentioned in connection with "the hand that holds neither brush nor chisel." But some excessively close and narrow limit of the kind must have been present to the mind of the author, if indeed anything but an unreasoning anger guided his pen; for the gist and point of the whole is—that Mr. Ruskin is deficient in the technical knowledge which should be required as an Art critic. If that is not the meaning of the pamphlet, it has no meaning whatever. The application, however, is simply ludicrous in this case. It is not many months since, in our own columns, in speaking of the exhibition of some works of Turner side by side with some sketches by Ruskin, we had occasion to call attention to the perfect mastery displayed by the latter artist in two distinct media or branches of Art. Of these, one is that which, perhaps more than any other, tests not only the learned eye, but the delicate and practised hand—namely, pencil drawing. We called attention, if we remember rightly, to some pencil drawings by Mr. Ruskin from a fresco of Giotto at Pisa, which were equal to anything we have ever seen produced by that delicate implement. The other proof given, in the same exhibition, was one not only of the skill, but of the most perfect technical power and delicacy, of the same artist as a draughts-

man in water colours. It is not probable that a man who has attained the highest excellence in these two subtle and difficult kinds of graphic Art could have failed to satisfy the public if he had turned his attention to oil painting. England has, there can be no doubt, lost many noble pictures by the fact that Mr. Ruskin has chosen to devote his time to that most durable of human work—the toil of the pen. Whether she is or is not the richer for the change may be doubted. The question is like an equation involving several unknown quantities.

In an attack so very imperfectly motivated, Mr. Whistler has certainly done much to throw discredit on the verdict of the jury. As to that, we are not about to reopen the pleadings. Let bygones be bygones. But if a too hasty or too strong expression—something a little *ultra crepidam*—was indicated by the verdict as attributable to the defendant, it would be hard to do more to justify such human infirmity than has been done in this pamphlet. Its perusal leads the reader to doubt very gravely whether the celebrated farthing was not just a fourth of a penny in excess of the proper mulct. At all events, any one who is cultivated by the practice and study of literature, of which Mr. Whistler speaks with so much contempt, can hardly fail to come to that conclusion. If a man who to mastery of blacklead and camel's-hair pencil adds a lifelong study of the chief works of modern Art be unfit to form a judgment as to that new mode of putting colour on canvas which is the peculiar gift of Mr. Whistler, what shall we say of a writer who intimates that a knowledge of literature is a qualification for a "Chair of Ethics?"

We are debarred from minute criticism of the pamphlet in brown paper, not only by its want of method, but by its tone. "No shame in it either, no 'bigod nonsense,' they are all doing good—yes, they all do good to Art. Poor Art! What a sad state the slut is in; and these gentlemen must help her." It is very conceivable that any one who does not consider such language as this an appropriate mode of dealing with a subject akin to Fine Art is not likely to be a very competent judge of literature. The thickly sprinkling of the page with ordinary, or even with slang, French words is another habit which deserves, and generally meets with, the most marked condemnation on the part of writers or lovers of good English. The expression of "*ennuyer-ing*" is one of which the credit is special to Mr. Whistler; it beats anything that we have yet seen in print. Perhaps this specimen of his work, not with the brush, may be sufficient for the curiosity of our readers.

It is melancholy to see a man so misuse both his own time and the facilities of the press. If Mr. Ruskin required any comfort under the verdict of the jury, Mr. Whistler has here provided him with it. To distinguish between the work and the man is one of the duties of the public writer. It was only as having been judged somewhat to have forgotten this important canon that Mr. Ruskin was mulcted in his farthing and his own expenses. But when a man deliberately abandons the position of an artist for that of—the author of this pamphlet, he should reflect that he renders the distinction more and more

difficult to be maintained. As a literary production, the brown-paper pamphlet is as poor, angry, inconclusive, and indescribably vulgar as we conceive anything can be. It was hardly the way to convince the public that Mr. Ruskin's opinion of Mr. Whistler's paintings was erroneous to bring forth this essay in literature.

We say loss of time, because we are not among those who deny the possession of a certain power to Mr. Whistler. Where he errs, in our opinion, is in want of steady toil, the only road to true excellence. There is an old story of a painter who, having wasted hours in the vain attempt to paint the froth on the mouth of a panting dog, in desperation threw his sponge at the figure. The desperation was happy; the sponge left the very effect so long sought in vain. But we do not hear that after that happy accident the painter abandoned his brush for the use of a missile sponge. Yet some such method may, without injustice, be attributed to Mr. Whistler. When he told us how long a certain work took to produce, he gave some measure of its value, unless one could count on such a happy chance as that of the dog. But such a chance is as rare as a hundred-thousand-pound prize in a lottery.

And, to do justice all round, we may here confess the effect produced on ourselves by one of Mr. Whistler's pictures (we

think it was) in the very exhibition that contained several other productions, as to the character of which we confess to agree with Mr. Ruskin. This was a quiet winter scene—a man out in a snow-storm in a street, a distant fire-lit apartment, with curtained windows, contrasting with the desolate cold without. When the gallery of the exhibition was full, on passing and repassing this picture the effect was anything but good. A hasty writer would have called it a smudge. But as the gallery emptied, from a particular spot we caught the true aspect of the picture. Hence, quietly looked at, it was not a smudge; it was a poem. The blinding effect of the drifting snow was perfectly given, from that particular stand-point; one shivered with the wayfarer, whose weather-beaten discomfort was intensified by contrast with the comforts of the home, indicated to the imagination rather than to the eye. This little bit of candid praise should convince Mr. Whistler that the severer the critic whose opinion he provokes, the more likely is the criticism to tend to his own improvement as an artist. For his own sake, let him eschew the use of the pen, or at all events of the printing-press. Nothing could reform such a literary style. Why does he furnish such an example of his own theory? He has not proved the inability of Mr. Ruskin to criticize, but he has proved the inability of Mr. Whistler to write.

THE WINDSOR TAPESTRIES.

THE committee of the Royal Tapestry Manufactory at Old Windsor, which we noticed at some length last season in the pages of the *Art Journal*, have very wisely opened an exhibition of their beautiful products in the Town-hall of Windsor, so that the public may have an opportunity of judging for themselves how far this revival of an industry which flourished in the days of the royal Stuarts, at Mortlake and elsewhere, is worthy of countenance and support.

For variety's sake, and in order to set forth adequately the various tapestry panels, Mr. Henry, the managing director, has imported into the exhibition a collection of Art objects, miscellaneous in themselves, but perfectly in harmony with the tapestried walls surrounding them. For example, there are some remarkably clever terra-cotta figures by A. Chesneau, especially his statuette of a 'Devonshire Girl'; several figures in walnut-wood contributed by Gillow & Co.; a small replica in silver by Lord Ronald Gower of his famous 'Marie Antoinette'; some *repoussé* brass sconces worked by A. Chesneau, after designs by Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford; Indian carpets; Japanese vases; several pieces of carving by Grinling Gibbons, lent by Colonel Julian Hall, of the Coldstream Guards—old carvings of various kinds, in fact; a large collection of seventeenth and eighteenth century silver, lent by Colonel R. W. Follett, not to mention cabinets of various kinds; and most of the decorations, in the way of curtains and *appliqué* work, belonging to the Prince of Wales's pavilion at the Paris Exhibition, and for which the Messrs. Gillow were awarded the silver medal.

Among the paintings we noticed portraits by Jansen, landscapes and other subjects by Berghem, Bristow, Sandby, Constable, and T. F. Dicksee. On the walls also were conspicuous two famous portraits by J. E. Millais, R.A.: one that of Lord Ronald Gower, and the other that of his niece, the lovely Marchioness of Ormonde. On referring to the catalogue, however, we found that only the former was original, and that the latter was a copy by Robert Tuffs. It may gratify the artist to know that had we not casually looked at the catalogue as we passed, we should never have dreamt of challenging the authenticity of the work. The same artist's copy of Mason's lovely picture of the homeward-bound reapers is scarcely so satisfactory; still, in default of the original, one might well be satisfied.

Turning to the tapestries, the series of panels which carried off the gold medal at the French Exposition, and which, when

there, decorated the dining-room of the Prince of Wales's pavilion, illustrates the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and was designed by T. W. Hay. The whole series is the property of Sir A. Sassoon, K.C.S.I., and has been kindly lent by him. These pictures are in flat tones, and shaded in only one or two colours, after the manner of Flemish arras. For the old Beauvais ornamental style, so much in vogue in the Louis Seize period, we turn to the covering of a sofa ordered by her Majesty, and designed, like the preceding, by T. W. Hay. A third style of tapestry-work is the Gobelins, which is more rounded and pictorial in effect, and altogether richer in tone than either of the other two. Examples of this last-named class of work will be found in the series of panels designed by the late E. M. Ward, R.A., for C. Sykes, Esq., M.P. In the set are included 'The Start for the Hunt,' 'The Boar Hunt,' 'The Finish of the Hunt,' and 'The Falconer,' which are deserving of praise for the thoughtfulness of their design and the spirited manner of their execution.

But full of life and appropriate action as these designs undoubtedly are, we scarcely think the genius of Mr. Ward found field enough for its expression in compositions of this kind. His habit of mind was almost entirely historic, and when we turn to his water-colour sketch for a 'Cartoon to be worked in Windsor Tapestry, twenty-four feet by eleven, for Henry A. Brassey, Esq., M.P.,' we find him entirely at home, and filling the whole composition—æsthetically speaking—with his familiar and generous presence. The reason is simple enough; his subject is historic. It is 'The Battle of Aylesford, A.D. 455,' and the more to satisfy ourselves, we walked over to the atelier at Old Windsor to have a look at the finished cartoon.

Besides the works already noticed, we would, before drawing our remarks to a close, call especial attention to the large panel of fourteenth-century tapestry representing a scene from *Le Roman de la Rose*, lent, along with other valuable objects, by Sir Richard Wallace, Bart.; and to the old piece of Beauvais tapestry designed by Boucher, which has been sent by its owner, Lady Anthony de Rothschild, to be repaired. One entire side, indeed, of this piece is new; but where the new begins and the old leaves off only an expert in tapestry weaving, we should imagine, would be able to say.

Altogether the tapestry exhibition is a great success, and we proffer Mr. Henry, the accomplished and enterprising director, our heartiest congratulations.

THE LAND OF EGYPT.*

BY EDWARD THOMAS ROGERS, ESQ., LATE H.M. CONSUL AT CAIRO, AND HIS SISTER, MARY ELIZA ROGERS.

THE DRAWINGS BY GEORGE L. SEYMOUR.

CHAPTER IV.

*Window with carved-wood Shutters.*

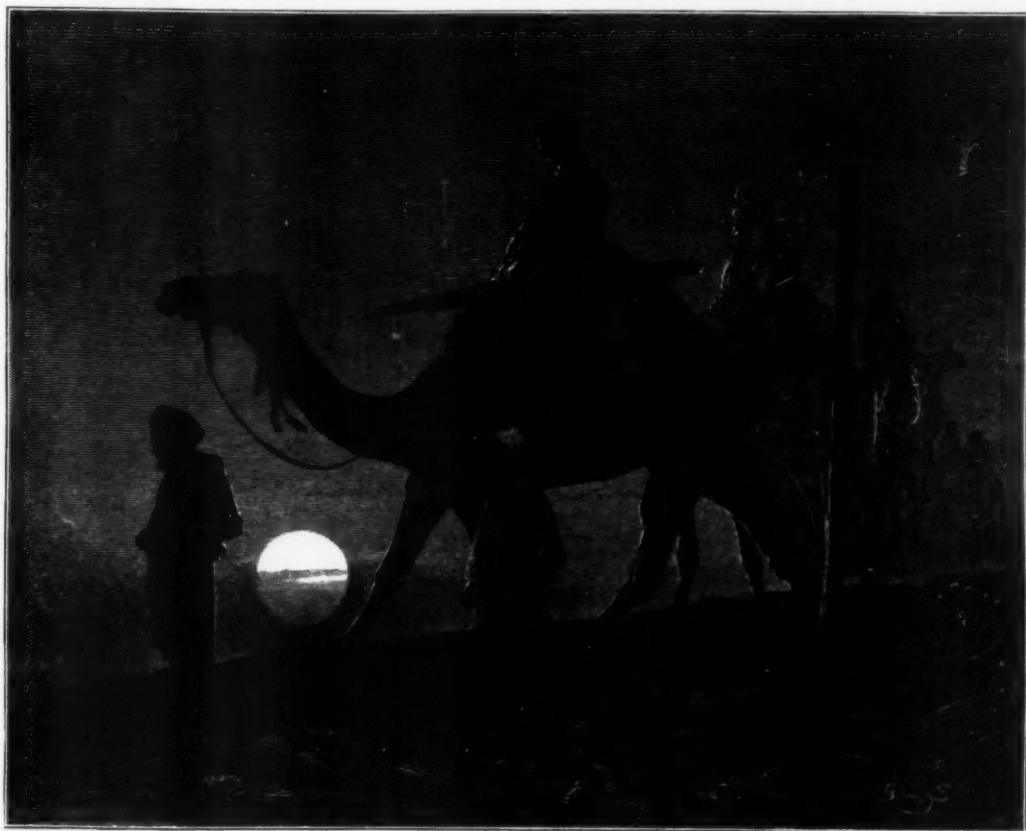
At the railway station we find intelligent guards, who speak

THE railway from Alexandria to Cairo was constructed more than twenty years ago, from plans made by George Stephenson. The country is so flat that no engineering difficulties had to be overcome, excepting that of preventing the rails from sinking into the sand, and this is effected by the use of large inverted basins or saucers, made of iron, placed under the rails, and connected by iron rods, instead of ordinary sleepers.

several European languages, and are soon accommodated with seats in well-appointed first-class carriages. The third-class carriages—long open trucks, with roofs to keep off the sun—are crowded with native passengers, who patronise this modern means of locomotion quite as much as do the European residents or travellers. Indeed, the introduction of steam locomotion has been the means of partially revolutionising the old ideas of pilgrimage: many advanced or liberal-minded Moslems, who would perhaps not undertake the perils or discomforts of a land journey on camel-back, consent to travel by railway to Suez, and thence by steamer to Jeddah, whence they can easily pay their obligatory visit to the holy places. But the old-fashioned and orthodox pilgrim still prefers to go with the caravan which conveys the Mahmal and the holy cover of the sacred stone at Mecca. The return of these orthodox pilgrims is a season of great rejoicing; relations and friends go out a day's journey into the desert to meet them, and accompany them in crowds, with music and singing, back to their homes.

The first part of the route is carried on an embankment through the Lake Mareotis, upon the surface of which flocks of water-fowl may be seen disporting themselves. Passing thence through a well-cultivated plain, where rice, cotton, maize, and millet are grown, the train stops at the town of Damanhour, which was made memorable in 1798 by a conflict between the French under Napoleon and the Mamelouks, who nearly captured the French general. This town stands on a slight eminence, and, although the capital of the wealthy province of Beheira, has no pretensions to being more than a large village.

A small canal runs parallel with the railway, and on its surface may be seen, during the autumn, the floating leaves and

*Line Men of the Oriental Telegraph Company on the road to Suez.*

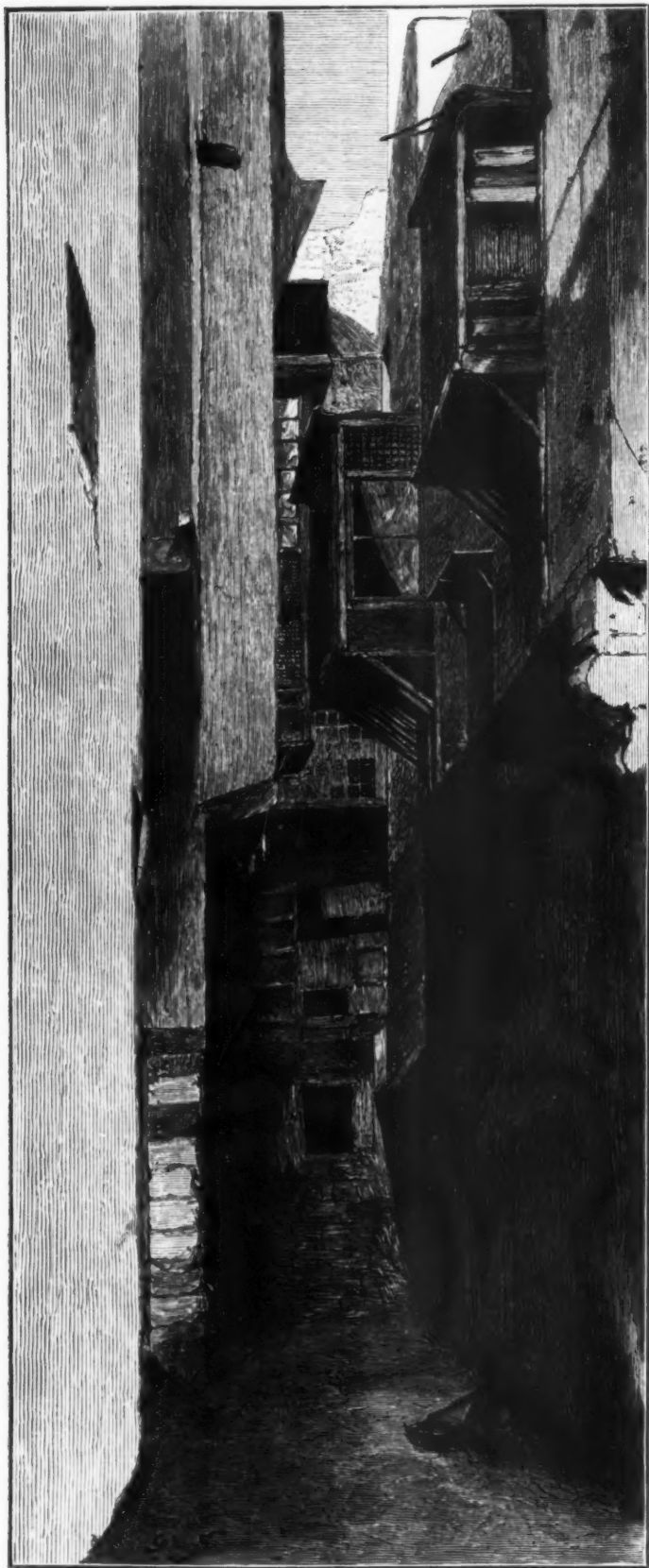
the graceful flowers of the water-lily growing in luxuriant pro-

* Continued from page 44.

fusion. Along the side of this canal is a path, upon which the peasantry are seen proceeding slowly with their camels or

donkeys from village to village. The fields beyond are being tilled with ploughs of most simple construction, drawn by sullen-looking buffaloes, meek oxen, or sometimes by a tall camel.

Here and there we see a Persian wheel, or *sâkieh*, erected over a well, and turned by one or other of these useful animals, for irrigating the land. Another plan for irrigation is the



One of the many Solitary Courts common in Cairo.

shadouf, a bucket suspended to one end of a pole, which is balanced on a cross-bar fixed on two upright pillars, and counterpoised by a large lump of mud. The peasant dips the bucket into the canal, and the weight at the other end raises it, when full, without any exertion on his part. Another and still more primitive arrangement for irrigation is that of scooping, as it

were, the water from the canal to a trough on a higher level. Two men stand on the bank just above the canal, and with a basket or skin, which, pendulum fashion, they swing first down into the canal and then up to the trough, succeed in raising a large amount of water. Some of the wealthy landowners have



Dooley Boys.

steam pumps of English or other European manufacture on the banks of the canals, by means of which they water their fields.

At about sixty-five miles from Alexandria the Rosetta branch of the Nile is crossed by a splendid iron railway bridge, which has, however, but one line of rails, the up and down lines converging to pass over it. Part of this bridge is so made as to



A Narghileh.

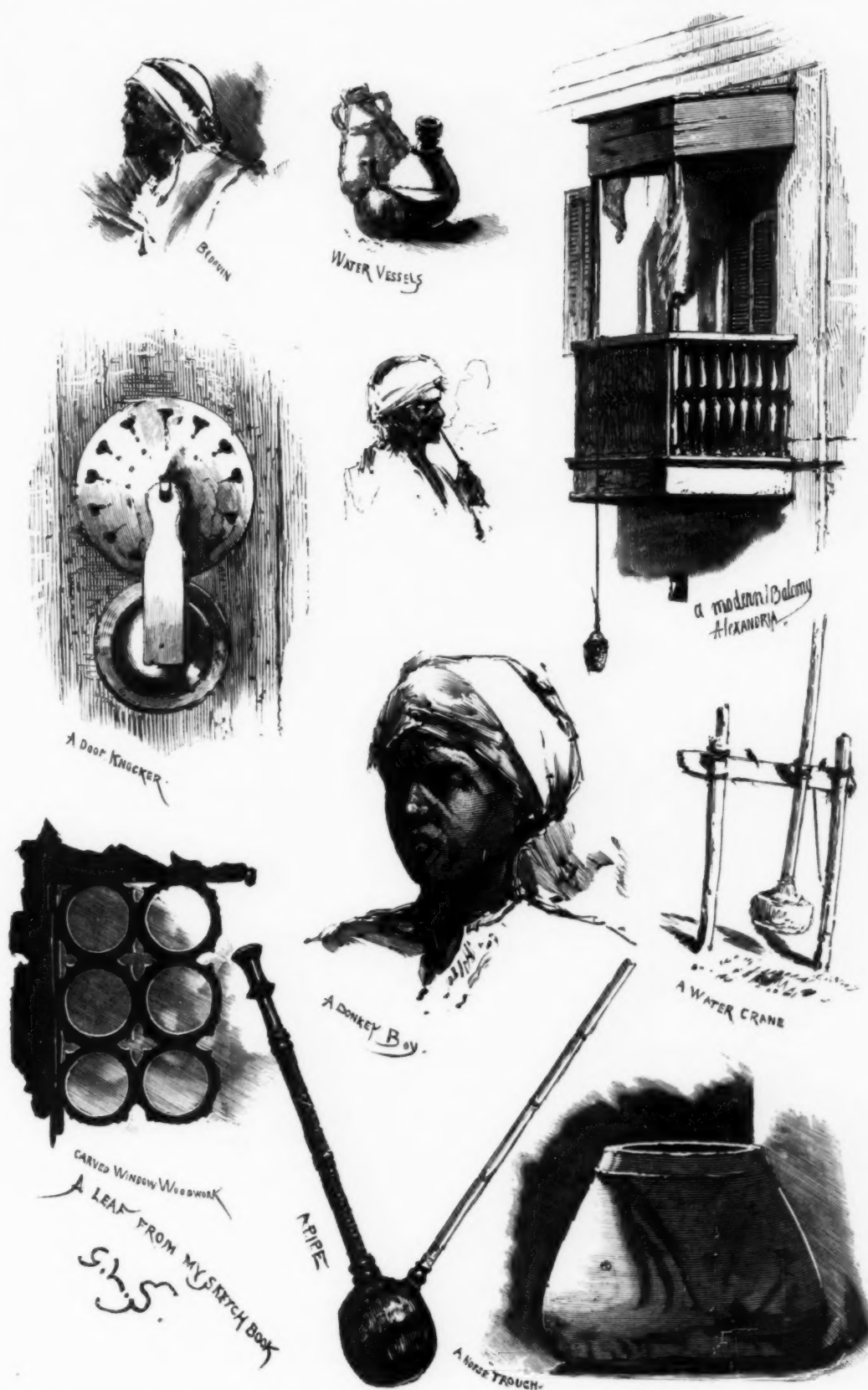
swing round on a pivot, to enable sailing vessels to pass. Besides the large iron cylindrical pillars on which the bridge is supported, there are two others above and below it, to support the ends of the revolving part when open.

Immediately after crossing this bridge the train stops at the

half-way station of Kafr-*ez-zayát*, where it remains for twenty minutes, to enable the travellers to obtain refreshment at the restaurant. Kafr-*ez-zayát* is an important emporium of the cotton trade, and contains many large ginning factories.

The next station at which the train stops is Tantah, a large town, capital of the province of Gharbiyeh. After Cairo and Alexandria, Tantah is the largest and most important town in

Egypt, and the population is estimated at 60,000. The railway station is well built, and its platform is of great length. The Khedive's palace and the Government offices are imposing edifices. The streets are wider and more regular than those in other Egyptian towns, and many of the houses have a European appearance. Its principal mosque, enclosing the tomb of the titular saint of the place, Seyyid-Ahmed-el-Bedawy, is a grand



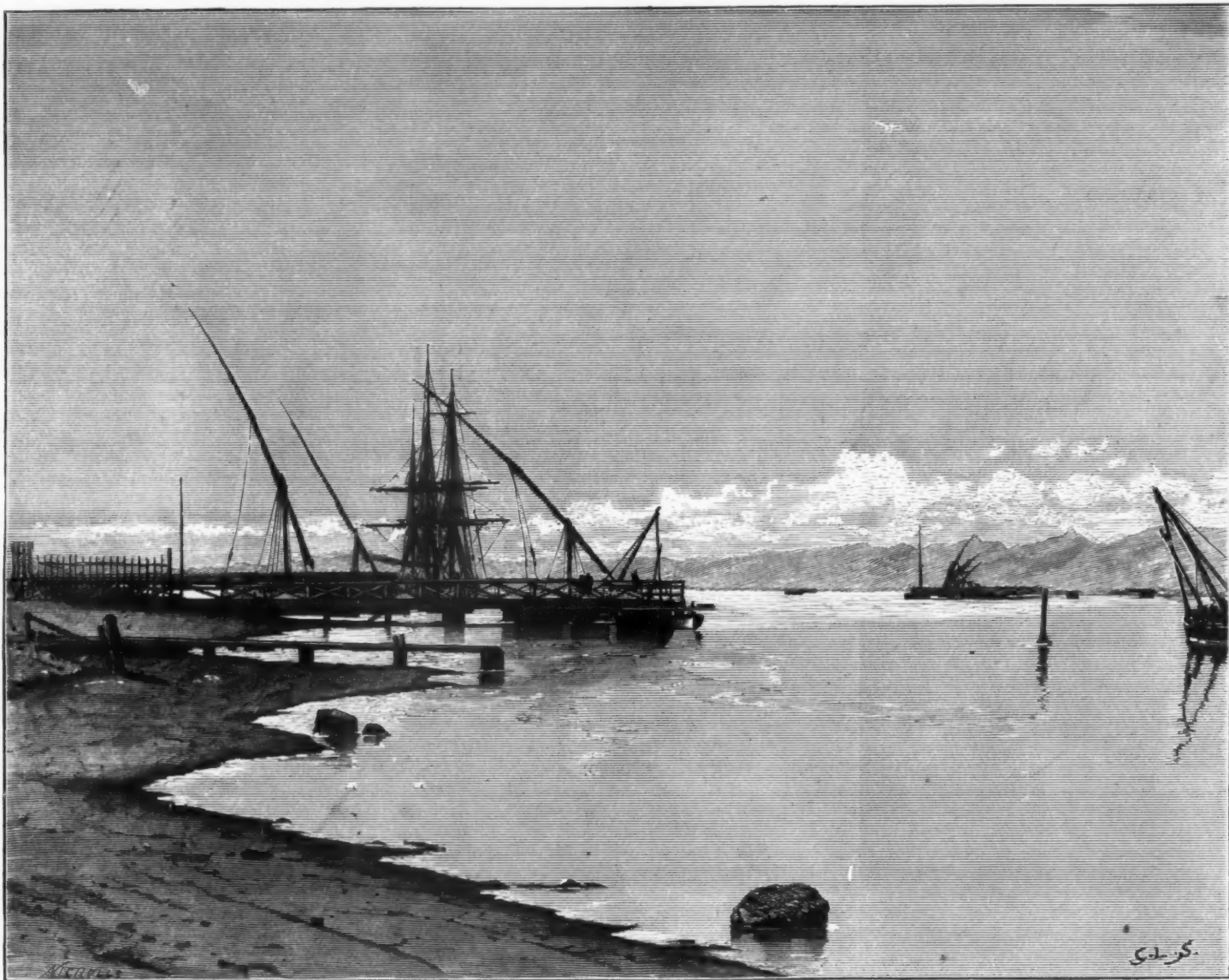
structure, adorned with dome and lofty minarets, on which the Khedive, and the princess his mother, have lavished large sums of money.

Here have been convoked, in troublous times, meetings of the representatives of the people, to discuss political, financial, and agricultural questions; and here, three times a year, is held a fair, more numerous attended than any in the world excepting

that of Novgorod. This fête is in honour of Seyyid-Ahmed-el-Bedawy, a sheikh who died here nearly seven hundred years ago, and who is still held in the greatest reverence by the Mohammedans. His aid is invoked in times of trouble by people of all classes, and devotees flock hither in thousands to perform their vows, or to implore his intervention in present or future emergencies.

Although this annual fair is nominally a religious institution, it is made the means of much commerce, and during the few days of its continuance more debauchery and immorality are

practised in the town of Tantah than in the rest of the whole year. It is quite probable, as has been suggested by several learned Egyptologists, that the orgies countenanced and en-



On the Suez Canal: Station at El-Kantara, i.e. "The Bridge."

couraged in Tantah embody the remnant of old customs prevalent amongst the ancient Egyptians, which have been continued under another name since the change of the national religion. Each of these annual fairs—one in January, another in May, and

the third in August—is kept up for a week, beginning on Friday, and culminating in a great religious procession to and from the tomb-mosque on the following Friday.

(To be continued.)

NAPOLEON IN THE PRISON OF NICE, 1794.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

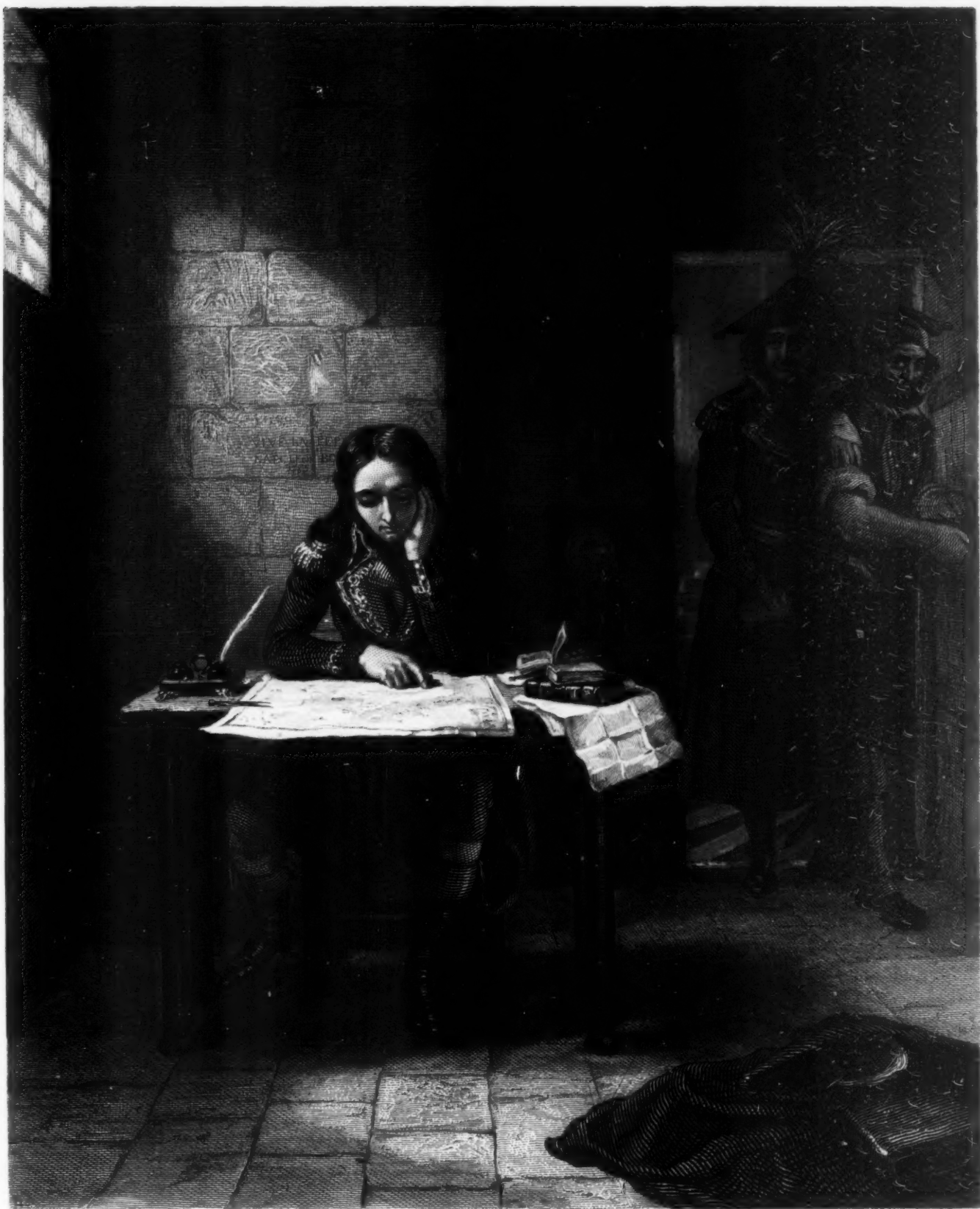
E. M. WARD, R.A., Painter.

J. OUTRIM, Engraver.

THIS picture is one of the early exhibited pictures of the recently deceased painter, Mr. E. M. Ward, who sent it to the British Institution in 1841, where it attracted the notice of the late Duke of Wellington, who purchased it, as well, it may be presumed, from the interest of the subject as illustrating an incident in the early career of his great rival at Waterloo as from the merits of the work itself, which are great, and especially so as coming from a mind and hand then comparatively young. It is briefly recorded by Sir Walter Scott, and it appears that in August, 1794, while stationed at Nice, with the rank of *chef de bataillon*, Buonaparte was superseded and imprisoned, in consequence of his having incurred the suspicion of Laporte and the other "commissioners," Albitte and Salicete,

who had been appointed to the army in Italy. His confinement, however, was of short duration: his freedom followed inquiry, and when the officer entered with the order for his release he found Napoleon busy in his dungeon studying the map of Lombardy. The invasion of Italy by the French armies took place not very long after, and Napoleon was appointed to the supreme command. Who would undertake to say how far the temporary incarceration in the prison of Nice, and the geographical study therein of that map, contributed to the successes of the French arms in the Italian campaign?

Bourrienne, Napoleon's old schoolfellow, supplies, in his *Life of the Emperor*, more complete particulars concerning the imprisonment. We must refer our readers to the book.



E. M. WARD, R. A. PINXT.

J. OUTRIM, SCULPT.

NAPOLEON IN THE PRISON OF NICE, 1794.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

BY J. VERNIER & SONS, PARIS.

ART AMONG THE BALLAD-MONGERS.*

By LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.



AMONG traditional ballads—those whose incidents are founded on the legends and traditions of the people—whose name is legion, are some to which it is essential one should pay some little passing attention. One of the most curious of these is the famous "Dragon of Wantley," which, in its wildness of interest, singularity of local allusions, and weird-like feeling throughout, is one of the most curious of the whole series. The black-letter broadsheet from which the woodcut (Fig. 32) is carefully copied is entitled "An excellent Ballad of that most Dreadful Combate fought Between Moore of Moore Hall, and the Dragon of Wantley." The scene is laid in the neighbourhood of Sheffield, "Wantley" being merely a corruption of "Wharnccliffe," near by that town. The dragon in this case typified Sir Thomas Wortley, who is traditionally said (and tradition is supported to some extent by evidence) to have "beggared" some freeholders and "cast them out of their inheritance," that he might pull down their village of Stonefield, and convert it into a deer park. "Being a man of great estate, was owner of a towne near unto him [Stonefield, or Stanfield, also another place called Whit-ley], only there were some freeholders within it with whom he

wrangled, and sued until he had beggared them and cast them out of their inheritance; and so the town was wholly his, which he pulled quite downe, and laid the buildings and town fields even as a common, wherein his main design was to keep deer, and make a lodge, to which he came at the time of the yeere, and lay there, taking great delight to hear the deer bell. But it came to pass that before he dyed he belled like a deer, and was distracted. Some rubbish there may be seen of the town; it is upon a great moor between Penistone and Sheffield." He is said to have allowed nothing to stand in the way between him and his fondness of the chase, and for this end to have disfranchised some ancient freeholders, and done other acts that called down upon him the ire of his neighbours.

"Houses and churches
Were to him geese and turkies;
Eat all and left none behind,
But some stones, dear Jack,
Which he could not crack,
Which on the hills you will find."

The ballad, as I have said, typifies this Sir Thomas Wortley as a dragon, eating up houses and churches, people and cattle, and even contemplating the devouring of the forest and its



Fig. 32.—The Dragon of Wantley.

trees; or, in other words, destroying villages, seizing lands and inheritances, and intending ultimately to take violently to himself Loxley Chase and even Sherwood Forest. "He had soe much delite in huntynge that he did build in the midst in his forest of Wharnccliffe an house, or lodge, at which house he did lye at for the moste part of grease time; and the worshypful of the cuntrye did there resort unto him, having there with him pastyme and good cheare. Many times he would goe into the Forest of the Peake and set up there his tent with great provysion of vitales, having in his company many worshypful persons,

with his owne family, and would remaine there vii weeks or more huntynge, and making other worthy pastymes unto his company;" and in one scene of his sports he is known to have had engraven, in old English letters, on the rock—which inscription still remains—the words, "Pray for the saule of thomas Wryttelay, knyght for the kyngys bode to edward the forthe, rychard therd, hare the vij & hare viij, hows saules god perdon. wyche thomas cawsyd a loge to be made hon thys crag ne mydys of wanclyff, for his plesor to her the hartes bel, in the yere of owr lord a thousand ccccx."

The idea of the "knight of the king's body" to the four kings, Edward IV., Richard III., and Henry VII. and VIII.,

* Continued from page 232, vol. 1878.

building a lodge "on this crag in the midst of Wharncliffe for his pleasure, to hear the harts bell," and the cutting of the inscription to perpetuate the fact, are so poetical in conception that one may surely be tempted to forgive Sir Thomas the wrong he may have done in removing the villages, especially as he was punished by being "made to bell like a hart himself," and to have his misdeeds perpetuated in ballad and story.

"Moore of Moore Hall," by whom the "dragon" was opposed on behalf of the freeholders and others, was also, there is no doubt, a real personage. Moore, or More, Hall still stands in the Yewden valley, and may be seen distinctly from Wharncliffe Lodge—the apocryphal "den" in which the "dragon," Sir Thomas Wortley, resided—and, naturally, near to the site of the destroyed villages. Here the family of Moore,



Fig. 33.



Fig. 34.



Fig. 35.

or More—a grand old Derbyshire family—resided in unbroken succession from the time of Henry III. to that of Philip and Mary, and were connected by marriage with the Wortleys. Of the ballad itself and its local allusions it will not be necessary to say much, as I have already, in other publications,* fully discussed the matter. The engraving (Fig. 32) shows the "dragon" trampling upon the people and eating up the church, as typified

by the priest, while in the distance are some of the forest trees, and the King, to whom appeal was to be made, looking on.

Dragon ballads, of which there are many, all seem, in their figurative character, to have had one common origin, and those who care to make them a study will find a strong analogy between the national ballad of "St. George and the Dragon" and others, including the "Dragon of Wantley." There is the



Fig. 36.



Fig. 37.

same idea of the den, the well, the pestilent breath and foulness, and the eating up of human beings; the same idea of the pure virgin (in the national ballad made to be led as a sacrifice for the saving of the lives of the multitude, and to be eventually rescued by the knight, and in the "Wantley" required to anoint the knight and to gird on his armour before proceeding to attack the monster), and the same deadly conflict and ultimate victory.

* *The Reliquary*, vol. xix.; *Journal of British Archaeological Association*, vol. for 1874.

The dragon has in all ages been one of the symbols of the devil, and used to typify tyranny, oppression, cruelty, and wrong. Hence it is that the monster has been chosen as the embodiment of wrong in the "Dragon of Wantley," in "St. George and the Dragon," in "Conyers of Sockburn," in "The Worm of Lambton," and a score or two other popular legends, and has been taken as the incarnation of evil by many of our most famous moral writers. Thus in "Agathos" the dragon is "the old serpent, the devil, who withholds or poisons the streams

of grace, and who, seeking to rend and devour the virgin soil, is overcome by the Christian girded about with Truth, having on the breastplate of Righteousness, his feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace, carrying the shield of Faith and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, and wearing the helmet of Salvation." In most allegories in which the dragon figures he is made to be overcome, as in the quotation



Fig. 38.

just given, by Christian armour and the Sign of the Cross; but this was not the case with the "Dragon of Wantley," for his stalwart opponent, "Moore of Moore Hall,"—

"To make him strong and mighty
He drank by the tale
Six pots of ale
And a quart of aqua vitæ,"

and ensconced himself, not in the "armour of righteousness," but in a bran-new suit of armour, which he did

"Bespeak in Sheffield town,
With spikes all about,
Not within, but without,
Of steel so sharp and strong
Both behind and before,
Arms, legs, and all oer,
Some five or six inches long.
Had you seen him in this dress,
How fierce he look'd and how big,
You would have thought him for to be
An Egyptian porcupig.
He frightened all—
Cats, dogs, and all—
Each cow, each horse, and each hog—
For fear did flee
For they took him to be
Some strange outlandish hedge-hog."

But I must pass on to speak, very briefly, of some of the singular illustrations of costume and manners, customs and home appliances, which ballads present to those who make not

only their quaint verses, but still quainter woodcuts, their study. Figs. 37 and 40 are pleasing illustrations of costume, and show, as does Fig. 22 (p. 229, vol. 1878), better than many, the simplicity and comfortable style of dress worn by the women of the time.

In Fig. 38 we have an admirable illustration of the spinning-wheel as then in common use. It stands, in the original, side by side with a full-length figure of King Charles II. (Fig. 30,



Fig. 39.

p. 231, vol. 1878), at the head of a ballad entitled "The Spinning Wheel, or The Bonny Scot and the Yielding Lass," which begins, "As I sate at my Spinning-wheel," and describes, to some extent, its various parts:—

"As for my Yarn, my Rock, and Reel,
And after that my Spinning-wheel,
He bid me leave them all with speed,
And gang with him to yonder mead;
My panting heart strange flames did feel,
Yet still I turn'd my spinning-wheel."



Fig. 40.



Fig. 41.



Fig. 42.

Of clocks, as used a couple of centuries ago, two good examples are shown on Figs. 34 and 36, and are much, in general form and design, such as are at the present day being re-introduced by our most fashionable makers. The first of these occurs (with Fig. 35) at the head of a ballad, "Bee Patient in Trouble; or, The Patient Man's Counsell, wherein is showne the great goodnes of God towards them that beare the Crosses

and Afflictions of this World patiently: As also a friendly instruction, whereby to advise us to forsake our wonted sinnes, and turne unto the Lord by speedy repentance, very meete and necessary for Worldlings to marke, reade, heare, and make use of." The ornamental clock with its pendent weights, the globes, the reading-stands, and other appliances, render this a strikingly interesting illustration. Fig. 36 is of course a figure

of "Time," and it is here copied from a unique black-letter ballad of the time of James I., entitled "Take Time while Time is; Being an Exhortation to all sorts of Sexes, of what degree soever, from the highest to the lowest, old or young, rich or poore." Here "Father Time," with sleeves turned up and unclad legs and feet, holds the inevitable scythe in his right hand and an hour-glass in his left: he is winged to show that "time flies," and he bears on his head a clock, while flowers are on the ground and swallows in the air, the whole being highly emblematical and curious, and the allusions in the ballad itself particularly trite.

• • • • •
 "Behold, I say, the picture now
 That here doth stand above;
 And be you warn'd by what I say,
 If that yourselves you love.
 To you he offers now himselfe,
 Until your thread be spun;
 But, as he offers, steals away,
 Untill your thread be done.
 Lay hold on him, therefore, I say,
 And say, I warn'd anew;
 Lest that he steal away from you,
 And bid you soe adiew.
 • • • • •

His glasse that in his hand he holds
 Doth cut off all delay,
 His wings that on his back do sticke
 Doe show he cannot stay
 For any that comes after him,
 Be he swarthy or fair,
 But he must come and stand before
 And take hold of his haire.
 • • • • •
 The dyall fixt upon his head
 Most evident doth show
 How fleeting is this mortall life,
 And Time doth alwayes goe.
 • • • • •
 His sythe within the other hand
 Doth shewe how he cuts downe
 The lives of all, from great to small,
 From cottage to the crowne.
 • • • • •
 The flower, like to youthfulness,
 Is fragrant, sweet, and fayre;
 But soon is pluck't and vanished,
 As is the smoake in ayre:
 The swift-wing'd swallow shewes us plaine
 How Time doth fleet awaye;
 We summer have, and winter eke,
 And Time for none will stay."

(To be continued.)

SAMSON.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

E. ARMITAGE, R.A., Painter.

W. GREATBACH, Engraver.

THIS is an illustration of biblical history which few artists would, perhaps, from the painfulness of the subject, be tempted to undertake; and if they did, still fewer would be able to carry it out with such power of conception and execution as Mr. Armitage has shown. The picture was one of the attractions of the Royal Academy exhibition of 1851, when the artist was comparatively unknown among us. It assumes to illustrate that passage which refers, in the Book of Judges, to Samson's captivity and the cruelties he suffered at the hands of his enemies:—"But the Philistines took him, and put out his eyes, and brought him down to Gaza, and bound him with fetters of brass; and he did grind in the prison-house;" or, as Milton, in his "Samson Agonistes," puts into the lips of the mourning captive—

"Why was my breeding ordered and prescribed
 As of a person separate to God,
 Designed for great exploits, if I must die
 Betrayed, captured, and both my eyes put out:
 Made of my enemies the scorn and gaze
 To grind, in brazen fetters, under task
 With this heaven-gifted strength? Oh, glorious strength,
 Put to the labour of a beast—debased
 Lower than bond-slave! Promise was, that I

Should Israel from Philistine yoke deliver;
 Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him
 Eyeless in Gaza, at the mill, with slaves,
 Himself in bonds, under Philistine yoke."

The scene is most dramatically presented to the spectator, the principal figure being, of course, Samson himself, which, for drawing and powerful expression, could scarcely have been surpassed by Michael Angelo: with his face upturned, and in it "holes where eyes did once inhabit," he mourns his unhappy fate, as with great strength he pushes forward the pole that turns the corn-mill, in front of which a female slave apparently is prepared to urge him with a whip to greater speed, while a Philistine keeper, on the opposite side of the mill to that occupied by Samson, is seated on the same pole, directing with a pointed staff the movements of the captive. In the background are ten young Philistine girls and a female slave regarding with a kind of compassionate interest Samson at his wretched task; and curiosity, if not some other motive, has attracted a group of the inhabitants of Gaza to the windows of the prison-house. The subject, in all its parts and varied details, has been well thought out and worked out.

OBITUARY.

EDWARD MATTHEW WARD, R.A.

THE sad intelligence conveyed in our February number of the premature decease of this able and most justly esteemed painter, added to the melancholy circumstances attending his death, has, we well know by this time, been received with deep regret, not only in this country, but also on the continent, where his name and his works have long been highly appreciated. Personally our own sorrow at his loss is great, for we have known him almost from his boyhood, and have watched his career in the Art world with much interest, and his progressive steady advance in public favour with gradually increasing pleasure. Mr. Ward's name appears as one of the earliest in the series of papers published in the *Art Journal* under the

head of "British Artists," where, in the volume for 1855, is sketched out a brief record of him and his works up to that period, which includes the production of most of his best and most popular pictures. Born at Belgrave Place, Pimlico, in 1816, and the son of a gentleman who held a very responsible and lucrative post in the banking-house of Messrs. Coutts, Mr. Ward entered upon his professional course under more than ordinary advantages; for he had Chantrey and Wilkie to encourage him, while the latter stood sponsor for him when admitted as a probationer to the schools of the Royal Academy, whose walls in after-years were so brilliantly ornamented with the results of his genius, skill, artistic knowledge, and patient industry. It has been too much the fashion of late years among some Art critics and assumed Art patrons to decry that school

of painting of which Mr. Ward was so distinguished a disciple; but so long as the public at large can have access to such pictures as 'The Last Sleep of Argyll,' 'The Execution of Montrose,' 'The South-Sea Bubble,' 'The Disgrace of Clarendon,' 'The Family of Louis XVI. in the Prison of the Temple,' 'Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith,' 'Alice Lisle,' with half-a-score others that might be named, there will be few—and among them many good judges too—who will be disposed to deny that "a painter has been among us," and left behind him works of which our school may be justly proud. If Mr. Ward was not, strictly speaking, an historical painter—a title some refuse to give him—he was undoubtedly not behind any artist of the English school, of whatever period, as a most pleasing, attractive, and impressive illustrator of historical events. The future will award to him more justice than the past too often gave to him. There is a fund of admirable reading in his compositions, whether taken from English or from French history, which gained the suffrages of a host of admirers; and there were few pictures more carefully studied, or that were more generally attractive, than those contributed to the Royal Academy by the deceased artist. To enumerate one-half even of these would be more than we could do at this time; our readers who would know of them, and of other matters associated with his Art life, must consult the volume to which we have just referred.

Mr. Ward was elected Associate of the Royal Academy in 1846, and Royal Academician in 1855. He was a man held in great respect, independently of his art, by all who knew him; of a genial disposition, though somewhat rough in manner; a true and sincere friend; and a ready helper where aid was needed. The large troop of brother artists and of friends that gathered round his grave in Upton Old Church, on that bleak wintry morning of January 21st, testifies to his private and social worth. His deeply mourning widow, Mrs. Henrietta Ward, has long since proved herself an artist right worthy of sharing his honoured name, and he has left children who show they possess talents that will tend to uphold it in the interests of Art.

JOSEPH NASH.

We have to record the death of this gentleman, for a long time a much-admired and most efficient member of the Society of Water-Colour Painters. Mr. Nash died at his residence in Bayswater, on the 19th of December, in the seventy-first year of his age. He was nearly the oldest surviving member of the society, whose annual exhibitions were adorned with those attractive architectural views—especially those ancient Elizabethan and Jacobean mansions, with their knightly tenants, which carry back the thoughts of the spectator to mediæval times. Mr. Nash's works are most carefully painted, both architecture and figures—the latter generally being in harmony with the date of the building—and are highly finished. Among his published works are "Mansions of England in the Olden Time," a series of lithographs which appeared in 1838: his subsequent publications are "Scotland Delineated," "Architecture of the Middle Ages," and "Views of Windsor Castle." Mr. Nash also made some of the drawings published in Mr. S. C. Hall's "Baronial Mansions," and transferred to stone Wilkie's "Oriental Sketches," published in 1846. His works will be much missed from the gallery of the society in Pall Mall East, where they were seen almost annually, for among the members there is no one except Mr. S. Read who attempts a similar class of subject, but in a very different manner.

JOHN CHASE.

This artist, one of the oldest members of the Institute of Water-Colour Painters, died at his residence in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, on the 8th of January, having nearly reached the sixty-ninth year of his age, being born February 26th, 1810. When a child his love of Art attracted the notice of John Constable, R.A., who interested himself greatly in his studies, which were chiefly of architectural subjects. Chase's earliest attempts and first exhibited pictures were interiors of an elaborate character, such as those of Westminster Abbey and St. George's Chapel, Windsor. His later works, however, combine chiefly architecture and landscape, such as terraced gardens

1879.

(Haddon Hall, for instance), ruined abbeys, castles, and baronial halls, with occasional interiors of some of the famous old Belgian halls and churches. He was a constant and prolific exhibitor at the gallery of the Institute, but his drawings were generally of rather small dimensions.

CHARLES BAXTER.

One of the oldest and most popular members of the Society of British Artists has ceased from his labours, in the person of Mr. Charles Baxter, who died on the 10th of January last at Lewisham, whither he had removed a few months previously from Liddington Place, which for many years had been his home. He was born in London in 1809, and after serving some time to a bookbinder (which his friends considered a more profitable and a surer way to independence than Art work of any kind) he relinquished the engagement, and commenced his career as a miniature painter, which he soon laid aside for portraiture in oils: of these he painted many. But he was, perhaps, most favourably known by his fancy portraits, chiefly of children and of poetic and rustic subjects. One of his best works of this kind, 'Olivia and Sophia,' is engraved, with the half-lengths of two children, in the *Art Journal* for 1864: accompanying these is a biographical sketch of the painter in the series of "British Artists." Mr. Baxter's female heads are especially characterized by refinement of expression and purity of colour. They were always graceful additions to the gallery of the society, of which he was elected a Member in 1842.

ANTOINE-LAURENT DANTAN.

This French sculptor, whose works are held in good reputation in his own country, died at St. Cloud last year, in the eightieth year of his age. He was born at the same place, and studied his art under Basio and Brion, and afterwards went to Rome, as the winner of the *Grand Prix de Rome* in 1828. While in that city, and staying at the Villa Medici, he made, says the *Moniteur des Arts*, a remarkable copy of the statue 'L'Amour,' attributed to Praxiteles. His principal ideal works are 'The Bather,' 'An Italian Grape Gatherer,' 'Silenus,' 'Asia,' 'The Tambourine Player.' His more important portrait statues are those of Marshal Villars, Louis of Bourbon, Louis of France, the Empress Joséphine, Baron Mounier: among his numerous busts are those of Mme. Paul Delaroche, Mdle. Rachel, M. Picard, Mme. Dupeyrat, &c. In 1824 M. Dantan obtained a medal of the second class, in 1835 one of the first class, and in 1855 a third-class medal. The decoration of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour was conferred on him in 1843. He was the elder brother of Jean Pierre Dantan, perhaps the more distinguished sculptor of the two, whose sudden death at Baden-Baden, towards the end of September, 1869, is recorded in the *Art Journal* for November of that year.

GASPARD JEAN LACROIX.

The French papers announced the death, some time ago, of this clever landscape painter, who was born at Turin, in Sardinia, and studied his art under Corot, a master in the French school of landscape. In 1842 M. Lacroix received a medal of the third class for landscape painting; and in 1843, and again in 1848, medals of the second class. At the Paris International Exhibition of 1855 he exhibited two pictures—one entitled 'An Evening Effect,' the other 'A Green Path in the Environs of Meaux.'

JOSEPH LOUIS DUC.

The French papers announce the death, in the month of January, of this distinguished architect, at the age of seventy-six. He long filled honourably the post of architect to the city of Paris, and in that capacity was, during many years, engaged on the Palais de Justice. When in the reign of Napoleon III. the Emperor offered a prize of 125,000 francs for the architect who should be deemed by his colleagues the most deserving among them, the choice fell upon M. Duc. In 1876 the Royal Institute of British Architects awarded him its gold medal.

U

AMERICAN PAINTERS.—J. APPLETON BROWN.



HIS artist, who has already acquired a prominent place among American landscape painters, was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, July 12, 1844, and is consequently now between thirty-four and thirty-five years old. At an early age he exhibited a great fondness for Art—a taste which is usually shown as soon as a love for music; at least, so we learn from the biography of most artists. While still very young he went to Boston, where he studied in the same studio with Mr. Porter, who is now taking a leading position as a portrait painter.

Brought up amid one of the most picturesque surroundings of New England, where the sea, the low, many-hued marshes, a beautiful river with its windings and its small tributaries, vary the scene with soft hills and a rich farming region, a poetical mind could hardly fail here to fasten upon the innumerable points of beauty, fit either for lovely word-descriptions or for pictures. The same regions about Newburyport have inspired Whittier, and the beauty of Plum Island and the misty reaches

of the blue Merrimac have delighted Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, who has described their charms in some of her best verses.

The stamp of these youthful surroundings has impressed itself indelibly upon the work of Mr. Brown; and in a trip to Europe in 1866 he found in the interpretations of nature by Lambinet a spirit most congenial with his own. The strong, rugged forms of hills and trees, the misty interiors of woods, and the still pools nearly hidden by surrounding sedge-grass, in the pictures of Lambinet, were the same in spirit as those Mr. Brown had contemplated from his childhood. With Lambinet he studied for a year, and from him learned to portray in a forcible and direct manner his impressions of landscape, where a more detailed and realistic master would have entirely failed to help him.

At the end of his year's stay with the French painter, Mr. Brown, with very slender resources, made a trip through Europe, and in Switzerland painted studies from some of the most notable points, which are now possessed by prominent Bostonians. On returning to America he took a studio in Boston, and has



The Upper Merrimac.

since spent his winters there, retiring to Newburyport each summer for his studies from nature.

American landscape paintings at the present time divide themselves into those where great detail appears, and those which convey through large and simple treatment the sentiment as well as the general character of the scene they portray. Of the former class are the pictures by Whittredge, McEntee, Hubbard, Kensett, and the older landscapists, such as Durand. Another set of men, conceiving landscape art rather as a combination of impressions than in its photographic detail, however beautiful the latter may be, render it through great masses of light and shade, rich colour, with here and there, in significant position, firm and precise outline, or solid, definite drawing. The painters of

this class in France are Daubigny, Lambinet, Jules Dupré, and Diaz.

A visit to Mr. Brown's studio shows us his wall covered with brilliant sketches done in this manner. Here are standing, on exposed hillsides, gnarled and bent fruit trees, whose twisted branches are in one portion strongly indicated, and in another vanishing into the misty silhouette of the tree. You see a stunted greensward in the same picture reflecting the heat of a summer sky, or the mist and dampness hugging the grass where its pale colour rises faintly against an old dark undergrowth at twilight. In one picture Mr. Brown has put upon his canvas some stray young willows, whose gawky, rambling arms are thrust out at all points and in various directions, with their thin,

scant foliage on the tips of the twigs, that look like fingers, suggesting the thought of dryad transformations, where the spirit of some poor soul still lingered under its painful body:—

"Yet latent life through her new branches reigned,
And long the plant a human heat retained."

Mr. Brown has a charming picture called 'Apple Blossoms,' and in it is shown the same tender love of nature. Round young trees, with their outlines melting into a misty atmosphere, appear the young shoots of branches decked with the pure, filmy pink of the delicate flowers. The trunks are not yet old, nor bent, nor moss-grown, but they are the healthy young trees of orchards such as are so often found in sheltered nooks and in the hollows of New England pasture land, where the low granite hills, with no better growth than juniper and thin grass, protect the fruit trees, and the kitchen garden with its vegetables, from the piercing and destructive salt winds of the sea. The ground here is soft, and often through its spongy surface little brooks creep along lazily to find an outlet somewhere, or they lose themselves in the earth.

Other pictures yet are of the pooly salt-meadows near the sea—places so remote from the ocean that the tide never overflows them, except at spring and autumn floods; but the small creeks are flooded in their half-hidden courses twice a day from the

ocean, and long, coarse marsh-grass draggles its heads in the black muck when the creek is empty.

But it is not alone in these nooks and corners about Newburyport that Mr. Brown finds his inspiration, for two or three large canvases are filled by scenes of wild ocean storms. Darkness, and clouds, and wind drive in with the great green waves that come up and break over rock and sand. Mr. Brown has caught the cold green colour of the sea; but it is not for its beauty as a pigment that his colour impresses the imagination most powerfully, fine though the hues be, but the tints are an expression of the weight, the density, and the mass of the water—of the sea in its great throes of fury.

Mr. Brown is a true artist in spirit, and in his painting is entirely separate from the worldly considerations of what subjects will be popular or will take the market. His pictures are a matter of conscience with him, and though he has a fine and true eye for colour, he uses it always, as in the sea waves we have described, not for its sensuous charm, nor yet as a showy palette, but each tint of blue or white, green or scarlet, is so important on his canvas to carry out his ideas and purposes, that, even where we feel the richness and harmony of his tones, the amateur cannot fail to recognise them as used to carry out a thought or a suggestion, and not, as is too often the case with painters, being laid on from vain display, or from the fascination of their beauty.



Storm at the Isle of Shoals.

Mannerism is totally absent from Mr. Brown's work; and whether he draws the details of a tree with pre-Raphaelite care, or slurs into shapeless masses the paint upon his canvas, it is always the scene that is in his mind he endeavours to evolve, and not to make a pedantic display of his own knowledge of painting. The two pictures engraved are respectively examples of the diversified subjects of which we have been speaking: the one a kind of "pools salt-meadow near the sea"—a most attractive locality, very artistically treated; the other a "scene of wild ocean storm," presented with considerable feeling for poetic grandeur.

In 1874 he sent two pictures to the Paris *Salon*, both of which were accepted, and purchased from the gallery. The

compliment of this will be appreciated when it is considered that four thousand canvases were rejected from the same exhibition.

Mr. Brown's aims as a painter have been recognised by numerous persons in his vicinity. His first considerable commission was from Mr. Thomas G. Appleton, author of "Syrian Sunshine." Mr. Martin Brimmer is also the owner of a fine painting by him; while the artist, Ernest Longfellow, son of the poet, also possesses one of his characteristic subjects. Of the many recent promising artists who are now commanding attention in America, Mr. Brown has a place to which his fresh and unmannered style of painting justly entitles him.

THE GUITAR-PLAYER.

From an Etching by MARIANO FORTUNY.

THIS is the work of the very clever Spanish painter whose premature decease, towards the end of the year 1874, we had occasion to record at the time. Remarkably vigorous, yet peculiar in his style of painting, fanciful but brilliant as a colourist, with an extraordinary range of thought and executive faculty, he was on the high-road to a fame that was rapidly becoming European, when a fever, contracted at Rome, carried him off in a few days in the midst of his busy labours. A native of Barcelona, a student in the schools of Spain, Rome, and Paris, he appeared to have adopted a manner of painting in which the modern French is grafted on that of the Spanish, as mainly seen in the works of the two brothers Frederick and Louis

Madrazzo, the elder of whom, though born in Rome, was of Spanish extraction, and practised his art at Madrid as court painter.

Fortuny acquired great skill as an etcher; many of his works of this kind have been compared with Rembrandt's in the facile use of the etching-needle, and in the powerful effect of chiar-oscuro. The elderly guitar-player, evidently an enthusiast, who is practising his instrument from a score resting against the back of a chair in front of him, is the facsimile copy of a pen-and-ink drawing, masterly both in design and in execution; every stroke shows the hand of a genuine artist working with a definite object in the result. The drawing of the figure is unexceptionable, and the attitude quite natural.

THE WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

THE OLD BOND-STREET GALLERIES.

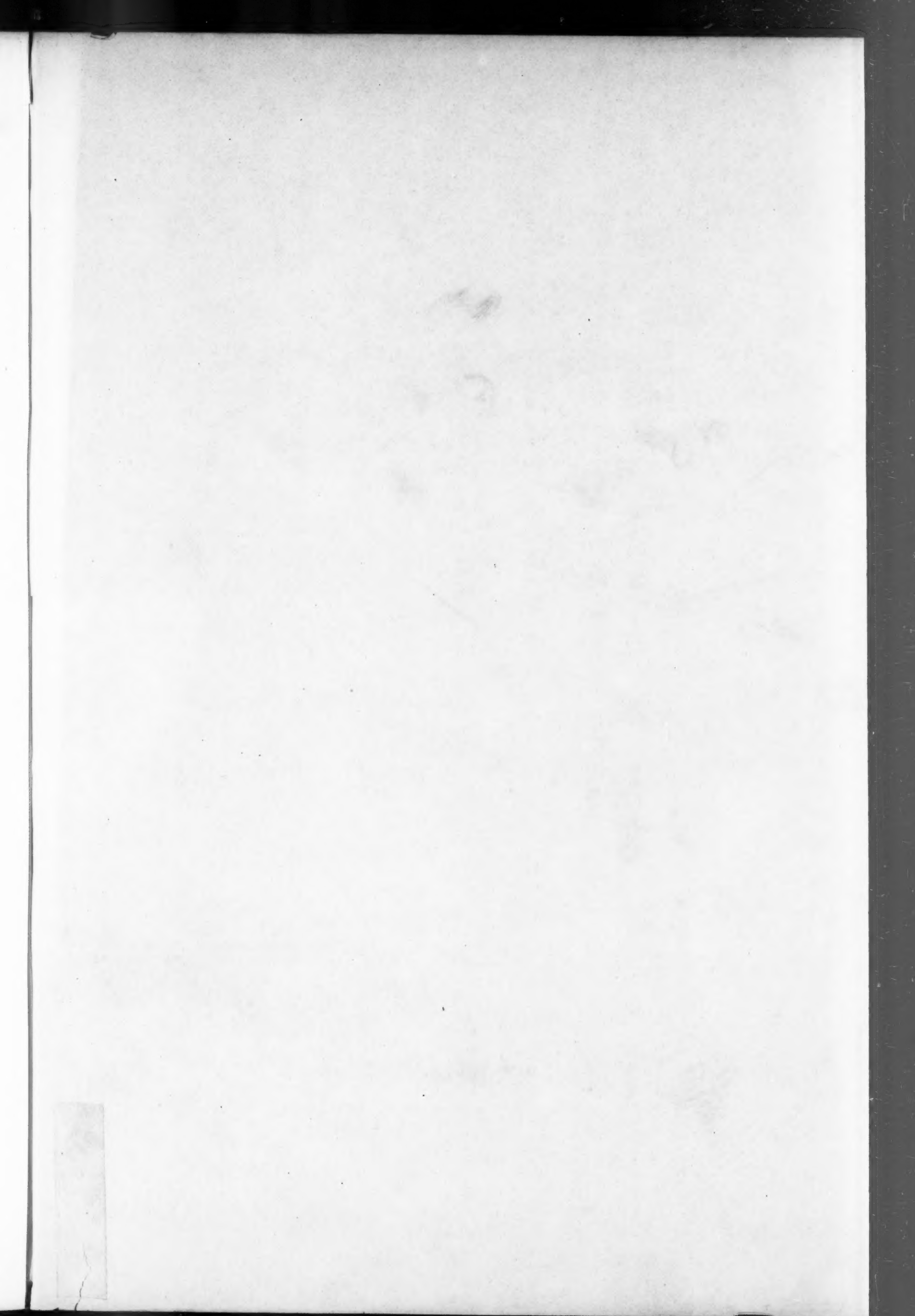
TWO hundred and twenty-three water-colour drawings make up the present collection, and no one will accuse us of extravagance in our statement if we say they have invariably been chosen with wise discrimination. The collection, indeed, as illustrating English water-colour art in a wide and embracing signification of the term, could scarcely be better. All the various sections of the school are here, and the poetry and brilliancy of Turner, the force and significance of James Holland, the life and motion of David Cox, and the serene repose of P. De Wint may be studied on the walls of this gallery under conditions which will be thoroughly appreciated by the visitor.

At this time of day it would be what those fond of syllables long drawn out would call a work of supererogation to characterize or classify the works of such men as J. F. Lewis, Copley Fielding, F. W. Topham, E. M. Ward, R.A., or any of the other great men we have named; yet, when we have such a *chef-d'œuvre* as we have from the late F. Walker, A.R.A., it is but natural that we should call attention to it. We allude to 'The Harbour of Refuge' (38), in which is seen, as many of our readers will remember, a tall, graceful young girl walking with her widowed mother on her arm, bent with age and possibly sorrow. The daisied grass in the quadrangle of the almshouses is being cut, and the vigorous action of the limber young gardener, as he follows the successive swaths created by his scythe, has for the two women a subdued, but scarcely identical interest. The red brick almshouses, the old "pensioners" gathered garrulously round the monument of the founder, the daisied turf, the athletic scythesman, the mourning widow, and the comforting daughter are all brought into graceful harmony, and the picture leaves on the mind grateful impressions of repose and peace. Still we cannot help thinking, as we did when the large work in oil was exhibited on the walls of the Royal Academy, that the tone of the picture is too warm, and that the action of the man with the scythe is not that of one cutting short, light grass, but of one addressing himself with the full swing and power of his body to a heavy field of oats or barley. After all this may be hypercritical, and, in spite of anything said to the contrary, Fred. Walker's 'Harbour of Refuge' is likely to remain a notable picture while the paper on which it is painted lasts.

But what gives especial character and interest to the present exhibition is the circumstance that its walls are adorned with a dozen of the masterpieces of the late Sam Bough, R.S.A. In the modern Athens this artist has long been looked upon as a

master, and like respect would have been shown him here, but the fact is Londoners never had a fair opportunity of judging of his abilities. He never had, at one time, above one or two landscapes of insignificant size hung on the walls of the Academy, and these were generally passed by London critics without a single remark. Now that they have a proper opportunity of weighing the man's merits, and especially when they ascertain that Sam Bough was regarded by perfectly competent authorities as one of the strong ones of his time, they will run to the other extreme, and laud him to the very echo. Could the rough, genial cynic, with his keen perception and his supreme contempt for all sorts of "blather," open his eyes, how he would "look and laugh at a' that!" Sam Bough was a Cumberland man, born and bred in Carlisle, and indebted to Scotland for all his technical knowledge, and for not a little also, possibly, of his pawky, rasping humour. As an artist his choice of subjects was wide and various, from 'Portobello Sands' (73), with its donkey-riding and crowds of people, as at Ramsgate, only much more joyous, to a quiet sweep of the lordly 'Clyde' (77). 'The Horse Fair' (17), being held in a quaint old town, is full of characteristic fact as to man and beast, and, like 'Portobello Sands,' is replete with life and motion. 'Sunset on the Solway,' with a grey horse and some folks coming across the sands, shows the artist under another aspect; and 'Ferry on the Avon' (69) proves how goldenly glowing he can be, just as 'Dunkirk Harbour' (72) with what surpassing cunning he can blend his silvery greys. His touch, like his whole manner, is broad and effective, and he can be as luminous in quality—see his view 'On the Avon' (24)—as any artist that can be named. The Messrs. Agnew have our thanks for bringing so prominently forward one who, to the Londoner at least, was almost a *pictor ignotus*.

Besides what we have mentioned, there are works by Thomas Pyne, E. K. Johnson, E. Hargitt, G. Cattermole, C. J. Staniland, Birket Foster, Walter Severn, James Orrock, Sir John Gilbert, R.A., G. D. Leslie, R.A., H. S. Marks, R.A., and W. Small. The place of honour on the right wall is very effectively filled by F. W. Burton's noble drawing of 'Bamberg Cathedral' (107), filled with earnest worshippers; and it is supported on each side with an important work by A. MacCallum. The one represents a splendid 'Sunrise on the Danube' (105), and the other a storm of wind on 'The Nile at Thebes' (113). They are both of them works of the highest class, and it is to be regretted that the productions of two men so eminent in their art should be seen so rarely.



THE NEW CONTINENTAL GALLERIES, BOND STREET.

THESE new Continental Galleries are the same as those in which the Society of French Artists, under the management of Mr. Charles Deschamps, held for several years their annual exhibitions. The same gentleman, whom we beg to congratulate on having been created a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour for the capable way in which he superintended the British Fine-Art section at the great International Exposition, Paris, has resumed his old position in these galleries. Now that they are the property of Mr. Everard, whose enterprise and judgment in catering for the public taste in the two great Art centres of Europe, Paris and London—not to mention his establishment at Brussels—we have repeatedly had occasion to praise and admire, we hopefully look forward to a long series of high-class exhibitions of continental Art; and, judging from the present collection, representative as it is of cities ranging from Madrid to Munich, from Stockholm to Rome, we are satisfied our hopes will turn out prophecies.

The collection consists of two hundred and forty cabinet works in oil, sixty-two water-colour drawings, and twenty-six subject drawings by the late J. B. Madou, of Brussels, whose death in 1877 was felt by the Belgian people as a national loss. How far he carried Flemish *genre*, and how completely successful he was in his practice, the drawings referred to will amply testify.

On entering the gallery one naturally walks up to Marchetti's magnificent painting representing the assembling of the court 'Before the Tournament' (62). Gentle ladies and doughty knights, motley-clad jesters and tabarded heralds, gather in the great hall, and musicians look down from the gallery. The scene is at once animated and imposing, and the idea of expectancy is very cleverly conveyed. The colouring has all the sparkle peculiar to Italian practice, and the picture, when exhibited in the Italian department of the Universal Exhibition at Paris, attracted much admiration.

This work is flanked on each side by a daring and brilliant decorative figure by Jan Van Beers. No. 61, 'Difficulty Surmounted,' represents a young page, in a rich yellow fancy dress, with a yellow feather in his white felt hat, coming down a very steep staircase on stilts. No. 65, the pendant to this, called 'The Successful Young Angler,' shows a young girl in a brilliant green dress, similar to the other in design, and differing from it only in colour, standing on some water steps, and regarding gleefully the small fish she has just caught, and which she now holds triumphantly aloft. Both pictures are panel-shaped, and, for masterly drawing and joyous colouring, reflect great credit on their author, who, being still a very young man, has, if he chooses, a brilliant future.

These pictures face the visitor as he enters, but the places of honour to the right and left are equally conspicuous for the high character of the works occupying them. To the left, for example, we have a fine work of the Hungarian, M. Munkacsy, whose 'Milton dictating *Paradise Lost* to his Daughter' carried off the very highest honour at the Paris International Exhibition. The present work is remarkably characteristic of the master, and represents a woman with her baby in her arms and a little girl at her side contemplating a litter of puppies, and their mother eating their breakfasts from a dish on the floor. We have the same low, dark key here that is found in all M. Munkacsy's work; but then we can see into it, and look almost round his figures, so powerfully are they realised and so charming is the chiaroscuro. On one side of this hangs G. Koller's lady in red velvet before the glass at her 'Toilet' (103), and on the other F. Roybet's 'Sentinel' (97). In the same neighbourhood hangs a beautiful cabinet picture by the octogenarian Isabey, one of the most powerful painters France ever possessed. 'Celebrating Mass in a Chapel in a Suburb of Paris' (104) was painted two years ago, when the master was eighty years of age; yet there is no falling off in dramatic intensity, or the faintest indication that his right hand had forgot its cunning.

While at this end of the room we would draw especial attention to C. Vertunni's 'Fishermen on the Adriatic' (121), a vessel whose white sail rises up commandingly between the spectator and the grey haze which fills up the background. The handling here is broad and vigorous, and we can easily understand this artist being the most successful landscapist in Rome. See also his 'Pyramids' (168) and his 'Pontine Marshes' (99), as showing how varied he can be.

A. Wahlberg comes from the northern end of Europe, and his 'Moonlight near Stockholm' (151) is a very fair sample of those remarkable powers which place him at the head of Scandinavian Art. He carried off the first and only gold medal ever given to the Swedes, and has well earned by his art the decoration of the Legion of Honour. Munthe is also a Scandinavian of note, and a good example of his pencil will be found in 'Returning through the Village.'

The place of honour at the right end of the gallery is filled by a figure subject called 'The Young Widow' (30), from the hand of Alfred Stevens. There are other pictures by the same artist, but this is the most important and characteristic. The brushwork is more than ordinarily vigorous, and the sentiment of widowhood is touchingly rendered. Close by hangs one of J. J. Tissot's London pictures, full of life and bustle in the distance, and having in the foreground a girl with her arms full of wraps and surrounded by trunks and portmanteaus, called 'Waiting for the Train at Willesden' (46). 'Aux Armes de Flandres' (32) is equally characteristic of the manner of F. Willems, who is represented by several other most desirable pictures in the present exhibition. Nor must we forget to note with marked commendation the noble figure and swarthy beauty of 'Delilah' (25), painted by Louis Gallait. In dishevelled hair and loose attire, the betrayer of Samson, whom we see in the distance being carried away captive by the Philistines, sits lonely at her casement, but for the unheeded presence of her maid, a prey to remorse and despair.

Among other masters of note are A. Boniface, De Nittis, Jules Goupil, Fromentin, Rousseau, Corot, Escosura, and Beyle. Among the contributions of the last named will be found a group of 'Mountebanks' (146) proclaiming in a country village their forthcoming performance. The costumes, the humour, the very personages, have been doubtless studied from real life; for when a boy of only ten years of age the artist ran away from home, consorted with strolling players for several years, and his artistic instincts first found expression in painting the huge canvases that act as frontispieces to the booths which are seen at country fairs.

We would call special attention to the works of Boldini and Domingo. The miniature achievements of the latter are, as we have had repeated occasion to point out, equal in power and breadth to the works of Meissonier himself.

The gallery up-stairs is mainly devoted to water colours of the Italian school, and among the more prominent of these are the interior of 'The Sistine Chapel' (252), by Cipriani; 'Moorish Brigands' (282), by Tapiro; 'Feeding Poultry' (290), by Simoni; 'Hungarian Gipsies,' by Portaels; and a couple of Parisian outdoor scenes by the incomparable De Nittis. The exquisite pencil drawings by J. B. Madou, to which we have already referred, will also be found in the up-stairs gallery.

THE BYRON GALLERY, SAVILLE ROW.

THIS gallery in Saville Row contains a hundred and forty-five pictures, mostly of cabinet size, and of these not the least desirable, as regards either composition or colour, are the three characteristic scenes by W. P. Frith, R.A., illustrative of the "Streets of London." These are 'The Park at Early Morning,' 'Regent Street at Mid-day,' and 'The Haymarket at Night,' and, although only sketches, they are perhaps as artistic and spirited as anything Mr. Frith ever painted.

Another important series of pictures is that from the facile pencil of George Morland. They are seven in number, and although not of the largest size, they are very characteristic of the master; and such pictures as the 'Happy Family' and 'Rustic Felicity' would be regarded as desirable possessions by

any collector. Nasmyth, Constable, and Creswick are also pleasingly present, the last being represented by three small pictures and a large landscape with mountains closing in the distance, which fairly represent the eclectic character of Creswick's genius. There are besides some excellent landscapes by R. C. Saunders, helping to a better understanding of 'Titian's Country,' not to mention choice bits of our own home scenery by Old Crome, George Vincent, the Danbys, O'Connor, and James Burnet.

Foreign Art is ably supported by A. Baccani. His manner of painting may be objected to by some as being too sweet and smooth; but no one can ignore his technical knowledge, the correctness of his drawing, or the beauty and tenderness with which he realises a sentiment. The lady in blue, tossing her 'Darling' playfully above her head, or the 'Roman Mendicant' holding up his little girl that she may pluck an apple from a garden wall, while the mother sits at its foot nursing her little baby, would substantiate our last remark; and, if fuller and ampler illustration were needed, we would turn to the remarkably impressive and original way in which Signor Baccani treats 'The Evening of the Day of the Crucifixion.' The spectator is in the interior of a homely cottage, where two women on the floor are preparing unguents. The Virgin herself stands in the doorway sad and thoughtful, and looks out wistfully towards Calvary. The tone is of course subdued, and there are a solemnity and a mystery thrown over the whole scene, reminding one of a similar subject from the pencil of Paul Delaroche.

There are heads by Sir Thomas Lawrence and Sir David Wilkie, and a Duchess of Cleveland by Sir Peter Lely; but the portrait which will attract most attention in this gallery is that

of Lady Betty Foster, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire. We referred to the pedigree of this picture some time ago, and can only repeat we are as much as ever impressed with the work.

EXHIBITION OF WORKS BY MODERN ARTISTS AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

THE Council of the Royal Albert Hall, consisting of Lord Clarence Paget, Messrs. Warren de la Rue, George Godwin, and Edward Thomas, have opened in the upper galleries surrounding the great music-hall an Art exhibition numbering more than a thousand works in oil, in water colour, in sculpture, engraving, and porcelain. It would be vain to attempt anything like a description, or even analysis, of so extensive a collection. We must content ourselves with the general assertion that the works are all admirably arranged and hung, and that many of the exhibitors are artists of renown. Among such are Keeley Halswelle, Sir David Wilkie, J. F. Lewis, R.A., Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., E. W. Cooke, R.A., R. Ansdell, R.A., R. Lehmann, Hilda Montalba, Theresa Thornycroft, Lady Coutts Lindsay, Alma-Tadema, A.R.A., and A. MacCallum. Among the sculptors we have Mrs. Thornycroft, Marshall Wood, J. Edwards, M. Raggi, Count Gleichen, J. E. Boehm, A.R.A., J. Lawlor, J. S. Westmacott, J. Raemackers, and Hamo Thornycroft. The other Art sections into which the exhibition is divided are equally well represented. Although the exhibition as a whole may not be one of the highest class, there is much in it that is instructive and well worth seeing.

MINOR TOPICS.

ETCHINGS OF C. P. AND F. SLOCOMBE AT THE GALLERY OF MESSRS. J. HOGARTH AND SONS, MOUNT STREET.—Last year we called attention to the collection of Mr. Haden's etchings exhibited in this gallery, and now we have to apprise our readers that since the bulk of that collection has been transferred to the Fine Art Society's Gallery in New Bond Street, its successors are a no less interesting series by those trained and accomplished artists, C. P. and F. Slocombe. The elder of the two indeed, since the publication of the Rembrandt head, has, in our opinion, taken the very first rank in British etching. He seems, however, like his younger brother, more inclined to landscape than portraiture, if we may judge from the present series of plates. C. P. Slocombe exhibits twenty-seven works, and his brother, F. Slocombe, ten. 'Stonehenge at Mid-day' is remarkable for the closely studied texture of the stones; and, without sacrificing any of the pictorial element, there is a scientific truth about the 'Chalk Cliffs and Boulders, Rottingdean, Sussex,' which would delight the heart of the most exacting geologist. 'Moonlight in the Pine Woods, Surrey,' is noticeable for the deeply etched character of the plate. The impression looks almost as if it had been embossed, so powerfully is every line bitten in. Mr. C. P. Slocombe is equally successful with the dry point. Indeed, his 'Lyndhurst, New Forest,' and his 'Valley Farm, near Conway,' are delightful for the depth and suggestiveness of the fern, and for the significance of easy, airy line. His vigour in portraiture is represented by two capital heads of Cornish fishermen. Mr. F. Slocombe gives also a very grateful taste of his quality in this department by his successful study of a 'Man's Head,' and by a cleverly modelled portrait of a 'Girl in the Costume of the latter part of the Sixteenth Century.' But, like his elder brother, his leanings are more towards landscape, and how nicely and truthfully he can render a sweep of coast is seen in the rocks and wooden jetty of his 'Steephill Cove, Isle of Wight,' and in his 'Margate Jetty,' with its beached schooners. Altogether we have reason to be proud that we

possess two such accomplished masters of the etching-needle. Being trained artists, they give us something more than mere suggestion, and at the same time they know when to stay the progress of the needle and leave on the plate all the fulness and richness of colour which black and white may express.

THE PRINCE LEOPOLD.—It is very gratifying to find his Royal Highness, the youngest son of the Queen, treading closely in the steps of his illustrious and good father, to whom Great Britain owes a large debt of gratitude for very many services. His Royal Highness has recently delivered an address that approaches eloquence, and is full of sound sense and judicious counsel. The occasion was the fifty-fifth anniversary of the Birkbeck Institution, and his theme was "The Advantages of Systematic Instruction in Science and Art." The following is the graceful tribute he paid to the memory of the founder:—"It was not his pecuniary generosity which has caused his name to become the household word it is to-day. It was because he gave to his great work something far more precious and rarer than money—the intelligent and single-hearted devotion of a life. We honour him, not so much because he helped others from without, as because he touched the chords, he evoked the impulses which enabled them to help themselves from within. It is not for his endowments that we thank him most, but for his example, as, indeed, for any institution its founder's high example is the best of endowments; and the most enduring legacy which a man can leave to his country is the memory which impels the men who come after him to strenuous efforts and to exalted aims."

BEACONSFIELD AND GLADSTONE, BY LORD RONALD GOWER.—The young sculptor to whom we owe 'Marie Antoinette going to Execution,' the dying 'Soldier of the Imperial Guard,' a head of our Saviour, and several other productions of that thoughtful character which warrants their being called creations, has just finished a couple of statuettes of the two great political rivals of

our time, viz. Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone. They are now in the hands of Mr. Brucciani of Russell Street, in whose extensive show-rooms the visitor will always find something fresh to admire, and they will in all probability be sent to the forthcoming Academy exhibition. The sculptor has not confined himself to mere facial resemblance, but, like a true limner in clay, he has caught in both cases the very air and set of the head, and placed each in a characteristic pose. The Premier, for example, attired in a court dress, and wearing the ribbon of the Garter, sits easily back in his chair, with his right leg thrown over his left knee, and his arms folded. The head is turned slightly to the right, the eyelids droop, and the whole pose, as well as the features, indicates reserved power combined with temporary dreaminess, and shows, in short, the man in one of those apparently abstracted moods so characteristic of him when he sat in the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, has a resolute and laborious air as he sits, open-throated in his shirt-sleeves, on the stump of a felled tree, his right palm resting on his right knee, and his left on the end of the haft of his American axe, while the eyes in his well-poised head, which is turned slightly to the left, look straight on, calm and assured. The mouth, perhaps the most remarkable feature in Mr. Gladstone's face, inasmuch as it betrays with more than ordinary frankness the compound nature which he, in common with us all, inherits from our father Adam, shows its more spiritual sweep of line, and is consequently closed. The head is undoubtedly a fine one, and would impress itself on the mind even of a stranger who had never seen the original. These statuettes are about two and a half feet high, and will doubtless become as popular as the sculptor's 'Marie Antoinette,' of which reduced copies in silvered bronze are now to be seen in Paris, and at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, New Bond Street. Lord Gower himself has started for Rome to renew his acquaintance with the masterpieces of the Renaissance and of the antique world.

MISS ELIZA TURCK'S DRAWINGS.—This young lady, whose work we have frequently had occasion to praise in the pages of the *Art Journal*, has just returned from Brittany with thirty fine water-colour drawings, the fruits of her sojourn in that highly interesting and picturesque region. The drawings are on view in Maddox Street, at the gallery of Mr. Rogers, the famous wood carver, and son of a still more famous sire. They consist of sea-pieces, landscapes, individual natural objects, and street views. Among the first we would name 'Beach at Perros

Guirrec' (1), 'Sardine Fleet coming in, Audierne' (13), and 'Rocks at Ploumanach' (16). The landscapes are represented by such drawings as 'Mill at Kermario' (2), 'Château of Josselin' (19), and 'Roman Road at Carnac' (4). Individual objects of interest, in which Brittany is so rich, are represented by such drawings as the 'Old Cross on Mount St. Michel, Carnac' (8), the grand old Celtic stone called 'The Colonel' (7), at Le Meunec, and various other Celtic stones at Kermario. Our last division, consisting of architectural subjects, is remarkable for a judicious choice of view, and for the appropriate way in which she peoples her street or village. 'From the Bridge, Quimperlé' (29), for example, we see boys fishing; in the view 'At Lannion' (34) we catch a glimpse of a smith's forge, and in the 'Rue St. Melaine, Morlaix' (26), and in the 'Viaduct at Morlaix,' we see groups of people all characteristically employed. In Nos. 22 and 24 Miss Turck shows a slight tendency to blackness; but generally speaking her colouring is close to nature and full of tender greys, especially in the sky, while her touch is broad, free, and Cox-like. Altogether Miss Turck has much improved her practice by her visit to Brittany.

THE portrait of the late Samuel Phelps, the tragedian, painted by his pupil, Johnston Forbes-Robertson, and bought by the Garrick Club, has been placed in the hands of Mr. C. P. Slocombe for etching, and will be published by the Fine Art Society, New Bond Street.

MESSRS. G. ROWNEY & Co. have published another chromolithograph from a drawing by Birket Foster. Nothing can issue from the Art press so thoroughly welcome. It is a work of great beauty and of universal interest, and is a most successful example of the art; so much so, indeed, as to be almost as desirable as would be the costly original. We hardly envy its possessor, for this copy delights us as much. The picture is of a young girl feeding chickens under the shadow of a group of graceful trees—nothing more; but that is enough. There is no work of the admirable master calculated to give greater pleasure; it contents the many while satisfying the few, for it is a valuable production of the purest and best Art. Messrs. Rowney continue with good effect their series of crayon studies: studies of animals have been lately added. It would be difficult to find so easily attainable a collection of teachers; they teach all the student ought to learn, can never teach him or her wrong, and may be described as profitable pleasures.

ART PUBLICATIONS.

MR. J. COMYNS CARR has for some time had a high reputation in artistic and literary circles as an intelligent and painstaking writer upon Art and artists; and our own pages have within the last few years borne witness to his sound and judicious criticisms. He has now gathered together in a single modest-sized volume a number of his papers, most of which have already appeared in various serial publications.* For example, the six essays on the Drawings by the Old Masters in the British Museum originally appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and a portion of the paper on George Cruikshank is reprinted from the *Saturday Review*. The first essay in the volume is devoted to the consideration of the "Artistic Spirit in Modern English Poetry," and here Keats is brought forward as a prominent example. "Out of the company of poets who gave a voice to the early years of the present century, there is only one who has touched with any influence the chord that keeps poetry in sympathy with Art. The genius of Keats promised so much, that we are apt to forget that the achievement also was great, and, in regret for

what was lost to us, to undervalue the strength and beauty of what was actually given." It was, then, at the beginning of the present century that poetry "found itself suddenly confronted with new and untried problems; its world became extended both in fact and spirit, and many emotions that as yet had hardly found their place in actual life, pressed urgently for the utterance of verse." These remarks evidently apply to Art as expressed in forms, whether sculpture or figure painting; the poetry of nature, as shown in landscapes, finds no voice in Mr. Carr's comments, and this is scarcely to be wondered at, since the works of the leading landscape painters of our early school, Gainsborough, Wilson, George Barret, and others, evidence but little poetical feeling, however admirable may be their compositions, and however artistically put on canvas.

There is an essay of which the subject is the eccentric William Blake, poet, painter, and spiritualist. "It has been said that, although Blake strove to raise Art to the ideal level of poetry, he was not forgetful of the particular conditions that control the artist, and that he was never tempted to leave the images of the one as vague as those of the other. It would be more correct to say that in Blake's nature the artistic sense was morbidly

* "Essays on Art." By J. Comyns Carr. Published by Smith, Elder & Co., London.

developed. It was not merely that he was able to translate grand and sublime thoughts into the language appropriate to Art, but that he scarcely possessed the power of apprehending them in any other way." Mr. Carr writes of Blake only as an artist; but he says "it would have been easy to have discussed at equal length his qualities as a poet, but both praise and criticism of Blake's poetry have been anticipated" in the writings of Mr. Swinburne and Mr. William Rossetti.

Our space precludes allusion to the essays on the Drawings by the Old Masters, as well as to the four others on Corot and Millet, F. Walker, Cruikshank, and "three English sculptors," Flaxman, Gibson, and Stevens, the sculptor of the Wellington monument. All that need be said in conclusion is, that the whole of these essays well deserve to be rescued, as they are in this volume, from the oblivion to which they would naturally be assigned had they appeared only in the publications that first gave them birth.

THIS is a book,* not for the many, but the few; a costly book, produced without regard to expense; one of a class that cannot be expected to "pay;" a veritable labour of love; the work of an enthusiastic mind, regardless of toil if it may be a contribution to antiquarian literature, and rescue from oblivion rare contributions to Art that have long been obscured and all but obliterated by time. An octavo accompanied by a folio: each contains several quaint chromo copies of subjects on the chancel screen of Plymtree Church. A long letterpress history relates all that is, or can be, known on the subject; and out of very scant and confused material the indefatigable and patriotic rector has produced a book full of deep interest not only to the antiquarian, but the general reader. To go fully into details would far exceed our space; the writer must be content to receive at our hands warm and grateful congratulations that he has done so much with so little, and rescued from oblivion names that are entitled to high honour and to intense gratitude for work upon the issue of which much depended for the after-good of all humankind—a posterity yet to come as well as that which has lived and moved and has had being since early in the fifteenth century.

Perhaps not one reader in a thousand is acquainted even with the name of Cardinal Morton; yet he was a prime mover in the earlier progress of reforming times. What he did, and the grand results that followed what he did, will be found recorded in these pages. The Art illustrations—fac-similes—are marvellous things considering the age in which they were painted. If rude, they are true Art—no doubt veritable portraits, of great use to artists, who will resort to a period very fertile of fruit to historic Art decorators, while of large interest to future historians. The author of this remarkable work must, as we have intimated, be content with the applause of a "select few," and with the knowledge that he has achieved a high purpose that brings lofty though not large renown.

It is doubtful whether Milton in these degenerate days would find many readers were he now to have published his mighty poems. An epic poem is indeed a trial of genius from which few can come out victorious; but lovers of the gentle muse of poetry will doubtless pass a pleasant hour and more in perusing this "Epic of Hades,"† and the author has been most fortunate in his illustrator. The seventeen designs are gems of drawing and conception, and the mezzotint is admirably adapted to the style of drawing and subject. This is truly a charming addition to the literary table. It is seldom one sees figure illustrations of

such graceful and powerful beauty, and so thoroughly in sympathy with the visionary subjects of the author.

It is exceedingly gratifying to know that Mr. McLean is encouraged to produce from time to time examples of Art of the highest character; that there are a sufficient number of collectors and connoisseurs to justify their publication; and that thus, in a great degree, is sustained the loftier character of Art. The print before us, from a fine portrait of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire in her life prime, is engraved by Samuel Cousins from the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds. It is a charming and impressive copy of a graceful and lovely woman; that alone would suffice to recommend it; but it is also a master work of the engraver. While such productions are patronised (and they must be so, or they would be discontinued) and made profitable to the producers, Art in England will be upheld; and while we wish Mr. McLean all possible success, we rejoice that he thus supplies evidence of the fact that there are many who will have at any cost that which is truly excellent.

A MOST interesting account of a most interesting man's wanderings comes again before us under the editorship of the well-known naturalist, the Rev. J. G. Wood. Those who have read the "Wanderings in South America" * will find, on taking up this new edition, that much matter has been added. There is a biographical account of the celebrated traveller, well born and well bred, who has given his recollections to his fellow-men, to instruct some, and to invite others to follow in his footsteps; and where, in the original treatise, the "stay-at-home" was much puzzled by the continual mention of birds, beasts, and fishes, whose names gave him no clue as to what kingdom, whether beast or fish, they belonged, he has found, in the comprehensive index compiled by Mr. Wood, information as to "every single living creature or tree mentioned by Waterton." This portion in itself is sufficient to make the book popular, and to constitute, as Mr. Wood suggests, a central brilliant, around which are arranged jewels of inferior value, which set off the beauty of the principal gem.

Born in 1782, young Waterton at an early age showed his inclination towards wandering and natural-history studies. Many were the scrapes he got into while indulging his natural propensity. Fortunately he had wise teachers and governors, who guided his peculiar powers into congenial channels, and his after-years of wandering bore the fruit of research and information on most valuable subjects, alike interesting to professional and amateur. The illustrations of birds and trees, implements, &c., of the strange land are well executed, and altogether Mr. Wood may be sincerely congratulated on the work he has given this year to the public.

THE Rev. Charles Bullock, editor of one of the very best of the cheap serials, *Hand and Heart*, who is always striving to do good, and to do it well, has issued an excellent volume, capitally printed, bound, and illustrated—a memorial of the admirable Princess Alice, a lady whose loss has been universally lamented.† It is charmingly written, with intense love for the theme, yet without exaggeration. Though published at small cost, it is a book of great worth.

THE 'Battle of Trafalgar.' In reviewing these interesting pictures last month we omitted to state that they are exhibiting by Mr. McLean in the Haymarket. They will ere long be engraved, or rather etched, and published. It is worthy of note that among the many who have visited the exhibition there have been several who were present at the battle of Trafalgar in 1805—nearly seventy-five years ago.

* "Henry VII., Prince Arthur, and Cardinal Morton, from a group representing the Adoration of the Three Kings, in the Chancel Screen of Plymtree Church, in the County of Devon. With an Appendix containing a Notice of Nicholas Monk, Rector of Plymtree, John Lance, &c." London: printed for T. Morley, Rector of Plymtree, to accompany the presentation copies, by R. Clay, Sons, and Taylor, Bread Street Hill.

† "The Epic of Hades." In Three Books. By the Author of "Songs of Two Worlds," "Given," &c. With Seventeen Designs in Photo-mezzotint. By George R. Chapman. Published by C. Kegan, Paul & Co., Paternoster Square.

* "Wanderings in South America." By Charles Waterton, Esq. New Edition, edited by the Rev. J. G. Wood. With One Hundred Illustrations. Published by Macmillan & Co.

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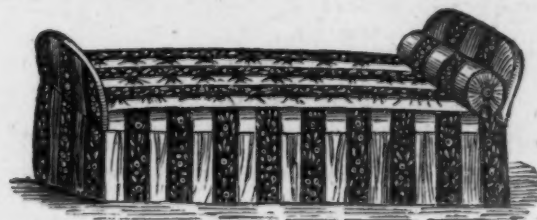
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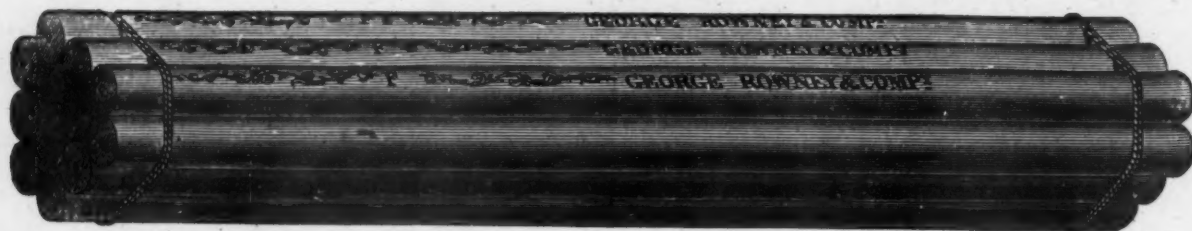
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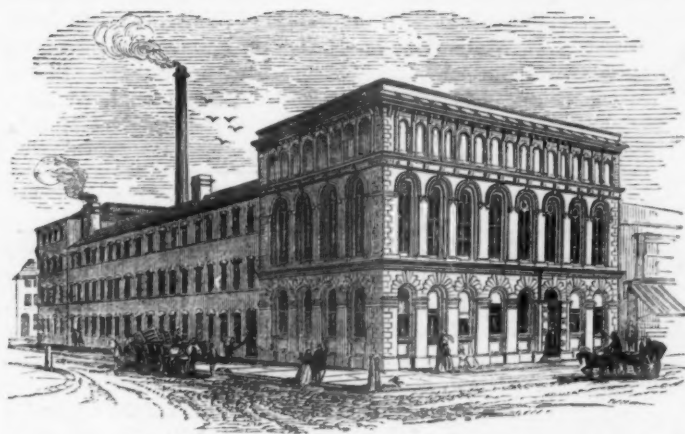
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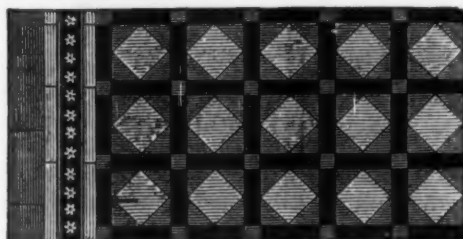
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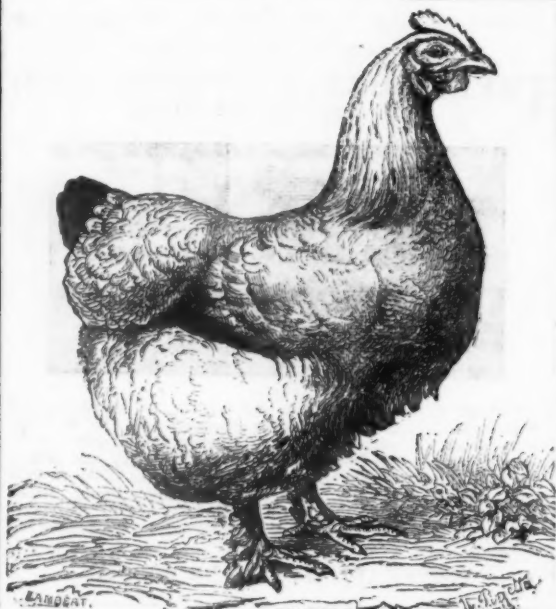
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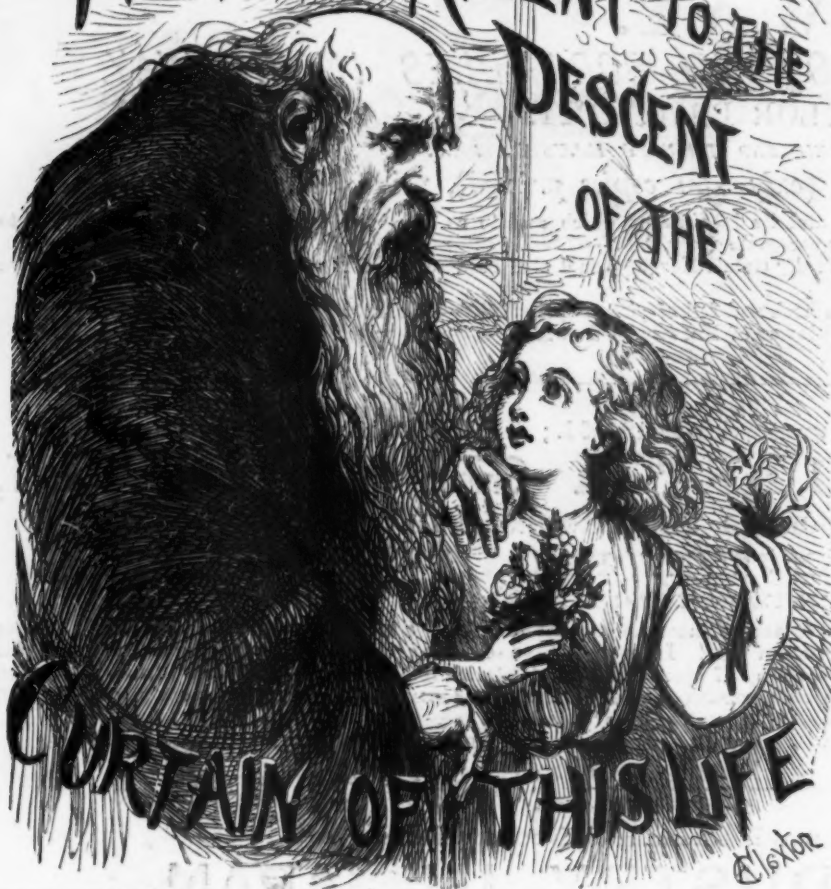
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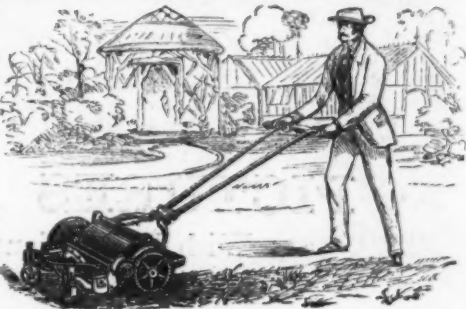
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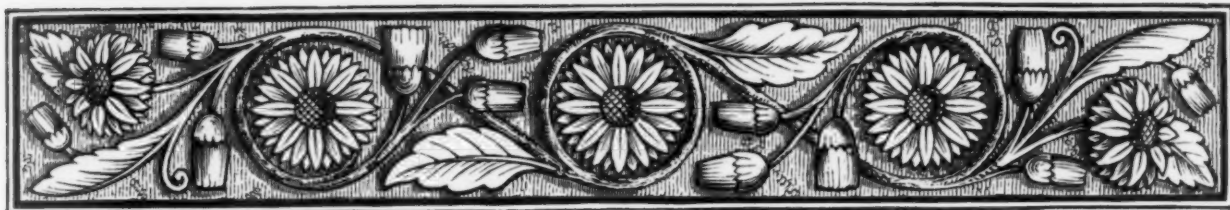
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KNOWLEDGE of human nature has not yet been reduced to the form of a catechism. But a sort of oral law, which at some future day may be so crystallized into artificial form, is to be picked up from many a pithy fable or proverb in which the wise observance of our ancestors treasured their stores of worldly wisdom. Not

the least instructive among these wise saws is the apothegm that lookers on often see more of the game than those who are playing. A very apt illustration of the truth of this proverb has been furnished by a series of resolutions passed at a meeting of about two hundred ladies and gentlemen, described as interested in artistic copyright, which was held at the Grosvenor Gallery on the 1st of February.

It is rather to the language of the speakers than to the exact form of the resolutions passed that we must look to see what, in the name of the artists of this country, these ladies and gentlemen advocate, including, as they do, in their number deservedly distinguished artists. The working classes of England, as a rule, have been lately induced to set before themselves certain definite objects, the attainment of which would prove most injurious, if not fatal, to the industry of the country. We regret to see painters and sculptors about to follow so bad an example, and to engage in a cheerful effort to saw off the branch of the tree on which they are perched.

The subject of copyright is wide and complicated. Complication is a necessary result of the artificial character of the right, or property, thus designated, which, like the right absolutely to dispose of property by will, is purely of legal creation. The first assumption, the mother idea, that underlies the whole question is, that a man has a right to do as he will with the work of his own hand. As society becomes more involved in its mutual relations, and as intellectual labour assumes its due preponderance over labour that is merely or chiefly manual, this claim of right is extended to the work of the brain. That it cannot, of its own nature, be an absolute and definite right, is clear, from the reflection that if it were, no one would be at liberty to repeat a joke that fell from another man's lips without the permission of the joker. Certainly there are *mots* now afloat in the world which may be regarded as artistic productions of a very high order.

Into this large general question, however, it is not needful here to enter. Of the likelihood that that phase of the subject which is of most importance to a very large class of original producers in this country, the piratical copying of their works on the other side of the Atlantic, is likely to receive some amelioration, we are happy to see some indications. Now that shark has begun to prey upon shark, it is probable that some law for regulating the fisheries may be established by the sharks themselves, even in pure self-defence. But the question of copyright in a painting or statue is something very different from that of copyright in a book. A book, though clothing (sometimes, at least) an idea, and representing the outcome of labour, is copied by so purely mechanical a process that reproduction is simply matter of pounds, shillings, and pence. Nothing of the kind can be said as regards a picture.

A picture, once produced by an artist, is not an idea presented to the world by mechanical appliances. It is, or should be, an idea clothed with visible form by its originator. Very often

indeed—always, it may be said, in the case of the highest Art—the picture or the statue is less satisfactory to the artist himself than it is to any other competent judge. Deeply as it may strike the imagination of the spectator, it can be but a shadow of the idea of the artist, if he be one worthy of the title. But once produced, it is an entity, an individuality, a matter to be dealt with, not by abstract propositions, but as definite matter of fact.

The picture, then, is a property. It is, in the first instance, the property of the artist; and so thoroughly is this the case, that even if it be painted on the canvas or the panel of another man, that man has no right to any more than the value of his canvas or panel. The grave, and often quaint, dignity of the law has thus rendered homage of an unmistakable kind to the supremacy of the artist's imagination.

Being, then, a property, a picture is, like other property, saleable. It is to the interest of the artist that it should be as freely and readily saleable as possible. Anything that interferes with that direct freedom of sale is, in point of fact, a tax on the artist. Anything that interferes with the prompt exchange, by handing over bodily, or by transferring by the agency of writing, a picture in exchange for a cheque, bank note, or engagement to pay a definite sum, is a disadvantage to the painter. "I will give you £500 for that picture," says a wealthy purchaser in the first glow of his admiration. "You can take it home in your carriage," replies the artist. The bargain is struck; it only remains to hand over the money. But interpose some such annoying condition as nowhere else exists—such, for example, as a compulsory registration of the sale—how much room does it allow for a slip between the cup and the lip! The registration of the sale, the lawyers would then find, is required by law. That, then, is the essence of the sale. "Mr. Cræsus changed his mind before the registration was effected. He did not care to take the trouble. He did not like the picture so much on second thoughts; he had seen one he liked better since. He returns you your property, and hopes he has caused you no inconvenience." Free, prompt, and ready sale is the great requirement of the producer, and he will soon find that those are no friends of his who would interpose even an hour's delay in the striking of a bargain.

Next, sale must be real. It must not be a kind of perpetual lease—a transfer of nine-tenths or five-tenths of the ownership. This, of course, may be done if both parties require it, just as any form of special contract may be passed. But it must not be left as an open question. No derogation from the ownership of the purchaser can be artificially made inherent in the picture without diminishing its selling value. Not only is this the case as matter of abstract principle, but the slightest attempt to trace the working out of such a theory is enough to show its impracticability.

It is proposed, by those who passed the resolutions referred to, that, unless specially contracted out of the case, the right to make or to sell copies of every picture shall remain in the artist. On the same principle, if a man built an especially beautiful house, or constructed a specially commodious carriage, no one must copy it without leave! But, apart from this, how would the new law work? At the end of an exhibition, let us say, Mr. Cræsus paid the visit above mentioned to the studio of the artist, and carried home his landscape or his bit of *genre*.

Next day he starts for Geneva or for Naples, and meeting a friend going up the Nile, is unexpectedly absent for nearly a twelvemonth from England. It so chances, however, that the news of the sale, or the occurrence of some event which the picture illustrates, turns public attention that way. An enterprising engraver sees his way to make a hit. He offers the artist £100 for the right to engrave his picture. What is the latter to do? Is he to enter the gallery or the locked-up store-room of the purchaser by the aid of the law, and to take away the picture for the purpose of engraving? Or is he to wait till the purchaser comes home, and then sue him for the £100 which he has lost by not having the picture engraved when there was a demand? Or is the purchaser, when he returns to London, to find the picture which he purchased, it may be, for some special reason—some expression or attitude that recalled a loved face, some glimpse of scenery that spoke a poem in secret to his own heart—grinning at him in black and white in every engraver's window? So materially would the selling value of pictures be diminished by any such unprecedented legislation, that the law would at once become a dead letter. No purchase would be made except on express terms of including copyright. The utmost that the artist could hope for would be to be no worse off than he is at present.

We are aware that there are many persons who do not feel, or who profess not to feel, any charm in exclusive possession. "Engrave it as often as you like," such a man may say; "it doesn't hurt my picture: the better it is known, the more I shall be pleased." But without offering any opinion as to which view of the case is preferable, it is certain that this is not the opinion of everybody, probably not that of the majority. Domestic life itself is sanctified by the doctrine of exclusive right. One of the charms of the home fireside is, that it is not exposed behind a shop window. To many persons the unique copy of a book, an engraving, a letter, still more a picture, has a value mainly dependent on that one quality of being uncopied. And when it is remembered how any copy, whether in colour, in engraving,

or by photography, differs from the original, and how generally that difference is in deterioration and not in improvement, there can be little doubt that to nine persons out of ten the fact that some one else would have the right to copy, to engrave, to photograph, and to vulgarise a picture, would be enough to prevent them from offering very much for the remaining share of the ownership.

With respect to *replicas*—the only real difficulty—the case is simplified by this mode of regarding it. What is a replica? Is it a copy or not? If it be, it cannot be made without use of the original. The question thus falls to the ground. The owner refuses to lend it; the replica cannot be made. Is it the case, on the other hand, that the painting is but one representation of a model or ideal ever present to the artist, as in the instance of Lady Hamilton and of Romney? Who is to limit the range of the pencil? Should Raphael have been prohibited from painting the Infant of the Sistine Madonna, because he had before painted the Divine Child in the arms of the Garvagh Madonna? The question answers itself. It would, indeed, be open to a purchaser to say, "I take this on the honourable understanding that you will not reproduce it." To that the matter is reduced. The cases would be extremely few in which there would be even a chance of a replica without the artist were in possession of the original.

There cannot, we hold, be any real doubt on the matter. It is to the interest of the artist that pictures should not be invested by law with any fictitious character that might prejudice their sale. While freedom of contract is open to every one, simplicity of transfer is the first condition of freedom of sale. Those who would attempt to controvert this natural law are no friends of the artist.

F. R. C.

[It may be necessary for us to recur to this subject—one of the very deepest importance to the future of British Art, to Art all over the world, and for all time.]

CHRISTIAN ART IN THE EXHIBITION.—PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.*

PART II.

ENGLAND has brought Poynter's well-known and grand 'Israel in Egypt'; Riviere's 'Daniel in the Lions' Den'; Sir Noel Paton's 'Good Shepherd,' belonging to her Majesty; and last, not least, Marks' beautiful 'St. Francis and the Birds,' which, with one or two others, are as goodly a contribution as one might desire; far above Denmark, where a 'Wedding Feast' is of so mundane an aspect that one often hears passers-by ask, when looking at the figure of our Lord, "Who is that Roman Senator?" ransacking their memories to find the scene in ancient Roman history. Holland, a slave to realism as of old, has not sent one religious subject; the United States one large but very mediocre 'Pharisee and Publican,' though its inferiority is somewhat redeemed by a little painting entitled, 'Sunday Morning in Virginia'; while Sweden has a 'Jephthah's Daughter' and 'Adam and Eve,' and Italy one pretty scene, 'The Viaticum,' a priest carrying the Host through corn-fields, followed by devout peasants.

Strange as it may seem, remembering the mass of pictures in the French *salles* from which every modest eye must turn away, and which always remind us of the celebrated excuse made by the late saintly Curé of the Madeleine, since murdered by the Communists, when, on leaving an evening christening party abruptly, he said, "Madame, on m'a chassé par les épaules;" strange, therefore, as it seems, it is France, nevertheless, which offers us the largest collection of religious paintings, and, except

Austria, almost alone those which can be strictly called devotional. In fact, in all branches of Christian Art France reigns supreme, betraying a vitality and energy which produce blossom, fruit, and flowers beyond any other nation. At the same time it requires patience to discover them, for a holy subject is often overlooked from its position, regardless of the commonest laws of propriety, between two subjects so offensive to modesty, that, as we have said, a refined mind involuntarily turns away. Certes, as seen in this Exhibition, French Art of the present day, though carrying away the palm in drawing and diversity of imagination, is false to its mission of elevating and purifying—pandering to low tastes, teaching the love of blood and brutality, and offering poison rather than wholesome food to the crowds which throng those rooms. Under these circumstances, it is a pity that the sacred were not separated from the profane, as was originally suggested, for then they could have been examined tranquilly, and would have been found numerous and excelling, whereas with the present arrangements it becomes a matter of intricate difficulty to discern them.

Massed in one corner, however, are the best of the devotional school—five by Bouguereau: 'Vierge Consolatrice,' 'Pieta,' 'Blessed Virgin, Divine Infant, and St. John,' a 'Charity,' and 'Soul carried to Heaven,' suggestive of 'Ste. Catherine borne to Mount Sinai,' but most poetic and beautiful. The technical portion of his work is open to little criticism, unless that of over-finish or "over-cleanliness," as some call it, but which, beside so much elsewhere that is crude and hasty, ought to be matter of praise;

* Continued from page 63.

and it has, in fact, earned for him the gold medal on this occasion. His distinguishing characteristic, however, is that piety of sentiment and purity of expression of which there are so few specimens nowadays. His 'Vierge Consolatrice' might perhaps be somewhat more spiritual and Fra Angelico-esque; still she is full of tenderness, of heaven-born resignation, and of sympathy with poor suffering humanity. The picture unhappily contains one fatal blot which a Christian artist should have avoided—the dead child flung on the pavement right in front, and needlessly so, for the story could have been told equally well had it been differently placed, without offending the commonest laws of modesty, and even the simplest good taste. A striking instance it is of the demoralising influence of modern times, when the desire to exhibit his skill in drawing can thus blunt the perceptions of a religious painter. He here represents a mother who, in an agony of despair at the loss of her child, has thrown herself across the lap of the Virgin, while she, sympathy expressed in every feature, yet knowing that words cannot help, permits the outburst of grief to flow unchecked, simply raising her hands silently to heaven, as if to draw down on the afflicted woman the only consolation which can avail. Neither in form, attitude, nor expression is there a trace of the theatrical, the effect being in the contrast between the passionate human grief, red swollen eyes, and exhausted form of the one, and the tranquil figure of the latter, veiled in black, and a model of resignation, showing in every look, at the same time, that she too has gone through sorrow, and sorrow even greater than this. It is a powerful painting, one that impresses itself on the mind, and is capable of recurring in moments of severe trial, which renders the offensive obtrusion of the dead child all the more to be regretted. Of the same type are his other productions, his children always beautiful, innocent, tender, and heavenly; but as we have said, and probably from some unconscious influence of the present French school, his Madonnas are less spiritual and more earthly than our ideal, and leave one unsatisfied as to their essentially spiritual nature. A 'Dead Christ' by Henner is also fine both in feeling and colour.

Of more ambitious size, but also of lofty type, is Monchablon's 'Moses laid in a Cavern by Angels,' St. Michael guarding the entrance—a grand conception, with the grouping above the average. His four Evangelists, the property of a seminary, are likewise fine, and put him in the front rank of Christian artists. In this category we must also place Doré, his well-known 'Christian Martyrs in the Coliseum' being here one of the most poetic and beautiful of the French school.

Not so Bonnat, the great portrait painter, whose 'Crucifixion,' for the Palais de Justice (in France the Courts of Justice have retained this old Christian custom), is a masterpiece of artistic skill as to anatomy and treatment of the flesh, the "grammar of Art," as it is called, but is totally devoid of the divine element—a remark applicable to two other Crucifixions in the same section. That Bonnat was not penetrated with the spirit of his subject is clear by comparing it with his portrait of Thiers, not far off, where he seems to have entered into the mind of his model and made it live, nay, almost speak once more. This, too, is the case even with his female portraits, which cover these walls in such numbers, proving, therefore, that something more subtle than mere Art is necessary to form a Christian painter, whence no doubt their marvellous scarcity. Bonnat, however, exhibits a 'St. Vincent de Paul taking the Place of a Galley Slave,' which is not unworthy of his name, especially when seen beside a 'Death of St. Monica' and 'Baptism of St. Augustine,' by Maillard, both in every particular, except drawing, of the lowest standard. On the other hand, amidst many unsatisfactory "fields of canvas" destined for French churches and public buildings are some beautiful pencil drawings and cartoons by Signol and Maillot; while Cabanel's large and long 'Life of St. Louis' is amongst the most noble in type, though cold in colouring, in this collection. Cabanel, a rival of Bouguereau, is also a prolific and spiritual painter, but his 'Absalom and Tamar' makes one fear that he too cannot escape the contamination of modern French influence.

Of this influence, however, there are many shades and degrees, and the most pernicious certainly is that which induces artists to select scenes the most revolting, without the excuse of illustrating any useful or elevating lesson in sacred history, such as 'Nero's Living Torches' or the like, but simply as affording scope for that display of anatomy and of the nude on which modern, but above all French, artists set so high a value. Of this description there are three most repulsive paintings in the French section of the Exhibition: 'Rizpah driving off the Eagles from the Bodies of her Dead Sons,' grand in drawing, as nearly all French paintings now are, and in ferocity of expression, but painful without any corresponding equivalents; 'St. Sebastian showing his Wounds to the Emperor Maximianus;' and the 'Stoning of St. Stephen,' by Lehoux, grotesque as much as savage, and of the Glaize-Regnault school, which accustoms the public to the sight of horrors, without any moral, and blunts their finest feelings.

(To be continued.)

JAPANESE DECORATIVE ART.

IT is scarcely twenty years ago since Japanese Art was first recognised by England. In 1858 the first lacquer-work and china jars were brought over by the *Calcutta*. Such wares as these were valued from the beginning, but for some time the term "Japanese," as applied to pictorial Art, was one of ridicule, our ideas with regard to it being derived from figure and landscape painting. Then there came the "rage" for everything of the kind; people tried to blind themselves to all defects, and admired any object called Japanese, as they do all those called "Queen Anne," because it is the fashion. Some ladies even prided themselves on having rather a Japanese appearance, and adapting their hair and dress accordingly. The "rage" is cooling down, but our shops and cabinets are full of Japanese articles. The public cannot discriminate between what is beautiful and what is ludicrous and unnatural. We are called upon to admire wry-faced women and swollen old men, to go into ecstasies over rows of little *netsukes*, wonderfully carved, indeed, and in some instances of mythological and historical interest, but hardly worthy of being treated and talked of as if they were the works of a Greek sculptor.

The exhibition of Japanese and Chinese works of Art at the Burlington Fine Arts Club has shown how far Japanese Art is really valuable and worthy of careful study. The gallery contained a wonderful collection of jade, china, netsukes, bronzes, and enamel works, with which English people are becoming tolerably well acquainted, owing to various exhibitions. Representatives of China and Japan who are now in England may be reasonably proud of this collection, and we believe that some of them assisted in its arrangement, and translated the inscriptions which are in the catalogue.

On the walls of the gallery and library were hung modern decorative drawings, the most interesting having been brought from Japan, where he resided a year, by Mr. E. Dillon; and he gives them an additional interest by sometimes letting us know the name of the artist and the date when the picture was drawn, making us long to know still more of the lives and minds of the men who loved Nature so well in some of her phases. By his able "Introduction," Mr. Dillon assists the student to a just appreciation of the collection.

No description can do justice to the clever, simple treatment

THE LAND OF EGYPT.*

BY EDWARD THOMAS ROGERS, ESQ., LATE H.M. CONSUL AT CAIRO, AND HIS SISTER, MARY ELIZA ROGERS.

THE DRAWINGS BY GEORGE L. SEYMOUR.

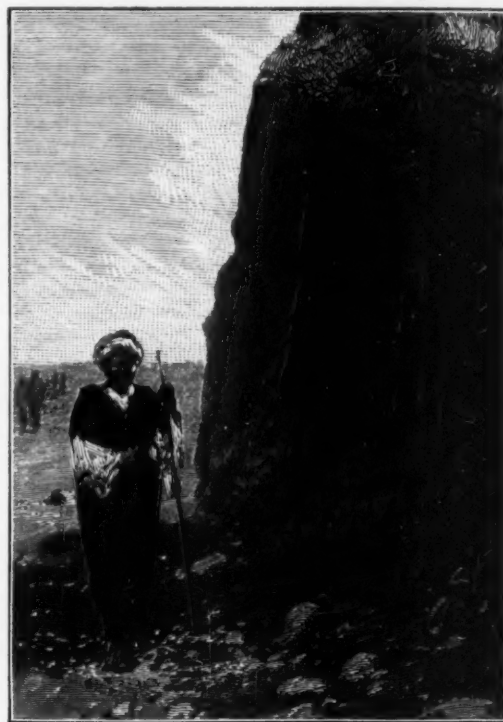
CHAPTER V.

*Entrance to Fountain in Mosque Taloon, Cairo.*

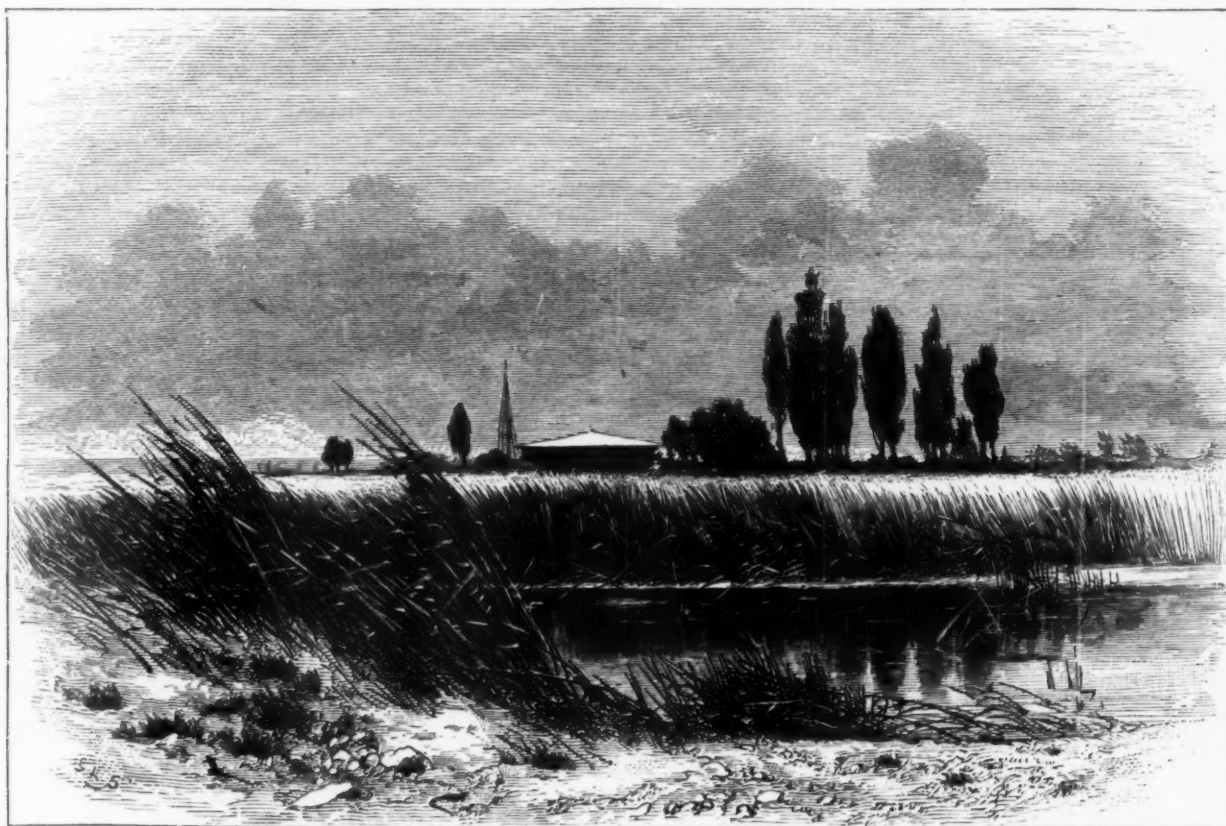
ANY days before the commencement of the great fair at Tintah there are signs of preparation for it. All the fields and open spaces in and around the town are occupied by tents belonging to certain district or village sheikhs and their followers, to sects of dervishes and numerous guilds, every one of whom knows the exact spot which custom has from time immemorial allotted to the encampment of his family or

retinue. Any infringement of this right is most jealously resented. Besides these temporary residences, there are streets of tents

for the sale of wares of every description, and on the outskirts of the fair are open spaces, surrounded by booths, for the sale of

*The Shadow of a Great Rock.*

horses, camels, oxen, and sheep. Another part is devoted to

*Sketch en route between Suez and Ismalia.*

the sale of wheat, barley, beans, and other produce. Formerly

a brisk trade in slaves was carried on at this fair, but, under the enlightened rule of the present Khedive, this traffic has been suppressed.

* Continued from page 68.



EDWARD MATTHEW WARD, B.A.

ENGRAVED BY W. HUGHES FROM THE PORTRAIT BY G. R. HARRISON, R.S.A.

LONDON: JOHN WATKINS & CO. 1854.

To the greatest of the three annual fairs, that held in August, people flock from every part of Egypt, sometimes travelling for several weeks before reaching their destination. Whole families come together, jogging along the sultry roads, the women and children mounted on camels, others on donkeys, whilst some are walking, bringing with them perhaps all their household goods and chattels. The guilds arrive in processions, preceded by their respective banners and one or two musical instruments. Even when villagers are in the extremest poverty, and deep in debt, they still find the means of visiting this fair; they all seem to rejoice, and for a time to forget all their troubles, under the shadow of Seyyid-Ahmed-el-Bedawy.

During the daytime flies swarm and buzz to an extent hardly

to be conceived by those who have not been present at a place of concourse in Egypt during the summer. For this reason the evening is the best time for visiting the fair, and, moreover, the tents and shops are then brilliantly illuminated with lanterns, chandeliers, and cressets, and the whole place is teeming with life, the streets being so crowded that only very slow progress can be made.

In the tent of the Rafāi dervishes a *zīkr* is performed by members of the order. They wear no distinguishing dress, and belong mostly to the poor artisan class. They stand in a semi-circle, and ejaculate the name of "Allah! Allah!" at every movement of the body, which is swayed from side to side. One seated near the sheikh chants in a melodious tone, and occa-



Prayer Time in a Mosque, Cairo.

sionally sings out a sentence in a higher key; and the ceremony is generally continued till some of the performers are utterly exhausted and fall down in a state of epilepsy.

In another tent the Maalawi dervishes, wearing their sugar-loaf felt hats and their bell-shaped weighted skirts, waltz steadily and persistently to the sound of a flute and kettle-drum. In another the Nakhabendi perform their peculiar *zīkr*, allowing their long waving hair to sweep the ground in front of them every time they bend forward to repeat the name of "Allah," and as they regain their upright position they utter a low groan.

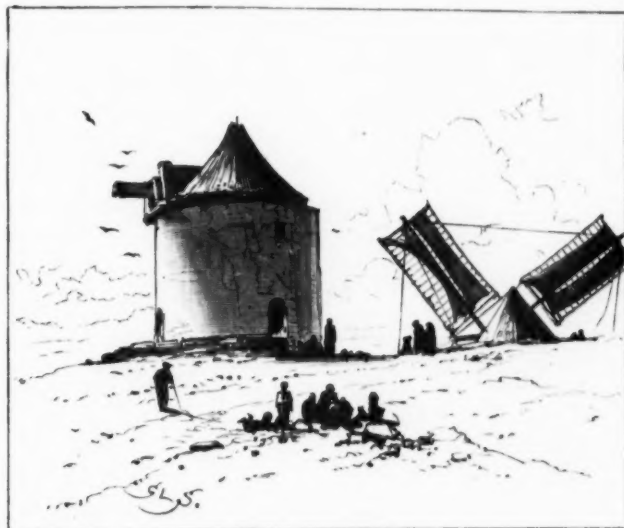
In the well-illuminated tents of the better class of village sheikhs notable visitors are entertained with pipes and coffee. In another, for admission to which a small fee is charged, a

band of Gallas from Abyssinia perform their war dance and their native music. One of these has hundreds of gazelle or goat hoofs suspended by thongs to his waist, and, as he wriggles to the time of the music, they rattle against each other, making a peculiar whizzing sound, *shrsh—shrsh!* Another plays on an Abyssinian harp, somewhat resembling a lyre, ornamented with ostrich feathers, and another on a curious drum, while their shouts and shrill cries, accompanied by wild gesticulations and panther-like bounds, form a remarkable chorus to the low monotonous song.

Stalls for the sale of dates, sweetmeats, nuts, confectionery, and roasted chick-peas abound everywhere, and are liberally patronised.

During this festival the native women are allowed a latitude in the use of their face veils, which would be considered quite indecorous at any other time of the year. Indeed, it is asserted

that even respectable women, following a custom of immense antiquity, abandon themselves to sacrifice on the altars of ancient mythological gods and goddesses whose names are no



Old Windmill, Cairo.

longer known to them. Dancing girls exhibit themselves in their most licentious gestures, and female singers attract the profligate by their voluptuous songs. Keepers of cafés vie with

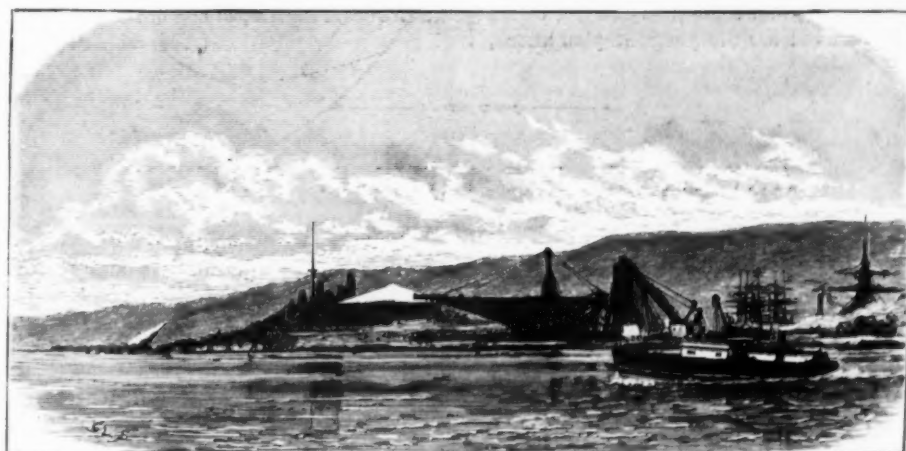
each other in obtaining the services of the most attractive members of these professions, and the nights are devoted to the most immoral orgies.



Interior of Basin, Dockyard, &c., Suez.

The procession on Friday is composed of a general gathering of all the officials and heads of the communities of dervishes, who repair to the mosque, and there attend the weekly prayer.

The saint's helmet and other supposed relics are exhibited by some of his descendants. A band of assumed pretenders to the inheritance attack those in possession, and a sham fight



Suez—Dredging Machine for Canal, and Terra Plain.

ensues. The procession includes a number of masqueraders, who mimic the officers of state and of justice in an exaggerated and humorous manner, simulating bribery and extortion, to the great amusement of the crowd.

On leaving Tintah the train still passes through richly cultivated land, and next stops at a village called Birket-es-Sab, on the bank of an important canal. During the short stay here it is amusing to watch the crowds of peasants, with their camels,

donkeys, sacks of produce, furniture, or other belongings, being ferried across the canal in a large flat-bottomed barge. This barge is moved to and fro by simply hauling on a strong rope, which is stretched across the canal, the ends being securely fastened to stakes on each bank.

Here at the station dirty, dusky little village children dance and sing to the occupants of the carriages, and vociferate loudly for backshish.

In about a quarter of an hour the Damietta branch of the Nile is crossed by an iron bridge, and then the train soon stops at the Benha station. Here is the junction of the branch line to

Suez, and the station is frequented by coquettish-looking peasant girls, who offer cold water in earthenware porous jars, fruit—especially oranges when in season—eggs, bread, &c., to the thirsty, dusty travellers. Near to this village are the ruins of the town of Athribis, where very interesting relics of the Ptolemaic period are found in the mounds of crumbling brick.

Soon after leaving Benha the train passes through the Kalioub district, and the scenery in every direction increases not only in interest, but in beauty. The mountains which enclose the Nile seem to rise higher and higher as the train rushes onwards, and the familiar outlines of the Pyramids of Gizeh are just discernible



Scraps from my Sketch Book.

in the south-west. The position of Cairo is discovered by the appearance, far away in the distance, of the Citadel and the great dome and graceful minarets of the Mosque of Mohammed Aly, crowning a rocky promontory of the Jebel Mokattam, which may be called the Acropolis of Cairo. On the left are villages, here and there made picturesque by groups of palm-trees, and villas, and one or two viceregal palaces, surrounded by large gardens; beyond these the sandy desert is seen extending to the horizon. On the right, beyond the Nile, the fertile plain is dotted with towns and villages to the foot of the Libyan hills, while near at hand are the pleasant plantations,

carefully cultivated gardens, and stately avenue of Shoubra. As the train glides on through this shady suburb, glimpses of the Pyramids are occasionally caught between the trees.

Arrived at the important station of Cairo, the traveller will see crowds of donkeys, donkey boys, and hackney carriages for hire, whilst a motley group of porters, interpreters, guides, and hotel touts eagerly press their services upon him. By one means or another he proceeds over the canal bridge on well-macadamised roads, across the tastefully arranged gardens of the Ezbekiah Square, to one of the several hotels.

(To be continued.)

ART NOTES FROM THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—His Highness the Maharajah of Johore, who lately visited Europe, has ordered that portraits of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales be painted and sent to him. They are meant to adorn the walls of the Istana at Johore, where a portrait of her Majesty the Queen is already placed: Mr. Tavernor Knott, of Edinburgh, painted the latter, and has received the commission for the others.

HULL.—Mr. W. Day Keyworth has just finished modelling a colossal statue of the late Alderman Bannister, of Hull, which will be erected in the Town-hall, and will form no unworthy companion to the other celebrities there from the same facile chisel. The bluff, generous alderman, with his massive features and amply bearded face, has about him an air of easy

suavity mingled with firmness and resolution, as he stands, thumb in waistcoat, the picture of a Christian Hercules. In the same studio will be found a three-quarter low relief of the gentle, poetic face of the late Rev. Edward Wonnacott, pastor of the Albion Congregational Chapel, Hull. It will form part of a monument to be erected to the memory of the gifted and eloquent preacher.

IPSWICH.—The Fine Art Exhibition has closed, the number of visitors having exceeded that of last year by about one thousand. The number of pictures sold is one hundred and sixty-two. The amount realised is over £600, exceeding that of any previous exhibition. The money will go this year towards the building a gallery for the future exhibitions.

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

IN deference to the commercial depression so widely spread over the country, and yet more to the loss of distinguished members of their own body sustained in the past year, the Academy did not hold the usual banquet. The fifty-third exhibition was inaugurated by simply extending the privilege of private view to a large number of their supporters and friends, and on the following day, February 1, the rooms were opened to the public.

Above one thousand works being admitted to the galleries, eight or nine hundred were left out in the cold—an alarming amount of rejections, which must give the thoughtful pause, while it is possible that some of the acceptances may have made the judicious grieve. On the first day the sum of £2,101 was realised by the sale of sixty pictures, and subsequently a great many purchases were made of the smaller works in oils and water colours. Generally speaking, the Scottish Academicians are adequately represented. The two last elected, T. Gavin and James Cassie, are liberal in their instalments; the former, besides other superior work, shows St. Andrew's Pier in a fresh gale, free and forcible; and the latter, loyal to his early proclivities, revels once more in swarthy Eastern life. 'The Moorish Garden' is very lovely with the tender light on its grey walls, and its bright-hued flowers flashing among the greenery where the maiden lingers. But Mr. Gavin's highest flight is 'Prayer in the Desert,' which is veritably a fine conception. The thorough *abandon* of the prostrate Arab figure, the patient camel standing meekly by, the rich sunset glow dying out far away in the west, the dreary expanse of the sandy wild, the perfect solitude and silence, all so suggestive of the spirit of devotion, appeal to the heart like sweet and solemn music. Considerable regret is expressed as year after year passes and no worthy work comes straight from the studio of Sir Noel Paton.

Premising that a few of the most noteworthy contributions are already of London celebrity, we gladly distinguish a fresh transcript from the studio of Alma-Tadema, which, in graceful recognition of his election to Honorary Membership in the Royal Scottish Academy, he here submits primarily to public inspection. 'After the Audience' is probably intended as a companion or continuation of the 'Audience at Agrippa's.' But though, like the former, in respect of technical quality, form, texture, and tint, every separate item is a marvel of finish and beauty, there is disappointment in the fact that we fail to discover the relative bearings of each upon each; and that while there are so many objects to admire singly, we miss the perspicuity which should piece them into one magnificent whole. Mosaic may be a succession of splendid studies, but we look for central unity on canvas. W. Lockart's 'Alnaschar' at once arrests the eye. The incident of the fable is admirably illustrated. The china merchant, just awakened from his high-flown dream of spurning the lovely princess, beholds with horror the ruin that one fling of his foot has occasioned to the basket on which hung all his hopes. And as the superb ware falls in glittering fragments to the ground, the situation receives an additional aroma from the look of quiet amusement with which a tailor seated on the same bench, and plying his needle on a rich Oriental stuff, silently regards the disaster. In R. Herdman's 'Charles Edward in the House of an Adherent' the cottager's family is naturally arranged, with sufficient expression devoid of exaggeration. The principal point is the disabled old man raising his bonnet, in lieu of his whole person, with amazing fervour of deference to his visitor.

Among Associates R. Gibb has always been distinguished by large aspirations. 'The Retreat from Moscow' is the boldest, as it is probably the most successful, flight he has yet attempted. The name suggests a theme demanding high powers. Similar in character with the preceding is W. B. Hole's 'End of the '45,' the figures in this case being limited to a handful of wretched-looking men, wearied, wounded, tat-

tered, who step uneasily along a muddy road, beneath a rainy, portentous sky. R. Alexander has caught the right tone in 'Barncleuth;' we mean that peculiar, stiff, stereotyped shape and mode to which the objects are clipped and squared in the original *locale*. It is abundantly Frenchified and fairly coloured. W. F. Vallance, of seascape proclivities, gives a beautiful impress of sunny June in his 'Day in the Lewis, Stornoway.' The long stretch of water, with the boats scattered far and near, is in fine perspective, and suggests the perfect repose of summer in that romantic portion of auld Caledonia. 'Autumn—on Yarrow' is a fair specimen of Beattie Brown's appreciative talent. Two pieces named respectively 'Bait Gatherers' and 'On a Whinnie Knowe,' are pleasing representations of sea and shingly beach, readily identified by the many good qualities, yet marred by the old mannerism of the artist, W. McTaggart, R.S.A. Waller Paton's landscapes, *malgré* the occasional over-vivid purple and crimson, are always welcome: in the 'Evening Sunshine, Black Mount,' we are startled at a first glance by the florid orange of the heavens; on more leisurely examination, however, we begin to feel acclimatized, as it were, to the atmospheric influence, and look with more favour upon this bold flight into a hazardous region. Nothing finer has come from this artist's studio than 'The Dhulochan, Forest of Mamore.'

We have a pleasing example of the German school in J. A. Master's 'Whisper.' An elegant girl inclines her ear to a courtly knight, and the bashful light in her face, coupled with the eager expectancy of his, leaves no doubt of the significance of the secret word. George Reid, besides portraits and two flower pieces, 'Marsh Marigolds' and 'Marguerites' in brilliant bloom, has a charming *morceau*, 'By the Wayside,' fit halting-place for the pilgrim in reverie to breathe the mountain air redolent of the yellow gorse. The 'Leo' of Gourlay Steell shows canine proportions, strength, and intelligence at their climax. The kingly animal reposes on his haunches in lordly state in a handsome chamber. The head is expressive of that stolid dignity that seems to say, "I am monarch of all I survey." Outside the Academy P. W. Adam, a young aspirant, takes us somewhat by surprise in 'The Ballad,' an interior of rare beauty. Five ladies, in rich variety of attire, are met in a boudoir; and while one discourses sweet melody at the piano, the others listen with look and attitude of more or less appreciation. The figures are happily posed in elegant leisure, and severally present studies of female costume lightly and delicately touched. Altogether the little scene is tasteful and harmonious, of which we do not wonder that the Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland at once made purchase. Of the several transcripts from the town of Amiens, we look with favour on J. M. Reid's 'Latest Scandal.' In the rendezvous of the Vegetable Market a female customer is regaling the itching ears of the shopwoman with some naughty story. The long narrow street is eminently picturesque, the rude stoneway and old houses are solid and truthful, carefully drawn, and mellow of colouring. A totally novel episode, hitherto unattempted, we believe, by brush, pencil, or pen, is D. Murray's 'Lily Harvest.' The mode in which the Uist women float about the *lochans*, supporting themselves by resting their hands on creels, while they loosen the flower roots (used for dyeing) with their feet, is an interesting and quite original scene, affording excellent scope for this artist's varied powers. 'The Light of the Dwelling,' R. Little, is more to be admired for the management of the "light" falling on the banisters of the antique staircase than for the *petit* figure that gives its name to the picture. The girl, appearing in strong relief against the dark oak wood, is insignificant and chalky of tint. The details are beautifully finished, and the flowering shrub in the foreground is exquisitely touched. A very young lady, M. Hope, gives true pictorial promise in 'The Squire's Daughter.' It is drawn with a steady hand, and the chiaroscuro is nearly perfect.

The presence of nearly two hundred works in water colour attest the growing favour of Art study through this medium. For example, J. B. Macdonald, R.S.A., confines his attention in the exhibition entirely to this style, and in 'The Vale of Athole' and 'The Bridge at Struan' asserts all the vigorous conception and decision of hand which distinguished his former works. Here, as usual, the contributors number many ladies, of whose efforts we may signalise Christina Ross's 'Old Cramond Bridge,' where the light under the arch is touched with delicate perception; 'Robin's Christmas Dinner,' Anne Edmonstone, carefully and sweetly conceived; Misses J. and Mary Frier; and Miss R. Macauley. Several portraits by President Sir D. Macnee grace the walls—'His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch,' 'Professor Balfour,' and specially a very striking counterpart of the late Sam

Bough. Norman Macbeth, Otto Leyde, and others are also fitly represented.

Scotland is not favourable to sculpture. Climate may have something to do with this, but, generally speaking, the material with which she deals is too severe for the popular taste; for if a relish for painting requires cultivation, much more does the sister art. There are a bust of the late Dr. Warburton Begbie, a thoughtful likeness, by Sir John Steell, R.S.A.; a handsome presentment, by W. B. Brodie, R.S.A., of R. Horn, Esq., late Dean of Faculty of Advocates; a full-length in marble, by C. McBryde, of 'Hero' holding the torch to guide her lover, modelled with grace and spirit; and 'An English Rose,' plaster model (G. Halse), a girl of bashful beauty, sweet and attractive, with the queen of flowers peeping from her hand.

GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.

THE Institute inaugurated its eighteenth exhibition on the 3rd of February by the customary *conversazione*. The chairman announced that as it was expected the halls in course of erection would be completed next year, this would be the last time the society would hold its meetings in the Corporation Galleries.

The collection numbers seven hundred and eleven works, the loans comprising, among others, an exquisite female head by Sir F. Leighton, a Boulogne peasant (Vallon), Pettie's 'Rob Roy,' Orchardson's 'Queen of the Swords,' Millais's 'Scotch Firs,' Tadema's 'Peep through the Trees,' and notably a 'Nocturne in Snow and Silver' by Whistler, at whose devoted head Mr. Ruskin was lately pleased to thunder his bitterest anathema. And sooth to say, were it not ungenerous to thrust at a fallen foe, we might be tempted to hint at the impossibility of making a picture without any visible objects, these being so delicately defined as to be scarcely perceptible. Songs without words may and do enchant the ear, but canvas without distinguishable impress can hardly be expected to delight the eye. Landscape, as usual, is in the ascendant, and on a first glance at the walls we are struck by the multitude of *small* works, the merest leaflets from the boundless book.

The costliest picture (as by the catalogue, £1,350) is Heilbuth's 'Garden of the Borghese Palace, Rome.' Delicate of handling, and of rich warm tone, we are presented with a section of southern luxuriance very delightful to contemplate. Amid the fairest possible surroundings, a titled seigneur holds converse with a lady (attended by her nurse and child) over a superb balustrade, while the gaily accoutred lackeys wait at a little distance, curiously observant of the interview. The glass covering we can scarcely deem an improvement. T. Williams exhibits two companion Venetian views, in which architecture has the principal place. The buildings are rendered softly, yet with precision, and there is a fine effect of light on the canal; but we miss the human element to give emphasis to the scene. Beautiful is 'The Mid-day Rest,' by R. C. Crawford. The corn-field stretches before us in meridian glow, whereon three reaper maidens, their labour suspended, have thrown themselves at ease in various picturesque attitudes. Sunburnt, light-hearted creatures, and very sweet withal, to whom this brief respite from toil is only a new form of enjoyment. The artist is a rising man, of whom more may be heard. 'Set a stout heart to a stey brae' is the title of an excellent piece by Duncan McLaurin. The horses dragging an enormous gnarled billet from the forest have come to a stiff acclivity, where nothing save strength and determination will avail, and the muscular energy and hearty co-operation of the animals, instinctively apprehending the situation, as seen in the resolute arching of the neck and vigorous lifting of the hoofs, are treated in masterly style. J. Henderson, of ocean repute, deserves great praise for 'The Waterfall,' where his deft mingling of the adjuncts has

literally transformed the dry material into the sparkling liquid element. We have seldom seen a cascade striking out over jagged rocks so perfectly fluid and transparent. Pursuing his favourite theme, J. Denovan Adam shows a powerful canvas, 'Landing Cattle from a Steamer;' and, as the oxen stray hither and thither amid the hubbub of the wharf, the characteristics evolved by scene and circumstance are admirably seized. W. Young's versatile talent is conspicuous in 'The Pass of Killiecrankie,' where he grasps successfully with the wild grandeur of the celebrated *locale*. His 'Yew-Tree Avenue' is beautifully toned; and specially does his 'Village Grocery,' where the mingling of tree and cottage, country and village life, is brightly and faithfully portrayed. A snow scene (J. D. Taylor) is a fine illustration of sheep 'Cowering in the Heuch,' where murky sky and snow-clad ground proclaim "it is winter fairly." A dubious subject turned to good account comes from R. Allan. The canal in which the 'Bathers' disport, with its gate in deep shadow and the flickering gleam on the housetops, scarce offers one point on which fancy may expatiate, and yet he has contrived to invest the whole with a subtle flavour of originality. True to his first promise, D. Murray meets us with meritorious work, and in a walk totally different from any preceding it. His 'Tarbert' is remarkable in many ways. That the scene must be partly composition we have no doubt, but do we quarrel with it on that score? Suffice that the *tout ensemble* is redolent of realism, dash, and dexterity. In front is the water, green, restless, and very *watery*, through which a long drove of ducks, in every stage of aquatic excitement, are scurrying in chase of a fish which dangles from a youngster's hook. Boats are floating about, and a few figures picturesquely scattered here and there; while beyond, the red-tiled houses, ranged in quaint irregularity, form an attractive background. The design is earnest, and the manipulation fearless. The sky might with advantage have been a little clearer. T. Donald, son of the late Milne Donald, and one who labours under the double disadvantage of being deaf and dumb, exhibits in 'Be-calmed' that lazy, heavy feeling engendered by the situation. The spectator enters at once, and pleasingly, into sympathy with the scene. W. B. Brown, whose fine picture, 'The Last of the Forest,' many will remember, introduces us to 'Abercorn Wood,' where the deep shadow of the trees shows in charming contrast with the rich mellow light in the horizon. Paul Martin has fallen into the error of making the principal point on his canvas subordinate to inferior objects: his 'The Lion's Mouth in the Palace of the Doges, Venice,' is nearly shut out by the full-length figures that usurp the foreground. A delicious suggestion of spring is the 'Oak Wood' of W. D. McKay. The sun-flicker through the emerald foliage is like a draught of cool water to a thirsty soul, and we catch the bird's song perched far aloft with a new gladness upon our spirit. 'The Last Load,' W. Leiper, evidences that freedom of hand always so desirable.

The atmospheric effect also is admirable. 'The Model,' a simple girl with a wealth of long dark hair, and holding a rose, is a sweet and graceful transcript by F. R. Stock. 'Prayer,' by A. Elmore, R.A., is a fine study of earnest aspiration Godward. The soul's devout attitude is beautifully expressed in the trustful light of the eyes.

Among continental contributors not hitherto mentioned, we thank F. Boser for the tender sentiment wrought out in his 'Early Sorrows.' The face is a page of serious sadness that, read at a glance, at once strikes the sympathetic chord. A touch of humour pervades A. Gaudefroy's 'Well Guarded.' A girl, knitting in hand, leans against a tree, closely environed by a flock of geese, while on the other side of the same tree a sportsman, game bag on his shoulder and gun in hand, vainly attempts to catch a glimpse of his neighbour's face. The damsel, aware of his proximity, peeps slyly in his direction, in hope to meet his attention. The situation is novel.

'Wait a wee,' T. McEwan, an old wife blowing the tea in her saucer, while the child in her lap holds out mouth and hand impatient of the delay, is one of those quiet episodes of common life which rarely fail to commend themselves by the absence of

all pretence. W. G. Stevenson is industrious and progressive. Animals are his special study; in all that he does there are the same fidelity to nature and clever apprehension of the theme. There is a goodly display of portraits by Sir D. Macnee, O. Leyde, Herdman, Macbeth, Patalano, Reid, and of a Lady, by G. Gritti, the latter possessing that element of perfect simplicity without which, whatever its other merits, portraiture has always seemed to us proximate to a failure. The water-colour pictures are scantier than in former seasons. We have space only to mention a powerful presentment by R. Anderson of an aged woman, with Bible and staff, excellently posed; two elegant decorative designs of poppies, white and red respectively, by Lily Blatherwick; a Highland farmhouse interior, T. Fairbairn; 'On the River Messan,' W. Glover; and though last, yet very commendable, one or two efforts of Christina Ross, specially a study of broom, redolent of the Golden Park at Dalmeny.

Twenty-seven sculptures close the catalogue. These are chiefly a marble statuette of Thos. Campbell, John Mossman; a characteristic bust of Dr. Angus Smith, W. Brodie; and an interesting head, well chiselled, of the late John Foley, R.A., by Thos. Brock.

GENERAL EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS AT THE DUDLEY GALLERY.

As a general rule, out of every three drawings sent in to the Dudley Gallery for exhibition, two are rejected, not so much perhaps for their lack of talent as for the gallery's lack of room. On the present occasion there are six hundred and thirty-eight drawings hung, and there were upwards of twelve hundred turned out. As a whole the exhibition is an average one, without any one picture standing specially apart.

The place of honour in the far end of the gallery is filled with Henry Moore's 'Southerly Breeze' (206), a large sweep of blue-green sea, with some vessels going before the wind and others tacking. The idea of life and motion is well given. The picture is flanked, on one side, by G. D. Leslie's, R.A., 'Curiosity' (194), a young lady in white standing on tiptoe looking into a cupboard, and on the other by 'Security' (211), a man in antique dress selecting from the bunch the key of his cabinet, illustrating the old maxim, "Fast bind, fast find." The author is H. Stacy Marks, R.A. Other works of special excellence at this end of the room are Arthur Severn's 'Study of Moonlight, near Hawkshead' (193), who has also two capital winter pieces, 23 and 287, and Herbert C. Marshall's 'Asphalters at Work in the Strand' (212). In contrast to these necessarily low-toned transcripts of closely observed atmospheric phenomena, in the one case natural, as in the drifting clouds and moonlight, and in the other artificial, as in the belching smoke which rises from the asphalt caldrons between us and the closing day, is F. Slocombe's 'Surrey Hay-field' (225), in which stands a one-horse wain. On this two men are piling up the hay which is pitchforked to them by the others, while overhead flies a flock of crows whose cawing we can almost hear.

We would call attention also to J. A. Fitzgerald's humorous picture of the 'Return from the Mask Ball' (187), and Pauline Walker's 'Poor Poll!' (171). We admire also J. L. Henry's 'Windy Day' (216); J. Jackson Curnock's 'Birch-trees in Autumn' (210); Elias Bancroft's 'Houghton Tower' (207); a pot of 'Marigolds' (214), by M. B. Hale; and especially the powerfully painted head of 'A Little Arab Girl' (205), by Jennie Moore. Another strong picture is V. Cabianca's nuns taking their 'Hour of Recreation' (271), and strolling through the picturesque grounds of their nunnery overlooking the blue sea.

In the middle of the right-hand wall hangs Joseph Knight's 'Contentment' (320), a highly respectable and doubtless very dull countrywoman sitting with folded arms, with her knitting on the table before her. The figure is very solidly painted. It is

supported by a couple of bright green landscapes, 'Weeds' (319), by a water-course by Alfred Parsons, and 'Under the Old Ash' (321), by W. E. Addison. Among figure subjects worthy of naming are Frank Dodd's 'Jester between two Monks' (297), in which, by the way, there is a slight tendency to spottiness, and J. C. Dollman's young huntsman sitting disconsolate on a bench surrounded by his wondering hounds: 'The Tender Passion' (331), the artist calls it, and the picture certainly conveys the idea. Frank Dodd has a similar subject a little farther on (358)—a young gentleman, in early eighteenth-century costume, gazing on the double heart he had in his love-sick period carved on the bark of a tree, and better painted, we think, than his monk picture just noticed.

Frank Dillon sends a 'Japanese Interior' (348), in which we see a lady with her chop-sticks busy at dinner, while her maidservant prepares a cup of tea, which plays the part at the mid-day meal of our glass of beer.

Helen Thornycroft has devoted herself successfully to the legend of 'St. Sebastian' (376), whom we see tied up to a tree; and Catherine A. Sparkes to that of St. Brandan, whom we behold in the bow of an antique Norwegian boat, horror-struck at the figure of Judas Iscariot lying on an iceberg cooling himself during the brief yearly hour which a fifth-century story allows him out of Tophet, for having once on a time cast his mantle over a poor leper during a sand storm at Joppa. The legend is a very beautiful one, and Mrs. Sparkes has entered heartily into its mediæval spirit, i.e. in rendering the repulsion at the possible contact with the arch traitor.

On the opposite wall in the place of honour hangs Elizabeth Walker's 'Vanity Fair' (95), a comely lady in gorgeous attire and amid costly surroundings gazing at herself in the looking-glass, as we understand it. The dress and accessories are splendidly painted, but surely the reflected face is too small. Near this hang excellent examples by Helen C. Angell, Gertrude Martineau, Kate Sadler, Mrs. Paul Naftel, and Kate Greenaway, while the more important places are occupied by such men as Frank Walton, Walter Crane, and H. M. Marshall. Nor must we omit mentioning the piquant child portraits of J. C. Moore, the charming presentment of 'Mrs. Frederick Macmillan' (515), by Adrian Stokes, the various architectural drawings of R. Phené Spiers, nor the forcible landscapes of J. J. Richardson, Ernest A. Waterlow, Peter Toft, W. T. Richards, J. J. Bannatyne, Alice Hobson, Charles Earl, Albert Hartland, and Walter Field.

H. Pilleau, whom we beg to congratulate on the recovery of his health after so severe and protracted an illness, is represented by several faithful transcripts of Eastern scenery, more especially of 'Minieh on the Nile' (120), and 'The Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem, with the Mount of Olives' (390). Pownall Williams (405), Charles Robertson (114), E. S. Guinness (421), E. M. Osborn,

John Varley, Franz Huard, A. Ragon, with a glimpse of sweet evening sky reflected in the Thames 'Off Tilburyness' (458), A. B. Donaldson, Frank E. Cox, Walter H. Paton, A. E. Emslie, and Arthur Stocks are all present, and more or less worthily represented. Why their works are not pointed out in detail is accounted for by lack of space.

OBITUARY.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

A GREAT champion for honour, virtue, temperance, rectitude, humanity, truth—a lion in the way of all vice—was lost to earth when, on March 3rd, William Howitt "died," if that must be called "death" which infers the removal from one sphere to another. Although fourscore and five years old, in physical and mental vigour he surpassed many who were half his age, labouring to the last in the service of God, for the good of all mankind and the humbler creatures He has made. We do not mean to write a memoir of this most estimable man; it might not be rightly placed in this Journal, although he loved Art, and often made Art an aid to virtue in the various books he edited or wrote. More than sixty years ago his name, linked with that of his honoured and beloved wife, became famous. The writings of "William and Mary Howitt" are familiar to many who are now grandfathers and grandmothers, and it may be safely said there is not one of them who did not profit by their early teaching. Theirs—for we will not divide them, although one yet "lives" and the other is "dead"—was a singularly full life: active, energetic, upright, useful, from its commencement to its close—its very close, indeed; for within a few weeks of his departure he wrote for *Social Notes*, a work then edited by his old friend S. C. Hall, three grand articles—one concerning the accursed principle of "Vivisection," one exposing the danger of the habit of smoking, in the young more especially, and one decrying cruelty to animals. These articles had all the fire of his manhood and the enthusiasm of his youth. It was difficult in reading them to believe they had emanated from the mind and pen of a writer long past fourscore. They will be read now with additional interest, and we hope with augmented profit. No doubt they are the last warnings uttered by the great and good old man who has gone to his rest.

Thus another link drops from the chain that unites the present with the past. He is the last of a galaxy of authors who,

early in the century, glorified the intellectual world—the very last. He was the acquaintance of all, the friend of many, of them, and rightly assumed a high place among the best, if not of the loftiest. His was a more useful life than that of most of his contemporaries.

For a period approaching sixty years William and Mary Howitt were man and wife. They passed their Golden Wedding-day nearly ten years ago—eight certainly; they were then dwellers in the Eternal City, and in Rome William died. By his bedside were his two daughters and his son-in-law, Mr. A. A. Watts. One may be sure the retrospect of his long life made him happy; that the prospect of a longer life—"even a life for ever and ever"—made him yet happier. For the faith of William Howitt was the faith of a Christian, and his trust was in the Rock of Ages.

Some years have passed since we saw them last; much more than half a century since we knew them first—honoured, esteemed, respected, from that far-off time to this. It is a privilege to place a chaplet on his grave in the Protestant cemetery of Rome: it contains all that was mortal of the useful labourer in a wide and broad field, where the seed he planted will bear fruit for all time.

The "mingled life" of William and Mary Howitt teaches one especial lesson that cannot, in the nature of things, be often taught. It is that two persons, man and wife, can follow the same pursuit—and that pursuit the one that is above all others supposed most to excite jealousy—not only without diminishing confidence, respect, esteem, mutual dependence, affection, trust, and love, but augmenting each of them—and all. The name of Mr. and Mrs. Howitt will for time to come be named whenever question arises as to "compatibility of temper" in those who labour together in the same work. These few words at parting from an old, an honoured, and a beloved friend will not be considered out of place.

S. C. H.

PAMPERED MENIALS.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

J. E. Hodgson, A.R.A., Painter.

G. C. FINDEN, Engraver.

IF, in tracing Mr. Hodgson's career as an artist, we can discover little or no change in manner, except in the way of improvement, there has been ample evidence of variety in his subjects. In some of his early pictures, such as 'Elector and Candidate—are we not Brothers?' exhibited in 1857, there is a vein of quiet humour; afterwards we find him among the British navy of olden time, as in 'The First Sight of the Armada—Lighting the Beacon,' exhibited in 1863; and in the following year 'Queen Elizabeth at Purfleet, the Squadron under Lord Howard of Effingham sailing to attack the Armada,' with others of a similar character, and some *genre* subjects interspersed with them, up to about 1869, when the first of the series of Eastern scenes, with which his art has been since more specially identified, made their appearance. In many of these we recognise the old humorous spirit predominating, in the 'Pasha's

Black Guards' (1870), 'Army Reorganization in Morocco' (1872), 'Jack Ashore' (1873), 'Commercial Activity in the East,' and 'Relations in Bond,' both of which, with the picture here engraved, were exhibited at the Academy in 1877. Outside the mansion of an Eastern Dives are seated on a bench two of his servants taking their siesta, and their easy attitude and careless indifference to the poor beggar who appeals to their liberality are quite worthy of many of the "pampered menials" to be seen nearer home. One, holding a cigar listlessly between his fingers, looks rather scrutinisingly at the applicant, but certainly not with the intention of offering him any relief; while the other, with a long pipe in his hand, quite overlooks what it does not suit his purse or his feelings to see. Nothing can be better in their way than this pair of idlers. The figure of the mendicant is the very embodiment of importunity.



THE FINDING OF THE BONES

THE FINDING OF THE BONES

FROM THE HISTORY OF THE BONES OF THE BONES

LONDON: THE BONES OF THE BONES



THE WORKS OF HENRY BRITTAN WILLIS.



RISTOL has never been famous for her patronage of Art, and yet among her citizens there have been men whose talents were well worth cherishing, and would have amply repaid any support given to them. We scarcely need mention any others to prove the assertion than Edward Bird, R.A., William J. Müller, and James B. Pyne, the famous landscape painters—men of whom any school of artists would be proud, but who owed little if anything to the patronage bestowed on them in the city where they dwelt. Müller and Pyne were natives of Bristol, but Bird, a *genre* painter, was born at Wolverhampton, but removed to Bristol, where he lived many years, and conducted an Art school. To these well-known distinguished painters may now be added the name of Mr. H. Brittan Willis, who was born in Bristol, where his father, an artist of no ordinary ability, sustained a good reputation as a painter of *genre*, portraiture, and animals. With such an example before him, and possessing a strong natural

love for drawing, it did not cost the son much time or labour to acquire from his father the rudiments of Art, and to pass satisfactorily through various elementary studies, till he felt able to enter on the more congenial and attractive practice of drawing from nature, in pencil or crayons, most of the picturesque objects to be found in the beautiful scenery in the neighbourhood of his native place: to this practice, as well as to close observation, no less than to the conscientious drawing of detail and character of each object sketched, however trivial comparatively, his ultimate success may be traced.

Mr. Willis's earliest productions in landscape were scenes taken from Leigh Woods, the river Avon, Stapleton, and other attractive localities between Bristol and Bath; the first picture he sent to the Royal Academy was a 'Scene near Bristol,' exhibited in 1844. His father's residence being near fields abounding with cattle, the young artist would be found early in the morning during the summer months studying the animals, and making notes of the effects of light on them, the landscape, and the



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

Morning Rest in Ploughing Time—a Scene in Sussex, near Newhaven.

[Engraved by J. and G. P. Nicholls.

sky; but the beauty of sunsets attracted him yet more, and some of his first subjects were tolerably successful renderings of such studies. His youthful productions received their due meed of praise by some local connoisseurs of Art; but that was the extent of Bristol patronage. The practical encouragement bestowed on him was so small that he could not have lived by his profession without parental assistance; for, as we have heard him say, "what was then termed 'patronage of Art' was at a very low ebb in Bristol;" so that he was glad to accept an invitation from an uncle, a merchant in New York, to try his fortune in the "New World." Thither he accordingly proceeded, but after spending the greater part of a year in painting pictures for

1879.

a French dealer in New York, and sketching scenery among the Catskill Mountains, on the river Hudson, on the Schuylkill near Philadelphia, at Staten Island, New Jersey, and various other places, the state of his health compelled him to return to England. Once more reaching Bristol, he found his chances of success there had not improved: the citizens either could not, or did not care to, recognise the talents of the young painter; and so, by the advice of an influential friend, who gave him letters of introduction to some leading men in Birmingham, he went there. But good fortune did not attend the remove: he stayed only a short time in the place, and returned home once more. One day, meeting an old beggar in a street of Bristol who

had evidently seen better days, Mr. Willis was so much struck by the sad expression of the man's face that he determined on trying to take his portrait, in which he succeeded so well that it changed, at least for a time, the current of his Art thoughts, and he was induced thereby to practise portraiture, his first life-size portrait being that of a well-known merchant in Bristol. The picture was placed in the window of a frame-maker's shop, and it brought the painter a number of sitters for miniature and life-size portraits, some of which were exhibited in one of the local galleries with considerable commendation. But success and satisfaction, so far as they concerned the artist, however his patrons may have felt, did not go hand-in-hand, for it was not long before he discovered that his temperament was by no means equal to the demands made upon it by his "sitters," so he left this branch of Art for what one would naturally imagine to be a far greater trial of patience and temper; he commenced to teach drawing and painting in a few of the principal families and schools at Clifton and its suburbs, and by adopting as an unvarying rule the practice of not

placing before his pupils any subject of whatever kind but what was from his own hand, they made good progress, and the master himself was learning while he was teaching others. In the intervals between such employment he was at work in his own studio, painting landscape subjects with cattle, in oils, for the exhibitions in Bristol and Liverpool. In the latter place his works found many purchasers; in his native city they met with a moderate degree of success only.

It was about the year 1845 that Mr. Willis came to London, where we find him setting up his easel in Stanhope Street, Regent's Park; and in a comparatively short time his paintings were not only admitted at, but found good places on the walls of, the Royal Academy, the British Institution, and the Society of British Artists. They soon attracted the notice of Messrs. Rowney, of Rathbone Place, who commissioned the artist to produce in lithography a series of rustic figures and animal subjects. The publication of this work was followed by another, a series of views of noted places on the Rhine and the Neckar from sketches he had made in those localities. He also com-



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

Ben Cruachan, in the Western Highlands—a Herd of Cattle coming South.

[Engraved by J. and G. P. Nicholls.

menced, at the Clipstone Street School, painting draped figures from the life, and he subsequently joined the school attached to the Society of British Artists; but, as this latter school did not live longer than one or two seasons, Mr. Willis, who seems to have been always a diligent student and eagerly embraced every opportunity of self-improvement, joined the "Sketching Club" at Langham Chambers, which still exists in full vigour.

In 1847 a number of artists, dissatisfied with the treatment their works received at the hands of the Royal Academy, the British Institution, and other public Art Societies then open, formed themselves into an association for the exhibition of their own pictures, on the plan of each artist being allotted a certain space on the walls of the gallery on payment of a certain sum, according to the place assigned to them; this was determined by lot. The project was fully discussed in our own Journal at the time, as well as in the public papers generally, the balance of opinion being much against the success of a scheme which, by implication, came before the world as an exhibition of the works of a body of men whose productions were held but in light

esteem elsewhere. However, the first exhibition was opened in May, 1847, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, under the title of the "Free Exhibition," visitors being admitted without payment. The works gathered together on that occasion were in number rather more than two hundred, and among the artists who contributed were many whose talents were of no contemptible order, and whose names have since been recognised in the annals of Art, as Rothwell, Peel, McLan, H. P. Parker, J. L. Bell, Oliver, C. Lucy, Inskipp, R. S. Lauder, R.S.A., and others; but it was quite evident that these painters had not sent in their best works. Still the project was so far successful that by the end of the year the society had augmented its number from about forty, when it was first started, to one hundred; and the sum of £800 was subscribed towards the erection of a suitable gallery. This, however, was not done, for in the next year the "Free Exhibition," as the society was now called, was opened in the building known as the "Chinese Gallery," Hyde Park Corner, with nearly six hundred works of all kinds. In 1849 it again changed its title, and opened under the most favourable

prospects, and with a considerable increase of members, under the new name of "The Hyde Park Gallery." The next year the society removed to a gallery it had erected in Regent Street, opposite the Polytechnic Institution, and altered its name to the "National Institution," or the "Portland Gallery." The society, under one or other of these titles, held on, through good and evil report, till the year 1861, the last year its doors were open, when it collapsed, no one knowing exactly the why or wherefore, the public only hearing that it was owing to some disagreement among the directors. We have been tempted to extend the remarks upon the society thus far, because some of the best early works of Mr. Willis were exhibited in its galleries, and among them one of the pictures here engraved: he was elected a member soon after its foundation. Landscape painting always preponderated largely in the contributions to the annual exhibitions, and some of Mr. Willis's artistic friends, members of the society, advised him to give his attention exclusively to animal subjects, in order to present greater variety at the exhibitions. As he had always introduced groups of cattle and figures rather

prominently into his landscapes, he found no difficulty in at once acting on the suggestion, and his first purely animal subject was exhibited at the Portland Gallery in 1856: it was simply called 'Evening,' and showed a group of cows settling down for the night upon a bit of pasturage, past which flows a wide and deep river. Our remarks upon it at the time were, "We could have scarcely believed that a small society of cows could interest us so much: it is the best cow picture we have of late seen." It had as a companion the work just alluded to as one of our engravings, and called 'MORNING REST IN PLOUGHING TIME—A SCENE IN SUSSEX, NEAR NEWHAVEN.' Many of our readers, doubtless, know well that oxen are used very extensively in that county for agricultural and other draught purposes, and here we have a team of those animals occupying prominently the foreground of a flat and unbroken stretch of landscape by the seashore, and resting for a short time while the ploughmen are at dinner. The cattle are capitally drawn, their heads especially so, and the successive tones of their coats are so skilfully managed with regard to perspective gradation that



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

A Fall-out by the Way.

[Engraved by J. and G. P. Nicholls.

each remoter animal clearly holds a position farther from the eye. The picture, one of the highest excellence of its class, was purchased by a gentleman of Sydney, Mr. Mort.

In 1859 Mr. Willis resigned his place as a member in the Portland Gallery, and sent his pictures elsewhere for exhibition, to the Royal Academy and the Suffolk Street Gallery. He continued to paint both in oils and in water colours for these institutions and some of the northern provincial public galleries till 1862, when he was elected an Associate of the Old Water-Colour Society, and in the year following was advanced to full membership. Henceforth he has almost exclusively limited the exhibition of his works to that gallery, in which they form a welcome and most pleasing variety. It was in this room that another of the pictures we have engraved was hung; it had for a title 'BEN CRUACHAN, IN THE WESTERN HIGHLANDS—A HERD OF CATTLE COMING SOUTH.' Here both landscape and cattle are treated with much truthfulness of natural characteristics, the cattle being so skilfully arranged as to carry the eye almost imperceptibly to the rearmost of the herd turning their backs on

their native pastures to end their lives, as is most probable, in a more genial soil. The picture is most carefully painted: it was sent for exhibition to the Paris International Exposition of 1867. Our third engraving, 'A FALL-OUT BY THE WAY,' is also from a drawing exhibited in the gallery of the Society of Water-Colour Painters in 1867, and was purchased by Mr. George Bolton, late of Gordon Square. The scene was sketched in the Western Highlands, and it seems, like the last picture we have described, to show "a herd of cattle coming south." However this may be, here are two noble bulls in deadly conflict for mastery and the leadership of the herd. Locked together by the heads, and pawing, in rage and with gigantic strength, the ground under their hoofs, it is evident that, unless separated, it will be a death struggle between them: the thunder of their roar appears almost to strike their companions with fear. The combat is most spiritedly presented; we should be sorry to have a bet pending on the issue. Mr. Willis's bucolic representations had by this date reached a point of perfection which, of its kind, could hardly be excelled: to attempt any specific allusion to them

would be a task beyond our allotted space, so numerous are they.

But this slight biographical outline would not be complete without some reference to the sad calamity which came upon the artist in 1874, when the principal and best part of the labours of thirty years' sketching from nature fell victims to the fire that occurred at the Pantechnicon, where they chanced to be stored for a time. Till the *débris* of the conflagration had been thoroughly examined, he cherished the hope—having heard that some folios of engravings had escaped almost uninjured—that

some of his own had been as fortunate; but when the men employed dug among the mass of ruins where it was known the case containing his portfolios had been stowed away, there was nothing to be found but a pile of burnt paper and charred wood; while, as he stated at the time, the proprietors of the Pantechnicon having advised him not to insure his deposits, he not only lost his sketches, but had to pay for five weeks' *safe custody* of the case containing them. Much public sympathy, especially in Art circles, was given to Mr. Willis on his irreparable loss.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

OTHELLO.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF HERR VON FABRICE, DRESDEN.

H. HOFMANN, Painter.

E. BÜCHER, Engraver.

THIS engraving is from a painting by Heinrich Hofmann, who now holds a professorship in the Royal Academy of Dresden. He was born at Darmstadt, in March, 1827, and, after studying in Düsseldorf, removed to Dresden, where he now resides, and where he has executed several fine pictures: his best is considered to be 'The Woman taken in Adultery,' which has found a place in the Royal Dresden Picture Gallery. Another prominent example, 'Christ Preaching by the Lake of Genesareth,' is in the Berlin National Gallery; it looks more like a slightly tinted cartoon, and does not show such a sense of the picturesque as do most of his other productions—as the 'Othello' picture, for example.

The subject will be found in that portion of Shakspeare's drama where Othello enters Desdemona's chamber, sword in hand—the weapon introduced by the artist is not a sword, but

a dagger—and soliloquises on his sleeping wife. It is an exceedingly rich composition; the two figures in their united positions are effectively dramatic, that of Othello being *violently* so; while all the accessories of the picture are elegantly luxurious: on a velvet cushion by the bedside lies a book, probably the missal or prayer Desdemona read ere retiring to bed, for when Othello asks her, before executing the terrible deed—Shakspeare makes him smother, not stab her—"Have you prayed to-night, Desdemona?" she answers, "Ay, my lord." Through an open window on the farther side of the bed is seen an exterior gallery of the house, beyond which the moon renders partially visible a bit of Venetian architecture. The picture is rich not only as a composition, but in glow of colour as well; the treatment is bold, and the general effect good. Herr von Fabrice, the owner of the work, is the Saxon Minister at Munich.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

A PARLIAMENTARY paper has been issued containing the annual report of the director of the National Gallery to the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury for the year 1878. During that period the following pictures were purchased out of Government funds:—'Mary Magdalene approaching the Sepulchre,' by the aristocratic amateur, Giovanni Girolamo Savoldo; 'St. Helena—Vision of the Invention of the Cross,' by Paul Veronese; 'The Agony in the Garden,' by a painter of the Umbrian school; 'The Adoration of the Magi,' attributed to Filippino Lippi (or Botticelli?); 'The Nativity,' by Sandro Botticelli; 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' by Francia Bigio; 'A Landscape' (snow scene), by Mulready; and 'A Landscape' (Gordale Scar, Yorkshire), by James Ward, R.A. The following were pur-

chased out of the "Lewis" fund:—'Portrait of a Gentleman,' by a Flemish painter of the sixteenth century; 'Landscape' (river and rocks), by W. J. Müller; 'Portrait of a Gentleman' (three-quarter length), by Catharina van Hemessen; and a fragment of a composition in fresco, by Ambrogio Lorenzetti. Among the additions to the Gallery may be noted 'A Canon and his Patron Saints,' by Gheerart David, bequeathed by Mr. William Benoni White, and 'A Portrait of the Rev. Sir Henry Bate Dudley, Bart.,' and seven studies of landscape in crayon, all by Gainsborough, presented by Mr. Thomas Birch Wolfe. The total number of pictures now contained in the public rooms of the Gallery is 1,008, 607 of which are covered with glass.

WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS BY THE LATE HENRY DAWSON.

THE very choice and valuable collection of etchings, now being exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, Bond Street, and belonging to Seymour Haden, that master of the art, whose beautiful plate of 'Windsor' has just been issued, will, by the time these lines reach our readers, have given place to an important collection of water-colour drawings by the late Henry Dawson, whose genius as a painter has only recently dawned on the general public. There were always a few discriminating men who within their own circle proclaimed his power, and among them were the late John Phillip, R.A., and Thomas

Creswick, R.A., who were only prevented by death from proposing him as an Associate of the Royal Academy; but it was only the other day, at the Nottingham Fine Art Exhibition, where an entire room was devoted to his works, that the world at large became convinced that in future Henry Dawson must be classed among the great landscape painters of England. It is satisfactory to think that he lived to see his works take their proper place in the estimation of Art lovers, and to receive the hearty congratulations thereon of the Prince of Wales when the Midland Counties Exhibition was opened.

ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY.

THE fiftieth annual exhibition of this flourishing Academy is characterized by the somewhat remarkable excellence of many of the principal works, and by the fact that the foreign element, once so unduly prominent upon the walls, has sunk to something even less than moderate; and it testifies to the growing public appreciation of Art in Ireland that, despite the depressed state of trade in the country, the sales have been comparatively little under those of former years: this, too, though one of the leading patrons, whose purchases were always both numerous and judicious, has passed away since the doors were last open to the public.

From the Academicians this year there is much good work, to which it is pleasant to see the red star affixed—Mr. Colles Watkins, with his fine 'Early Winter, Connemara,' and Mr. Augustus Burke, with a faithful cattle-piece, 'On the Brough Marshes,' worthily earning their places upon the line. Of these pictures it would be difficult to speak too highly, the latter work, with its stretching landscape, pure atmosphere, and fine manly animal painting, being one of the gems of a collection in which the best work is by no means rare. Mr. Vincent Duffy has this year not only some beautiful studies upon the Liffey almost pre-Raphaelite in the minuteness of their detail, but also a large 'Evening, Glendalough,' and a remarkably effective 'Moonrise, Avoca,' the last a little painting full of the weird feeling of early moonlight. Other Academicians, and especially

the Greys, are well represented, the President having, as usual, some life-size and lifelike portraits. In portraiture, however, the exhibition is not so good as formerly; but there are a few exceptions, one by Mr. William Clarke (a new name at these exhibitions) being, perhaps, the most noteworthy, characterized as it is by good solid painting and refined colour.

It is gratifying to note that Miss Allen, who was some time ago elected Hon. Member, exhibits some good pictures; while another local lady artist, Miss Maria D. Webb, in her 'Captive Maid,' a large scriptural subject, certainly takes the place for figure painting in the collection next after the grand 'Polyxène' by Moreau de Tours.

In the ante-room, this year confined entirely to oil paintings, Mr. H. R. Robertson has a noble work, 'Gleaners,' an evening piece full of pathos and quiet power.

There are fewer water-colour drawings than usual, but the average is very high, a young local artist, Mr. B. McGuinness, coming to the front with his bits of continental towns. One of the finest of the landscapes is that by Bernard Evans, 'Cannock Chase,' and it is almost unnecessary to say that David Law maintains his well-deserved reputation.

Altogether the collection is a very satisfactory one, and it is a gratifying sight to see the rooms crowded in the evening, the Council having kindly and wisely opened the exhibition by gaslight at a very low charge for admission.

MINOR TOPICS.

NATIONAL GALLERY.—In reply to a question asked recently of the First Commissioner of Works by Mr. Ritchie, in the House of Commons, as to whether his attention had been called to injuries to some of the pictures in the new rooms of the National Gallery, Mr. Gerard Noel replied that during the severe frost in the winter it was found very difficult to obtain a uniform degree of temperature in the large room, and that owing, consequently, to overheating, two or three of the pictures had become blistered. The works so affected had been removed to another room, and Mr. Burton, the Director of the Gallery, had informed him that no irreparable mischief had occurred to the paintings.

CHANTREY BEQUEST.—The pictures bought by the Royal Academy with the funds arising out of this bequest have been placed in the South Kensington Museum; they include Hilton's large altar-piece, the 'Crowning with Thorns,' formerly in St. Peter's Church, Pimlico, and several works of living artists.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—At a meeting of this society, held on the 24th of March, Mr. Alfred P. Newton was elected Member, and Mrs. Helen Coleman Angell and Mr. Herbert M. Marshall were elected Associates.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN has purchased a book of studies by the late E. M. Ward, R.A.: they are studies for the two pictures, 'The Installation of Napoleon III. to the Order of the Garter,' and 'The Royal Family visiting the Tomb of Napoleon I.' The book contains portraits of many personages connected both with the French and English courts at the period.

THE ROYAL FAMILY.—Nearly every member of the royal family has been photographed by Mr. Bassano, of Old Bond Street. A more interesting series it would be impossible to find. The list includes the younger branches—the hopes of a distant future. Conspicuous among them is one that induces sorrow as well as pleasure—that of the most estimable Princess for whose

loss to earth a whole nation grieved. Mr. Bassano is a true artist; his productions are veritable Art works, while faithful as likenesses. We have reason to know that these portraits are the especial favourites of the Queen; they are certainly those that are in high favour with the court. Considered as mere photographs, they are of great excellence. The artist has printed a list of nearly a thousand: all are of the aristocracy. The collection is "a sight to see," one that makes persons of humble rank proud that so many fine men and lovely women occupy the loftier stations in the British kingdom. There is surely no patent right in such a matter; others can copy the dignified originals, but it is somewhat singular that one man should have had so many sitters of the highest class as almost to absorb the whole peerage. It is fortunate that their "counterparts" should have been such admirable pictures.

AMONG the many choice gifts presented to H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught (long and happily may she live!) was one from the town and neighbourhood of Fermoy. Now Fermoy is a small town in Ireland; yet its denizens managed to contribute to the bridal store a singularly beautiful example of Art, costly also, although its intrinsic worth is the smaller portion of its value. It consists of a carcanet and pendants for the bride, the work of a jeweller who is certainly an artist also, Mr. Joseph Johnson, of Dublin. The carcanet is composed of thirteen gold oblong decorated plaques, with mural edges of ancient Irish design, connected by the same number of prehistoric *fibule* of the same metal, arranged artistically and enriched with lateral pearl settings. Attached is a massive gold pendant of an early Irish pattern, embellished with pearls and diamonds, and joined by a fastening of prehistoric date. The pendants to match the carcanet are of gold with similar enrichments. The presentation case is covered with pale grey velvet, surmounted by her Royal Highness's coronet and monogram of Irish letters from the celebrated Book of Kells. The works are very credit-

able to Irish manufacture—proofs that as much may be done by the modern as was done by the ancient goldsmiths of Ireland.

MRS. E. M. WARD.—It is understood that this accomplished lady is about to open a studio—to establish a “school”—for the Art education of ladies. It is a want very extensively felt. There are reasons why many decline to attend at South Kensington. At the present moment a very large number of female students earnestly desire to acquire Art knowledge, but who are unable to obtain it—ignorant where and how it is to be obtained. The establishment in contemplation will be a great public as well as private boon. There are few, perhaps none, better fitted to be placed at the head of it; that is proved even less by pictures, admirable as they are, ranking among the best of the age, than by the practice the lady has long had in the art of teaching—an art only to be attained by practice—in her own family and among her personal friends. The productions of her daughters, often seen at exhibitions, supply sufficient evidence. Moreover, she is just the lady to instruct ladies, with sufficient of the *fortiter in re*, combined with very much of the *suaviter in modo*. We cannot doubt that great good will arise out of her school to those who are earnest to learn under the guidance of a practical artist and a sound teacher.

MR. GEORGE G. ADAMS has received a commission to execute life-size medallions in marble of the famous Duke of Marlborough and the late Duke of Wellington, to be placed in the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, St. James's Park.

A CLERICAL SCULPTOR.—The Hon. and Rev. B. P. Bouverie, rector of Stanton St. Quintin, who has locally a good reputation as an amateur sculptor, is reported to be engaged in carving, in white marble, a full-length recumbent figure of Bishop Hamilton, to be placed on the canopied altar-tomb, by the late Sir Gilbert Scott, R.A., in Salisbury Cathedral. The reverend gentleman is but following the example of very many of his predecessors in the Church of the mediæval ages, who practised the art of sculpture most successfully.

SIR PHILIP CUNLIFFE OWEN, C.B., who, as Secretary of the British Royal Commission at the recent Paris International Exhibition, won golden opinions from the whole body of British exhibitors, was entertained at a banquet at Willis's Rooms on the 12th of March, when he was presented with a testimonial consisting of an address illuminated and inscribed on vellum, and elegantly bound, and also with a gift of a more substantial character, a cheque for the liberal sum of 3,500 guineas, both being in recognition of services rendered on that occasion; and still further, a Maltese cross of diamonds was presented to Lady Cunliffe Owen from the same body of subscribers.

MR. E. B. STEPHENS, A.R.A., has been commissioned to execute a statue of the late Earl of Devon, to be erected in some place in Devonshire: the cost of the work, which is estimated at upwards of 1,000 guineas, will be defrayed by a subscription of the county residents.

ELIJAH WALTON'S WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS.—This accomplished artist has added to his collection in Burlington Gallery, Piccadilly, several new drawings since we last noticed his exhibition. Among such are ‘Evening on the Nile, near the Pyramids,’ ‘Rough Sea off Ryde,’ and several Alpine views. In short, the Nile, the Alps, and the Isle of Wight still furnish themes for his pencil, and we need scarcely remind our readers of its delicacy and brilliancy in the rendering of atmospheric phenomena, and of its loyalty to local facts.

DR. SALVIATI, the celebrated restorer of the ancient Venetian glass manufacture, has visited Baveno, summoned from Venice by the Queen. He took with him a very remarkable collection of specimens of his beautiful productions, from which her Majesty selected a large number of pieces. Dr. Salviati, while describing to a correspondent of the *Standard* what her Majesty had chosen, expressed the impression made upon him by the artistic discernment with which the Queen selected all the pieces

most remarkable for elegance and beauty of form or antiquarian interest. One very fine tazza, enamelled with the representation of a boar hunt, was sent by the Queen to the Prince of Wales. An extremely interesting cup, now belonging to her Majesty, consists of a combination of the *vitro Cristiano*, found in the Roman catacombs, with the *vitro murrino*, famous among antiquaries, which, till recently rediscovered by Dr. Salviati, has been unknown since the fourth century. The cup her Majesty bought is the first specimen in which this combination has been achieved.

THE TURNERS' COMPANY.—Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., has recently been presented with the freedom of this guild. In his address to the members on his election he remarked, among much else that was exceedingly appropriate, that it was to the application of the potter's wheel, or lathe, the world owed so much of delight and instruction in varied, expressive, and decorative forms: that there was a fund of loveliness in the pottery of the most gifted races, and a mine of character in all.

CORRODI'S VIEWS OF CYPRUS.—There is now on view in the upper rooms of the French Gallery, Pall Mall, a most interesting series of pictures and sketches of various historic spots in the island of Cyprus, painted from nature by Signor H. Corrodi. The light and warmth suffusing these canvases are geographic in their truth, and the peculiarly pictorial quality of the artist's pencil lends itself readily to the delineation of scenes which are in themselves more than ordinarily romantic. Local characteristics are, moreover, enhanced by the judicious selection of the time at which they were seized, and by the atmospheric conditions under which the artist sees them. The ‘Bridge near Nicosia,’ for example, over whose high arched roadway a flock of sheep is passing, is shown under a fine twilight effect, with a palm-tree rising between the spectator and the cloud-companioned moon. In another we see the moon lifting herself above the horizon, and silvering the waters which lave the base of the old Venetian castle that once guarded the ‘Town and Harbour of Cerynia;’ while in a third we have a glowing sunset on the shore, with a ‘Cypriote's Country House’ in the left-hand foreground. The craggy ‘Pass of Buffavento,’ the equally romantic ‘Road to Mount Olympus’—every Greek island has a Mount Olympus—the ‘Salt Lakes near Larnaka,’ the ‘Town of Larnaka’ itself, the landing-place of Cyprus, views of Nicosia and Famagusta—in short, whatever in the island is historically, archæologically, or pictorially interesting, Signor Corrodi has made the subject of a pleasing picture. All the ancient architectural glories of the island seem in ruins, and give one a very vivid idea of the withering influences of Turkish rule. Let us hope that under the energetic guidance of Britain it will become again what it was under the Venetians, and what it was in classic times—the glory of the Mediterranean.

THE EXHIBITIONS AT SYDNEY AND MELBOURNE.—The following gentlemen have been appointed by the Queen to serve on the Royal Commission in connection with the International Exhibitions at Sydney and Melbourne, of which the Prince of Wales has consented to act as Executive President:—The Duke of Richmond and Gordon, K.G., the Duke of Manchester, K.P., the Marquis of Salisbury, K.G., the Earl of Carnarvon, Earl Cadogan, Earl Granville, K.G., the Earl of Belmore, K.C.M.G., the Earl of Kimberley, Mr. Childers, M.P., Sir Michael E. Hicks-Beach, Bart., M.P., Sir Daniel Cooper, Bart., Sir John Rose, Bart., Sir Joseph Dalton Hooker, Sir Frederick Leighton, Professor Owen, Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., and Mr. W. Warrington Smyth, F.R.S. Mr. T. A. Wright, who has been in charge of the London offices of the Royal Commission for the Paris Exhibition, will act as secretary.

MR. JOHN FORBES-ROBERTSON delivered last month, before a meeting of the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts, a much-appreciated lecture on “Contemporaneous Art as illustrated by the Great Paris Exposition of 1878.” He explained in fitting terms the arts of painting and sculpture of the various nationalities and schools there represented.

ART PUBLICATIONS.

THE Renaissance of the Arts in the various countries of Europe has formed the subject of several books, in which they have been treated either generally, or, as in the case of Italy especially, in relation to a single country. France has now her historian in the person of Mrs. Mark Pattison, who has employed her pen in relating the rise and development of Art in that rich and well-favoured land.* The Renaissance, which has been described as "the intellectual revolution that, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, restored among modern nations the sceptre to the literature and the arts of antiquity," was almost entirely limited to architecture and sculpture, the two principal arts which ever have been the first in attracting the consideration and practice of mankind. Painting was nearly at as low an ebb in France in those periods as it was among ourselves. These arts, being those by which the genius of man expresses most forcibly his ideas and his feelings, changed their direction at the time of the Renaissance, rose by degrees out of a kind of chaos till they flourished in perfect freedom, and progressed, like society, with all the energy of which the gradual expansion of the human mind was capable.

Mrs. Pattison's two volumes are thus divided: the first treats of the three principal arts, architecture, sculpture, and painting; the second describes the growth of what may be regarded comparatively as minor arts, as glass painting, engraving on wood and metal, enamelling, and pottery. With the resuscitation of architecture, there was a corresponding demand of everything that contributed to the growing luxury of the times; hence arose the great army of artists, designers, and artisans, whose works had become necessary to supplying that demand. "Men and women," writes Mrs. Pattison, "princes, prelates, nobles, all were building, fashioning anew their habitations, fitting them for every purpose of manifold life. Out of doors the damask roses and violets of the poets blossomed beneath trellis-work of ivy, and clustered at the feet of marble statues; shady recesses stored the waters of refreshing fountains, and within was every precious decoration which could charm the eye. Of Meudon, Conozel tells us 'it was a house furnished forth with columns, with busts, with paintings, with grotesques, with compartments, and devices of gold, of blue, of more colours than it is possible to mention.' Every art which could minister to house-luxury was, indeed, suddenly stimulated;" and not only so, "but the demand for books, for prints, for casts, became more and more general, so that painters and designers began to inveigh bitterly against the proportions which the popularising arts of *imprimerie* and *moulerie* were assuming." The painters here alluded to could scarcely be that class of artists whom we know under that title, but were, in all probability, only ornamentists and designers. The two "artists" who were alone entitled to be called "painters" in the first half of the sixteenth century were François Clouet, known as Jeannet, a portrait painter (1510—1574), and Jean Cousin, who died about 1560, who was architect, sculptor, and painter. Francis I., who was King of France at that time, although a luxurious monarch and a liberal patron of Art, always showed a marked preference for the works of Italian masters, and did little to encourage native talent; while the French school of painting, till towards the end of the eighteenth century, was little else than an offshoot of the Italian, and was founded by the Italians St. Rosso, Primaticcio, and Niccolò dell' Abate, its two chief representatives being Nicolas Poussin and Claude Lorraine.

On the architecture and sculpture of the Renaissance Mrs. Pattison finds much to say, and she says it pleasantly and well; so also when she comes to the subjects mentioned in her second volume; but we can find no room to dilate upon her remarks, and can only commend her books to all who feel any interest in the Renaissance of Art, whatever be the country referred to, as most

agreeable reading; her descriptions are vivid and intelligent, without being either diffuse or constrained, and critical without the pedantry of overmuch learning.

THE "Sketches of the Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands" * that the late Mr. Charles St. John provided for his friends and the public, are written with all the enthusiasm of the sportsman, tempered with the kindly, merciful feeling of a gentleman who seems (as far as a sportsman can) to sympathize with the lower creation, and give no added pang to the victims of rod and gun. A month spent with such a friend, among such scenery and breathing such air, must indeed have been a boon to body and brain.

Mr. St. John was no shooter of tame pigeons; we can imagine his opinion of *Hurlingham*, if he gave it in his brave manly voice. He often carried his life in his hand, and his descriptions of encounters with stag and eagle, otter and seal, are exciting and graphic. Such a work ranks with Walton's "Angler" and White's "Selborne." Doubtless Mr. St. John has many following in his steps; such raise the quality of *le sport* above the, alas! too true definition of its value in an Englishman's eyes. The English say, "It is a fine day; let us go and kill something." Its illustrations are admirable, fresh and crisp as the mountain air among the Highlands.

MR. WHISTLER, whatever may be thought and said of his paintings, is a good etcher; his indifference to subject is not evident in that branch of the art. Some of his bits produced by the needle will rank high among examples of the class. We have before us three specimens, published by Mr. Maclean; they are views on the Thames about Mortlake, and have been evidently done in the boat in which he was sitting to take them. They supply, however, proofs of his heedlessness, for, as he has not taken the trouble to reverse the sketches, the several objects depicted are all on the wrong side of the river. Such eccentricities are to be deplored, the more especially as they seem, and we do not doubt are, deliberate. It is to be hoped that Mr. Whistler, as he grows older, will become wiser, and learn that genius is not necessarily shown by affectation.

UNDER the title of the "Library of Contemporary Science," Messrs. Chapman and Hall are now publishing a series of small volumes on a vast variety of important subjects written by men of acknowledged literary reputation throughout Europe. The project was first started in France by MM. Reinwald & Co., and the London publishing house has adopted their scheme, purposing to extend and strengthen it by making such arrangements with some of the best writers and recognised authorities here as will enable them to present the series in a thoroughly English dress to the reading public of this country. One volume of the series which treats of matters pertaining to Art has reached us.† It is a comprehensive disquisition from a Frenchman's point of view, looking almost exclusively at French Art. "Man puts something of his own nature into everything he does," says M. Véron; therefore we may add, without any disparagement of Art as practised by the French school, it expresses the very nature of its artists, their peculiarities or idiosyncrasies, their faults and their excellences. "The artist . . . lives the life of his own time and country, and so he is naturally led by the inspirations therein existing. . . ." It is quite as ridiculous to condemn Flemish Art in the name of Greek sculpture as to go through the reverse process, and to refuse all praise to Phidias because he is not Rembrandt. The book may be advantageously studied, though the principles it advocates, and the conclusions derived from the arguments supporting those principles, may fail in satisfying every reader.

* "Sketches of the Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands." By Charles St. John. Published by John Murray.

† "Æsthetics." By Eugène Véron. Translated by W. H. Armstrong, B.A. (Oxon). Published by Chapman and Hall, London.

* "The Renaissance of Art in France." By Mrs. Mark Pattison. With Nineteen Illustrations on Steel. 2 vols. Published by C. Kegan, Paul & Co., London.

WE have here one of the most interesting volumes of this, or indeed of any season that we have met with for a long time.* The introduction is an extract from Mr. Ruskin's beautiful and eloquent portraiture of flowers, whether in the costly garden or the peasant's window, and the compiler of this elegant volume has evidently had his heart in the work.

This is not a book for gardeners, but for garden lovers, and those who love flowers for their symbolic meaning and legendary interest. Legends abound, and the superstitious mind has ever a wide field for its weird fancies in the flower land. Indeed, it would be hard to find any subject on which the compiler cannot bring his leafy friend to have its say; and while so much of fancy must necessarily pervade the book, a great deal of information is also given—for instance, the favourite haunts of the bee, his likes and dislikes—valuable hints to the honey lover. There is a chapter devoted to the language of flowers, and the whole book is studded with gems of poetry, that hardly bear out the saying of Mr. Ruskin, that flowers are precious “symbolically and pathetically often to the poets, but rarely for their own sakes.” We have also a flower clock given us, and the time and season of each tree's budding and fading.

Altogether a charming gift book for the “flower of our flock,” and one that will bring tears of joy to the eyes of those who have passed the flower of their youth, and have attained the sere and withered leaf.

THIS book† will be pleasant and instructive reading to both old and young. Charming written, the old myths read as if fresh from the brain of some wise man with the mind of age and the heart of youth. The tales of Hercules, the folly of Narcissus, appeal to our human sympathies as they did to the youth of old, and their “teachings” are undeniable, and set forth in the book with a freshness and beauty of language truly captivating. “It is only a fable,” you say. Yes; but the best of fables have some cunning truths wrapped up in them. The nine illustrations are excellent in every way—drawing, design, and delicacy of treatment—and enhance the value of this little book as a drawing-room table ornament, from every chapter of which the reader will gain pleasure and germs for reflection.

THIS pleasantly written account‡ of the six weeks' holiday of the well-known physician, Dr. Leared, is full of interest, and at times amusement. Morocco is a country little known, and its people are too unfavouring to Europeans to make it a desirable holiday ground for Mr. Cook and his faithful followers. So the experience of a man travelling in a land with the advantages that Dr. Leared possessed cannot fail to interest and instruct. But if Dr. Leared had many advantages, such as personal knowledge of the Emperor, he laboured under the disadvantage of being a doctor; for, as he observes, “When a man has the misfortune to be known as a real *tabib*, as the Moors call a doctor, let him expect no respite.” The lean seemed to trouble him greatly, for, unlike the present distaste of genteel society to being fat, the Moor, and above all the Moorish lady, has a horror of being thin. The verb “to bant” is unknown in their language. Dr. Leared, with the episode of the Seidlitz powders, bids fair to compete with Captain Burnaby's Cockle's pills. The effect of the effervescent powders was so miraculous to the native mind that it created pious ejaculations of *Ma-shal-lah* (God is great), and the belief spread that the devil had to do with the matter. Being accompanied by his wife, and being a physician, the secrets of the harem were unveiled to him. “A dirtier, plainer set of women it would be difficult to find.” In one house

they saw a married lady nine years of age, the husband being thirteen.

The reader will find many amusing anecdotes and much interesting information given in an eminently pleasant fashion. We hope Dr. Leared will always take his leave abroad, and give us poor home birds the benefit of his experiences in the genial style he so well knows how to adopt and use.

MR. WILLIAM BATES has published a life of George Cruikshank, as “the artist, the humorist, and the man.”* It is a generous and sympathetic review of his career, from its commencement to its close, eighty-five years between the one and the other. It does the author great credit—credit to his mind and his heart. It is, of course, full of illustrations, some borrowed, some original, and is at once amusing and interesting.

“COURS D'AQUARELLE:” such is the title of one of the most useful works that has ever been brought under our notice. It is a French publication, but the agents for it in this country are the eminent publishers, Messrs. Rowney & Co. The text is in French and English; the author and artist is M. Eugène Ciceri. An abler and better teacher has very rarely appeared in the realm of Art; his instructions are so simple, yet so comprehensive, as to be of great value not only to the learner, but to the tyro in Art—to the student, the amateur, and the perfected artist. The series consists entirely of landscapes, beginning with the very beginning, the clouds, and indications of earth and water; and they go on from the merest sketch to the finished picture, comprehending almost every object that falls within the scope of the landscape painter. The work may prove of incalculable benefit to all who labour in any department of Art.

THIS charming collection of legends and pictures of Normandy and Brittany by the well-known artist and author, Mr. Macquoid and his wife,† cannot fail to give much pleasure and interest to their numerous readers and friends who have before travelled with them in spirit to the few remaining haunts of the fairy, the evil spirit, and the guardian saints. Many and varied are these quaint stories, and the illustrations are so perfect of the picturesque old places—cathedrals, bridges, and fountains, where morning and evening the white-capped Breton women with brass and brown stone pitchers “linger and chat beside the clear flowing water, while sometimes a youth, or more often an old man with broad-brimmed hat and long flowing locks, looks on and sees them fill and carry away the heavy weight of water, but rarely offers to lighten their labour.” The stories are founded on popular legends and traditions, and a few have been adapted for the tales by the story-telling beggars of Brittany (a tribe, by the way, from Mrs. Macquoid's graphic description, more picturesque than attractive). The “Ferry of Carnoët” is a weird wild legend, while the story of the Miller of Weslay and the Baron his Lord is most amusing; so is the legend of St. Christopher; but indeed, when all are so excellent, it is useless to name especial ones, and we assure lovers of quaint stories, illustrated by charming “bits” of scenery, that they cannot do better than obtain the book. It is always a pleasure to find results such as these the handiwork of husband and wife. Where the tastes and pleasures of two are the same, hearts can seldom go far astray; and happy are those who find their daily work their daily happiness, and their ablest and most sympathetic coadjutors the partners of life. We must also thank the lady, Elizabeth Clarke, who, according to the testimony of the dedication, “suggested the idea of the pictures and legends from Normandy and Brittany.”

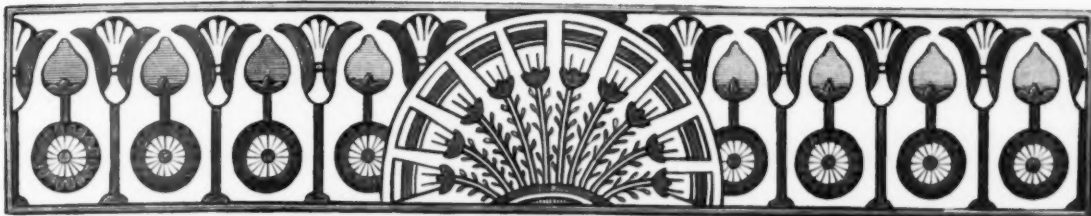
* “Flower Lore.” Published by McCaw, Belfast; Stevenson and Ore, Linenhall Works.

† “What an Old Myth may Teach.” By Leslie Keith. Illustrated by O. A. Von Glöck, B.A. Published by Marcus Ward & Co.

‡ “A Visit to the Court of Morocco.” By Arthur Leared, M.D., F.R.C.R. Published by Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

* “George Cruikshank, the Artist, the Humorist, and the Man: with some Account of his Brother Robert: a Critico-biographical Essay.” By William Bates, B.A., M.R.S.E., &c. Second Edition. Published by Houlston and Son.

† “Pictures and Legends from Normandy and Brittany.” By Thomas and Katherine Macquoid. Published by Chatto and Windus.



THE LAND OF EGYPT.*

By EDWARD THOMAS ROGERS, Esq., LATE H.M. CONSUL AT CAIRO, AND HIS SISTER, MARY ELIZA ROGERS.

THE DRAWINGS BY GEORGE L. SEYMOUR.

CHAPTER VI.



Near the so-called Tombs of the Khalifs.

HE artist, on his arrival at Cairo, the present capital of Egypt, finds in every direction some object of interest to transfer to his sketch-book. The magnificent mosques and graceful minarets, the stately tombs, the crowded bazaars, the narrow winding lanes and streets, with their projecting cornices and hanging windows of fantastic woodwork, so admirably depicted by Mr. Seymour, arrest the attention at every turn; but the traveller, before attempting any explorations, will do well to reflect on the past history of the country.

The most learned Egyptologists differ very considerably in the results they have deduced from hieroglyphic records of the chronology of the kings of ancient Egypt. The first known king was Menes, whose date is placed by some as far back as B.C. 5004, by others at about B.C. 3600, and by others at more recent dates, varying between B.C. 3000 and B.C. 2700.

But whichever of these several computations be accepted as nearest the truth, even the most recent of them carries us back in imagination to a period far anterior to the history of any other country; and it must be admitted that during many centuries previous to that very early period, Egypt must have been progressing in civilisation and culture, in order that the wonderful works of Art disinterred in modern times, and proved to belong to the earliest dynasties, could have been produced.

The thirty-four known dynasties—and there may have existed others of which no records have yet been found—are called either after the place of their origin or after the name of the city they selected as the seat of their government. Thus there were Ethiopian, Persian, Macedonian, Greek, and Roman, as

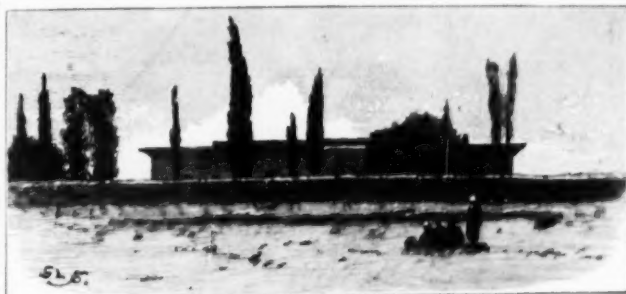
well as Memphite, Theban, Elephantine, and Tanite dynasties. They are now, however, according to Mariette Bey's system, divided into four epochs of empire, the first of which is called the *Ancient Empire*, beginning with the first and ending with the tenth dynasty. It comprises the splendid period of the foundation of Memphis, the building of the pyramids of Gizeh, and the excavation and ornamentation of the wonderfully preserved tombs of Sakkarah, the necropolis of Memphis.

The second period is called the *Middle Empire*, and extends from the eleventh to the seventeenth dynasty. It comprises that important epoch in the history of Egypt when it was invaded by the shepherd kings, the Hyksos. The patriarch Joseph was chief minister of one of the Pharaohs of the fourteenth dynasty.

The third period, called the *New Empire*, begins with the eighteenth dynasty, when Egypt, emerging from the devastating effects of the ravages of foreign invaders, enters on the most brilliant period of its history and its extended conquests and commerce under Thothmes, Amunoph, Ramses, Menephtah, and others, and extends to the thirty-first dynasty. During the nineteenth dynasty the Exodus took place. Shishonk (the Shishak of 1 Kings xiv. 25, 26) belonged to the twenty-second dynasty; the twenty-sixth was overcome by Cambyses; and the thirtieth was also superseded by the Persians, who in their turn were conquered by Alexander the Great.

The fourth period, called the *Lower Empire*, beginning with Alexander, comprises the Greeks and Romans, and concludes with Theodosius, who in A.D. 381 issued the famous edict abolishing all pagan rites, and establishing Christianity as the official religion of Egypt.

The Byzantine rulers exercised great tyranny over the native Christians—the Copts; and when, in A.D. 642, during the khalifat of Omar, the Mohammedans invaded Egypt, marching from Palestine *via* Gaza and el-Arish, Mukaukos, governor of Central



Palace on the Island of Roda, as seen from Boulevard Kasr 'Ali, Cairo.

Egypt, by birth a Greek, but allied with the Copts, desirous to be freed from the yoke of the oppressors, offered but little opposition to the invaders, and eventually made a treaty of peace with the Mohammedan general Amru-ibn-al-Aas at Heliopolis, by which the inhabitants of Central Egypt submitted, and agreed to pay an annual tribute to their new masters. Lower

* Continued from page 88.

Egypt, however, mostly inhabited by Greeks, offered a longer resistance, and Alexandria was only subdued after a siege of many months' duration.

Egypt was thenceforward administered by governors appointed by the khalifs. They, ruling despotically over the richest pro-

vince of the Mohammedan empire, and at a distance from the seat of the Central Government, were often tempted to revolt and to declare their independence. Thus, in A.D. 868, Ahmad-ibn-Túlún, a Turk who had been brought up in the service of successive khalifs at Baghdad, and was proficient both in learning

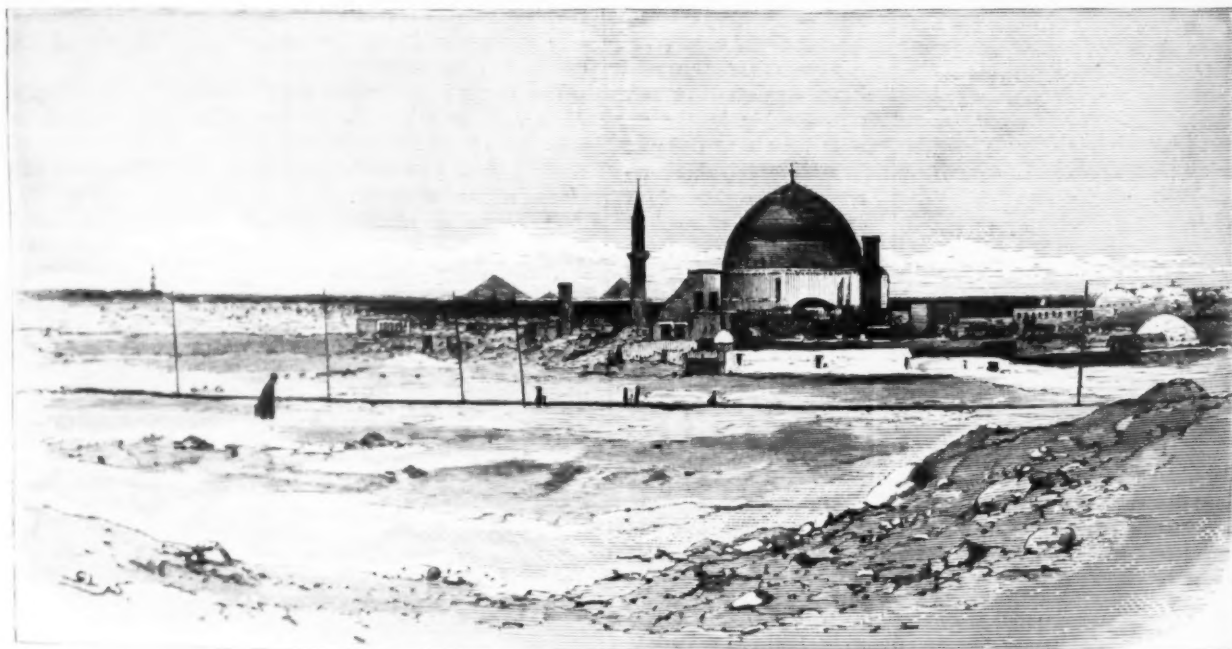


Mosque of Amru-ibn-al-Aas, Old Cairo, the most ancient Mosque in Egypt (A.D. 643).

and in military tactics, was appointed Vice-Governor of Misr. In 872 he became Vice-Governor of the whole of Egypt. In 873 he threw off his allegiance, and established an independent government. In 878 he conquered and annexed to his kingdom Palestine and Syria, when he built the citadel of Jaffa, and

refortified Tyre and many other ancient cities. He died in 884, and was succeeded by his son Khumáraweih.

Khumáraweih increased the kingdom he inherited from his father, and was for a time recognised by Al Mu'tadid, Khalif of Baghdad, as King of Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, as far as the



Tunk of Isma'el, Tunk of the Sháfi'ites, with the Burial Mosque of the Khedive's Family adjoining it. Pyramids of Sakkarah in the distance, and Railroad to Helwân in the foreground.

Euphrates, and named him successor as such from the Khalif as spiritual head of the Mohammedan empire. In order to make the compact more secure, he offered his daughter, Katr-en-nadr (Dewdrop), in marriage to the Khalif's son. Al Mu'tadid, however, replied that he would marry her himself, and Arab histo-

rians describe in rapturous terms the magnificence of the *trousseau* and of the marriage presents that were lavished on both sides as exceeding anything that had ever before been seen. Khumáraweih did not long enjoy the newly acquired favour of the Khalif: he was assassinated in Damascus A.D. 896.

He was succeeded by his son Jaish, who reigned only about eighteen months, was deposed in 897, and assassinated a few days afterwards. His brother Músa succeeded him, and was assassinated in 905.

Sheibán, a son of Ahmad-ibn-Túlún, next reigned for twelve

days, during which time he endeavoured to obtain the aid of former partisans of his family against the Khalif, but, deserted by them, he surrendered to the Khalif's general, Mohammed-ibn-Suleiman, and Egypt was again placed under the direct government of the Khalif's emissaries. Thirty years later an-



Entrance to the Mosque of el-Hakem, Founder of the Sect of the Druzes.

other governor, named Al-Akhshid, duly appointed by the Khalif from Baghdad, threw off his allegiance, and established a dynasty as ephemeral as that of the Túlúnis.

In A.D. 968 the then reigning Akhshidite King of Egypt was worsted by Jawhar, a general in command of the army of the Fatimite Khalif, Al-Múizz.

The Fatimites were sectarians who, like the Persians, regard the Prophet Mohammed's immediate successors, Abu Bekr, Omar, and Othman, as usurpers, who deprived the Prophet's son-in-law, Aly-ibn-Abi-Talib, of his rightful inheritance. This, indeed, is the original cause of the great schism in the Muslim religion between Shíais and Sunnis.

In A.D. 909 a man of the name of Obeid-allah, who pretended to be a descendant of the Prophet's daughter Fatimeh, established himself as Fatimite Khalif in Kairowán, a city in the

province of Tunis, and extended his authority over the whole of Northern Africa and the island of Sicily. The fourth Fatimite Khalif, Al-Múizz, sent an expedition under the command of



Jawhar, a famous general, a European by birth, and he succeeded in the conquest of Egypt; nor was it long before he added to his other achievements the conquest of Syria.

The sixth Fatimite Khalif was el-Hakem, a maniac, who

exercised his despotic power with as much barbarous cruelty as childish caprice. He is the object of adoration of the Druzes, who look upon him as the incarnation of the Divinity.

(To be continued.)

THE COUNTRY BLOSSOM.

J. H. S. MANN, Painter.

F. HOLL, Engraver.

UNDER the poetic title of 'The Country Blossom,' a pretty English girl is here represented by the pencil of an artist whose pictures of a somewhat similar kind have for many years been hung in the galleries of the Royal Academy and elsewhere in London, and in the provinces where Art is considered sufficiently attractive to be encouraged and entertained. The young lady, for she is evidently above the peasant class, though of rural type, and not "city bred," is seated apparently on a mossy bank, under a group of trees, arranging a bouquet of roses, and, however, gathered from the wayside

hedges, but cultivated by the skilful hand of the gardener, and fitting emblem of herself—a sweet rose of England. Her costume is adapted to the place and circumstances; she wears on her head a kind of gipsy hat and feathers; a scarf has been thrown over the shoulders, but so loosely and carelessly that it is falling off; and a thin neckerchief is tied over her bare neck and bust. She is so surrounded by trees and shrubs that we get the merest peep only of the scenery beyond, but that little is a picturesque bit, lightened up by the sun glittering on a small lake in the middle distance.





THE "WRITINGS ON THE WALL" OF FLORENCE.

By JAMES JACKSON JARVES.



HERE is one feature of Florence, and indeed of most Italian towns, but emphatically distinguishing the capital of Tuscany, a legacy of its ancient Etruscan population, that is more suggestive to the imagination, instructive to the mind, and agreeable in its widespread associations, than almost any other of what may be called its distinctive local customs. As it is worthy of imitation everywhere, I will briefly epitomize a few of its characteristic and illustrious names. I allude to the inscribed marble slabs or lapidary records so frequently to be seen inserted in the façades of old buildings, which, with occasional exceptions, would not attract notice for their architectural or antiquarian aspects. On stopping to read them, we are carried back to past ages, and to traditions, customs, and manners, between which and those of our own generation time has already dug a deep gulf, and into the biographies of those men and women who first made Florence famous, down to the distinguished departed who have but just gone from earth. Their brief but comprehensive words, cut deeply into enduring stone, are not merely a touching, graphic record of the honoured dead, keeping their memories ever green with posterity, but they are history itself in its simplest and most accessible form for every citizen, and a stimulating lesson in patriotism and virtue.

Florence has, in addition, its army of statues and scores of sumptuous monuments to distinguish those it most delights to honour; but these are ambitiously artistic, architectural, or allegorical. They challenge attention even more for the taste or genius, or the want of both, in their makers, than for the individuals they commemorate. Thus the mind becomes diverted from their personal and historical associations to the objective manifestation itself. The critical and æsthetic faculties are aroused to have their voices heard in the matter, so that the satisfaction of viewing them becomes a mixed, and, in some sense, antagonistic and confused one. But it is quite different with the unpretentious lapidary souvenirs. They fix the memory directly on the person and the scenes which transpired on the spot, and recall, as by magical whisper, an entire age, epoch, or crisis in Art, science, history, noble action, and whatever most endears, in joy or suffering, human nature in the individuals to the world at large.

What brings Dante more personally before our sight than the few words over the door of the fragment still remaining of the house where he was born, more than six centuries ago? They are an "open sesame" to his whole life. The rustic strength of the ancient Etruscan style of edifice, with its arched windows and little bullet-eyed panes of opaque glass, tells well the story of mediæval, pugnacious Florence, where he first saw light; and the contiguous alley-ways and network of narrow streets and tower-built houses, where he played as a boy, still are here in their pristine clanship, family grouping, and hostile outlook to all those of rival interests and blood. In the twinkle of an eye, the "divine poet" himself; the celestialised Beatrice; the patient, plodding Gemma, solitary wife and mother, model of the domestic, practical virtues of her time; the fiery, haughty neighbours, the Cerchi and Donati tribes; and, not least, the benevolent Folco Portinari, the Peabody of his fellow-citizens, in their quaintly cut and gaily coloured hoods and mantles, or in steel armour, all reappear—not like a dim, ghostly train, but in flesh and blood, as real as the buildings before us, which they might have left but yesterday, so little has their local spirit yet passed away. Indeed, the poetical and historical past of Florence is so substantially interlinked with its modern life, that the whole feeling of the place is very much as if time were not, and we were already half living in that sphere in which neither hours nor distances exist.

1879.

Strolling onwards to the Via dei Ginori, in the front of a house dating almost as far back as Dante's, built by the Taddeo family, we are told that here Raphael was their guest when he visited Florence. History turns over several century leaves at once, and we are brought face to face with the periods of Julius II. and Leo X., the climax of Italy's renaissance Art, and their brilliant circles of courtiers, artists, and scholars. Its golden age illumines our minds. Immediately we see the most graceful and gracious of painters appear, with his bright locks flowing down his shoulders and dancing in the warm sunlight, and his dark velvet plumed cap shading his brow, accompanied by the austere Fra Bartolommeo and the jovial Albertinelli and Ridolfo Ghirlandajo, who are escorting him home after a visit to their studios, attended by a crowd of lesser notabilities in Art. All extremes of temperaments and habits are harmonized by the supreme presence of the pet of the Muses and Fortune, the fair son of the pious, commonplace Giovanni Santi, of Urbino.

How the traditions of the boy-painter still linger in Florence, among the unlettered crowd that never read a line about him in their lives, is characteristically shown by the street cry I overheard last summer of a *gamin* who was selling sliced water melons. "Look at them!" he shouted in stentorian notes, "only look at their beautiful colour. Not Raphael himself could paint better!"

In the street of the Ghibellines a marble bids us welcome to the house and studio of Michael Angelo. Here the imagination must stretch a point. It was indeed his house, bought whilst at Rome as a family investment, but he never lived in it or saw it after it became his. It is now got up so skilfully for its pseudo-associations with his domestic life and artistic career, and looks on the whole so real and cosy, that it is more the pity that he never himself enjoyed the comfortable home he made out of his hard earnings for his little-deserving relatives. His petulant old father and exacting kin buzzed around the grand old man like so many human hornets, stinging him into transient rages, only to be shortly overpowered by his exhaustless love and endurance. Men quailed before his majestic, far-reaching genius, and competitors bowed as if the thunders of the heavens were playing over their heads. He lifts us out of the world of beauty and sentiment of Raphael into Alpine heights of ethical and allegorical ideas, and forces the supernal powers into human machinery and action. Michael Angelo is the sole *greatest* artist of his generation with whom religion, patriotism, love of family, and self-respect were heart-fed principles.

Not far away we come to the spot of Andrea del Sarto's chequered career, where he was beguiled by a woman into shipwrecking his character and fortunes. Near by is the site of Benvenuto Cellini's stormy experiments in casting his 'Perseus' and other wild scenes which so fully expose the evil side of himself and his epoch, revealed by him in utter unconsciousness of there being any conscience either in Art or man. We need not linger here for pleasant visions.

Crossing the Arno by the jeweller's bridge, and ascending the steep hill-back of the Pitti Gardens, we find ourselves before the house where, according to its magniloquent Latin inscription, dwelt the immortal Galileo, whom the illustrious Grand Duke Ferdinand himself did not *disdain* to visit. How happy science must have felt on these rare occasions, especially in contrasting them with the very frequent visits the same ducal personage did deign to make to that satyr-frescoed, grotesque-adorned house in Via Maggio, the gift of the said condescending patron of Galileo to the Venetian siren, Bianca Capella. His magnificence had better by far have stuck by the stars than her blonde tresses, which in the end proved so unwholesome to him as to shorten his days. Just beyond, in Via Romana, we

2 E

have another characteristic reminder of the decadence of Art and morals in Florence under the Medici, in the habitation of the masterful Giovanni San Giovanni. His clever, sacrilegious, jocose compositions prove conclusively that the Church itself was then tainted with gross irreligion, as well as the Court. It becomes quite refreshing to go thence, but close by, to the record of Tasso's mysterious visit, like an angel's, to Florence, to briefly salute a brother poet, and, without waiting response or cheer, to depart for ever, leaving no trace behind; thence to Via S. Spirito, to gaze on the house of the lily city's last warrior chief, who was treacherously betrayed and slain, A.D. 1530, whilst fighting for her civic liberties, through the instrumentality of the arch-traitor Malatesta Bargilioni. He deserves at least a stone to record his infamy.

Florence, too, is singularly liberal and generous-minded in recording names on her illustrious legion of honour outside of her own citizens. Of her own proper it is unnecessary to add

more. Every traveller can be his own guide and interpreter in this gracious, sympathetic task. And so I will close my brief glimpse by recalling three of our own time and acquaintance, not Florentines, whose names shine on the stones of Florence quite as conspicuously as those of her own people—viz. Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning in Casa Guido, a few doors above Bianca Capella's record (and what a contrast in women's lives!); the highly gifted Mrs. Theodosia Trollope; and the patriotic exile and Venetian poet, Dall Ongaro; their dwellings still speaking most eloquently of them, although others, unknown to fame, now find shelter beneath their honoured roofs. Certainly, that it is a pleasant thing to have lived virtuously and well in Florence in these times, doing it a good turn as far as means and opportunity permitted, these grateful records prove. There is room for more. Who will fill the vacant places?

Florence, March, 1879.

CHRISTIAN ART IN THE EXHIBITION.—PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.*

PART II.—Continued.

OF quite another class are Laurens's pictures, more in the Austrian-Hungarian style of historical religious. His 'Interdict' is especially fine: a church door blocked up, the dead lying unburied, desolation and woe around from the effect of the fatal decree, yet full of meaning, melancholy without being repulsive, the deep-toned colouring in harmony with the scene. His 'Pope Formosa and Stephen VII.,' 'St. Francis Borgia,' and 'St. Bruno refusing the Presents of Roger, Count of Calabria,' are equally good. Nor does this exhaust the Christian Art of France, but it is impossible to mention more. Perhaps one of the most curious features of the day is the tendency to *genre* subjects even in this branch, small cabinet paintings of 'Pilgrims before a Shrine,' 'Sunday Morning,' 'Fra Angelico painting,' or 'Monks painting,' abounding in the French section. One called 'Convalescence,' a nun reading to another wrapped in shawls beside a fire, and a 'Mother Abbess rebuking a little Girl,' by Duverger, are gems of tenderness and beauty.

In religious sculpture all countries are singularly deficient; there is not one specimen in Austria, Sweden, Denmark, or the United States. In Italy 'Hipparchia tied to the Stake' is, as in all the productions of Italian sculptors, fine in its modelling and workmanship, but clearly chosen only as a good subject for this purpose. A 'Modesty' and 'Moses saved from the Waters' are, however, very beautiful female figures, full of refinement and spiritual elements. Not so the statue of Savonarola, which is far below the standard; nor a large one of the late Pope, wanting in the commonest dignity in the effort to express the *bonhomie* for which he was so celebrated. A smaller bust of him is more successful; also a good one of Padre Secchi, the late Jesuit astronomer. These, with two or three very earthly Eves, are the only contributions from that once devout country so prolific in Christian artists.

Here again France takes the lead. Its monument to General Lamoricière by Dubois, however, "crowned" though it be by a gold medal, in no respect rises to our ideal. The figure of the General, his hand on sword, no doubt lies on the top, but is more thrown on the earth than "resting in the sleep of faith," while two of the figures at the angles remind us forcibly of Michael Angelo, the other two being theatrical and feeble in the last degree. But facing the entrance of the first sculpture-room are two most beautiful statues: 'Joan of Arc listening to the Heavenly Voices,' by Chapu; the other by Falguière, the 'Boy-Martyr Larcissus,' stoned to death, because refusing to deliver up the Sacred Host he had been intrusted to carry to those already

destined for martyrdom—an incident which occurred in Japan, and entitled him, with the other martyrs, to canonisation during the reign of the late pope. Nothing can be more touchingly expressed than the earnestness of the boy as he clasps his treasure to his breast, and in the midst of his agony looks up with serene countenance to the heavens, as if seeing something beyond. There is also a 'St. Agnes,' which is pure and refined, and a second 'Joan of Arc spinning;' but best as a work of Art is a small bronze statue of David, by Mercié, exquisitely modelled, and full of youthful strength and beauty. A statue of the celebrated 'Curé of Ars' possesses the interest of having been done without his knowledge, but it is more theatrical than he ever could have been. The same peculiarity is manifest also in that of the Abbé Deguerry, the martyred Curé of the Madeleine, and in some others which stand around.

Nothing, however, in any other section approaches the æsthetic beauty of a statue in the English room, 'St. Margaret and the Dragon,' by Miss Grant, niece of Sir Francis Grant, the late lamented President of the Royal Academy. It is the 'Triumph of Faith,' personified in the legend told of her, which says "that the devil attacking her in the form of a dragon, she held up the cross, confident of its power, when, crouching beneath, he instantly retired." The contrast of the huge, earthly monster and the delicate spiritual girl is perfectly rendered, every detail showing careful study: confidence is expressed in the refined face and calm but firm attitude of the young saint, whose drapery falls in classical folds, while the growling of the demon is almost audible beneath his coarse scales and griffin-like aspect. It is a true pleasure to see an English lady thus standing in the front rank of high Art, and every one who sees this statue leaves it with the hope that it may be followed by many more from the same accomplished hand.

The Christ of Antonolski we have already noticed, and save a few bas-reliefs unworthy of remark, there is no other modern religious sculpture amongst the mass of statues scattered throughout the Exhibition.

But if we wish to gauge our criticisms by comparison with the past, there is at the stall of MM. Christoffe the fac-simile of one of the masterpieces of the world, the 'St. Francis of Assisi' by Alonzo Cano, belonging to the cathedral of Toledo, and so jealously guarded by its canons, that for the last ten years they have hidden it from the sight even of royal personages like the Emperor of Brazil. By unheard-of patience and perseverance, however, a French artist, Zacharie Astruc, succeeded in obtaining their permission to copy it; and, bringing his work back to Paris, it has now been reproduced in bronze and wood by the above

* Concluded from page 83.

famous firm. Little more than three feet high, in this statue is nevertheless expressed a whole history, the worn, meagre figure of the ascetic beneath his coarse, tattered habit telling a tale of long mortification, and of a body which is but the outward covering of the spirit, whilst the transfigured expression of the face and the eyes fixed on high lift us at once into the highest realms of bliss. Looking at it, we can also better understand

the power of such a nature over the birds and beasts which flocked around him as he walked, and which we saw represented in H. S. Marks' painting already noticed. The work is now too well known to require much comment, but all the more must we rejoice that it is thus brought within the compass of appreciative connoisseurs, and that we may hope to see this reproduction spread all over the world.

AN EXHIBITION OF WOMAN'S WORK.

NEEDLEWORK, among human arts, may be said to occupy a position like that which the mistress of the needle holds amid the organized kingdoms of nature. The position is unique. From the rudest specimens of archaic industry to the most exquisite productions of filmy lacework or many-coloured embroidery the range of the needle extends. From the first tiny garment prepared in expectation of the birth of the infant to the fine linen of the bride; from the rough garments of the work-a-day peasant to the "plain or fringed linen" ordered for a reception at court; from the simplest and most substantial plain work to the reproduction of the designs of Raphael, or the rose point of Spain or of Venice, the needle is the implement used. Before God Almighty made coats of skins to clothe the man and his wife, the woman had sewed fig-leaves together to make themselves aprons.

Not only is the needle the most ancient implement to which reference is thus implicitly made, but it is also among the earliest relics of human Art. Bone needles are found, among the most ancient implements of stag's horn, stone, and pottery, in the lake deposits of Switzerland. In the pile settlement of the stone age, in front of the little village of Lüscherz, were found a number of needles or bodkins of an oblong form, perforated at one end, which were used for the manufacture of nets. In the same deposit was found, together with fragments of string, of woven cloth, and of nets, a little rod of wood, nearly six inches in length, with carbonised thread wound round it. At Montellier, on the Lake of Morat, was found a sewing-needle of horn, together with flint arrow-heads and bronze rings and fish-hooks. Bronze needles have been found in Etruscan tombs. Without attempting to trace the history of the implement from these early times, we may remember that among the existing relics of the very earliest pictorial representations of the habits and attire of our own ancestors, needlework occupies the foremost rank, and that rude but characteristic portraits of Harold the King, William the Duke, and Odo the Bishop, are yet visible on the tapestry of Bayeux.

If the position of the needle as the sole or the chief implement of the graceful industry of woman has been somewhat impaired by the attention which the ladies of our own day have given to the pencil, the chisel, and the brush; to music, to literature, or to a wide range of occupations once considered proper to the ruder sex; none the less does the needle continue to be, *par excellence*, the woman's implement. We mean no disrespect to the craft of the tailor. We should be among the last to forget the extraordinary amount of thoughtful skill that has been devoted to the construction of sewing machines, the mere enumeration of the patents for which occupies thirty-six long columns of very closely printed type in the "Practical Dictionary of Mechanics." But do what else she may, woman must cease to be herself before she will forego what is not only a power, but a grateful occupation; or cease to regard the needle not only as an indispensable servant, but as a trusty and consoling friend.

One or two words, out of volumes that might be written in praise of the needle, have here been offered to the reader with a definite purpose. The idea has lately been started of an exhibition of woman's work. We wish to call attention to something which, as it seems to us, would invest such an exhibition with a charm that would, in these days of multiplied exhibitions, be

unique. It is that the collection should not be a heterogeneous gathering of all those objects in the production of which woman competes (and often under disadvantageous conditions) with man, but that it should be first, at all events in its nucleus, composed of that which is special to woman; that in which her skill is unrivalled; that which is welcome in every home. And our next object is that the whole care and conduct of such an exhibition should be committed to women alone.

It is not the object of the present lines to lecture, to decide, or to advise. Our wish is only to suggest. What may be the value of the suggestions offered there will be those whose leisure, whose position, whose taste, and whose ability will enable them to decide more aptly, perhaps, than any man can do. The way in which the matter comes to our view is this:—

A contention is now hot, we will not say between the two sexes, but between two schools which take opposite views as to the position of the line that should be drawn between the habits and occupations of the sexes. Any individual, of either sex, may adopt the views of either school. There are those who hold that woman is injured and degraded by any legal or conventional distinctions that debar her from at least attempting all that man has hitherto done. She is to have a higher education. She is to fill and to found colleges and universities; to practise law and physic; to sit on boards; to vote at vestries and at ballots; and to address public meetings.

There are those, on the other hand, who hold that the lines of demarcation laid down in older days are due to the legislation, not of man, but of nature. They believe that the physical peculiarities of each sex denote the limits within which the powers of the individual will be asserted with the utmost advantage. They maintain that there are no neuters in the human hive; that men are not all drones; and that the discharge of duties hitherto regarded as masculine by the gentler sex is incompatible with the powerful claims of maternity, and with the true magic by which woman rules.

Now, whichever of these two opposite views may be taken by any reader, we put it to him or to her whether it would not be desirable to give to woman an opportunity of showing how far, on her own special ground, she can maintain her own full ability to do justice to her sex. And in this we go so far as to include the management of the whole business connected with the effort, taking, of course, such purely technical or professional advice as every board or committee that has to deal with public funds, and to command public attention, must require. To say nothing of any English experience or experiments, it is well here to call attention to the admirable business habits which are so often to be found among Frenchwomen. The greater part of the "petty commerce" of France has for time immemorial been conducted by women, and very admirably has it been thus conducted. We do not wish to make any unfair comparisons, but certainly the opinion has been very general among those who have had the opportunity of forming it, that in this branch of occupation the French woman is superior to the French man. This is by-the-by, and only to anticipate any objection being made to our expecting all the dry, precise details of business to be carried out, in the case we have in view, without masculine aid.

That being premised, it is only necessary to glance for a

moment at the admitted and surprising stimulus which has been given to industry, and especially to Art industry, by the long series of exhibitions that have followed the creation of the fairy-like display of 1851. As to this, it is wholly needless to insist. There is hardly one of our readers who will not have his own testimony to offer to the general truth.

It follows that if an exhibition of the products of that special art of woman, in which her skill is unrivalled, but in which she has of late been exposed to the competition, if not of the steam-engine, at least of the sewing machine, were organized and fully and ably carried out under female direction and by female hands alone, advantages of more than one kind would follow.

The art itself would receive a wholesome and powerful stimulus. What comparison of the best products of our own and of foreign countries has done for pottery, glass, metal-work, and so many important branches of Art, there is every reason to expect that it would do for needlework.

Then, by the comparison of notes and by the action of a sisterly feeling on the part of the committee, there is good reason to hope that such cruel tyranny as is now exercised by some of the vendors of cheap raiment over the humbler and more necessitous sempstresses would have so full a burst of light thrown upon its infamy as to call forth a new Song of the Shirt, pitched

in a higher key. It needs some such effort to sweep away, by a hot blast of public indignation, that weary, wasting, starving toil in which woman waits on the sewing machines for the profit of the slop-seller. We have heard much of trades' unions; but a needle union, that struck against wearing the fingers to the bone for three-halfpence a shirt, would command not only the women's vote, but the support of every one who had the right to call himself a man.

Thirdly, it could hardly fail to be the case that the new effort to act alone would have a valuable and useful effect in the way of gaining experience. The members of an organization that dealt with a matter so eminently and exclusively feminine would essay their powers under circumstances peculiarly favourable for their exercise. If in anything they could expect to do well, in such a cause they might be sure to do best. And thus they would be enabled, by gaining experience, either to advance with a firmer tread towards some of those public objects on which some women have fixed their attention, or to draw from the same experience inferences that might guide their efforts towards the occupations, whatever they may prove to be, in which the genius, grace, charm, and power of woman most fully find their true development.

F. R. C.

THE HUGUENOT.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

J. D. LINTON, Painter.

T. BROWN, Engraver.

MR. LINTON is undoubtedly one of the pillars of a society even in that department which may lay claim to a superiority over its rival, for it is almost universally conceded that in *figure painting* the Institute of Water-Colour Painters is far stronger than the older society in Pall Mall East. It was a wise and politic selection the Institute made when, a few years since, he was chosen a member; and although he exhibits but few works—rarely more than two, sometimes but one—each season, they are of a quality and character to do honour to himself and to bring reputation to the society. We have but to point out, in order to justify our opinion, his 'Squire Thornhill and Olivia,' and 'Faust and Marguerite,' both exhibited in 1869; his 'Maundy Thursday—Washing the Beggars' Feet,' in 1873; and his 'Émigrés,' exhibited last year. The picture here engraved was a contribution, and a valuable one, to the Winter Exhibition of 1877-8, where it hung in a place of honour on one side of the gallery.

In these days of civil and religious liberty—a liberty which sometimes seems as if it would degenerate into licentiousness—

one can scarcely imagine the reality of such a scene as we see here; but the history of the Huguenots, and the annals of our own country in times past, reveal many such incidents as that depicted, when a man "dare not call his soul his own," in opposition to ecclesiastical power misnamed the Church. That poor "heretic" on his knees, with his hands bound, will appeal in vain for mercy to the priest-cardinal who interrogates him as to his religious belief. The anguish seen in the miserable prisoner's countenance and his ghastly eyes will not move that obdurate cleric to abstain from his purpose in the slightest degree; his own face foreshadows the result of the "questioning" which the Cardinal's secretary writes down, to be used as evidence against the man, who appears to be no higher in the social scale than a poor agricultural labourer. The fourth figure in the composition is the priest's grim familiar, who stands, rope in hand, ready to play any part in the drama he may be instructed to perform. The four heads are really fine studies, each in its respective character, and the whole drawing possesses artistic qualities highly commendable.

FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.

THE annual distribution of prizes to the successful students of this institution took place on the 18th of March, in the theatre of the University of London, Burlington Gardens, the pupils receiving their awards from the hands of her Royal Highness the Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck, who was accompanied by the Duke of Teck, Lady Caroline Cust, and Colonel Greville. The Rev. Sir Emilius Bayley, Bart., called upon Mr. Bennoch to read the annual statement, which referred to the numerous honours won by the students during the past year, and to its general prosperity. All the works showed a high standard of excellence. Those of the elementary class were sound and good, whilst those of the advanced class, especially the studies from the antique, were unusually strong, both in quality and number, no less than four national awards having

been given for this class of study. The oil paintings of flowers, still life, and objects were deserving of great praise, and one of them, by Miss A. E. Hopkinson, has been distinguished by having awarded to it the Queen's Gold Medal. Amongst the many distinguished honours won by the students at various competitions may also be mentioned two National Gold Medals, two Princess of Wales's scholarships, and two Queen's Gold Medals. One of the students had her medalled work purchased by the Art Union of London, to be reproduced, for which they paid 100 guineas.

The exhibition of works executed by students during the preceding twelve months was held in the school premises in the month of January: of this a notice appeared in our March number.

OBITUARY.

PETER LE NEVE FOSTER, M.A.

THE Society of Arts recently sustained a severe and sudden loss by the death of its well-known and greatly respected secretary, Mr. Peter Le Neve Foster. Since Christmas last Mr. Foster had been suffering rather severely from the gout, but it was hoped that the disease had left him, for he was lately enabled to resume his duties at the society. On February 20th, however, immediately on his return to his own house at Wandsworth, he was seized with a sudden attack of heart disease, and some of his family, coming into the room where he had been sitting by himself for a few minutes reading the newspaper, found that he had fallen back from his chair dead. So little expected was the illness, that he had finished his ordinary day's work at his office, and had even walked up from the railway station to his own house.

Mr. Foster was born on the 17th August, 1809, and was the son of Mr. Peter Le Neve Foster, of Lenwade, Norfolk. He was educated under Mr. Valpy at the Norwich Grammar School, whence he went up to Trinity Hall, Cambridge. After having taken his degree as thirty-eighth wrangler in the mathematical tripos of 1830, he was elected Fellow of his college. He was called to the bar at the Middle Temple in 1836, and practised as a conveyancer till he became Secretary to the Society of Arts in 1853.

Mr. E. Foster was intimately associated with all the earlier great Exhibitions. He was appointed to carry into effect the provisions of the Act for the protection of inventions in the Exhibition of 1851, and was also named treasurer "for payment of all executive expenses" in the original commission.

During his term of office the Society of Arts has flourished as it never previously had done, and, owing in no small degree to his exertions, it has quadrupled its number of members, and increased its resources in a still greater proportion. Much of its work was originated by the late secretary, and all of it was carried out by him. Even the regular working of such a society involves no small amount of labour and responsibility, but, besides this, the society has been instrumental in promoting many public objects, and in all of these it was necessarily upon the secretary that the burden of the work always fell.

From his boyhood upwards Mr. Foster took a keen and enlightened interest in many branches of science. He was one of the first to take up and practise, as a scientific amateur, the art of photography, and on this subject he has written much in the pages of photographic and other periodicals. He was one of the founders of the Photographic Society, and was on its Council for many years. He was President of the Queckett Microscopical Club for a year, and also served for some time on the Council of the British Association, the meetings of which he has attended regularly for the past twenty years. For many years he acted as secretary of the Mechanical Section of the Association. He read several papers before the Society of Arts, and was, of course, a constant contributor to its *Journal*, the whole series of which, from the middle of the first volume, was published under his direction.

Mr. Foster leaves behind him a very numerous body of friends, to all of whom his genial and kindly character had endeared him. There must be literally some thousands of persons who have profited by the ready advice and generous help which were at the service of all applicants, known or unknown, who came to the office in the Adelphi. On the occasion of his completion of twenty-five years' service as secretary, a strong committee was formed to present Mr. Foster with a testimonial. The list for this was just about to be closed, the amount subscribed being over £1,200. Under present circumstances it is probable that a fresh effort will be made to increase this amount, so that a fitting memorial may be presented to Mrs. Foster.

[Mr. H. Trueman Wood, for some time Assistant Secretary of

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the Society of Arts, has been appointed to fill the post vacant by the decease of Mr. P. Le Neve Foster.]

SAMUEL S. SMITH.

We record with much regret the decease, in March last, at St. John's Wood, of this engraver, at the age of seventy years. Within the last quarter of a century Mr. Smith has executed numerous plates for us very carefully, and in all respects most satisfactorily: they are 'The Carrara Family,' from the picture in the Vernon Gallery by Sir C. L. Eastlake, P.R.A. (1853); 'Visit to the Nun' (1856) and 'The Good Samaritan' (1858), both pictures also by Sir C. L. Eastlake, P.R.A.; 'St. Agnes,' after Domenichino (1859); 'The Cottage Home,' after J. V. Gibson (1861); 'Joseph's Coat brought to Jacob,' after H. Warren (1863); all these pictures are in the royal collections. From private galleries Mr. Smith engraved for the *Art Journal* 'The Wife's Portrait,' after A. Elmore, R.A. (1866); 'An Italian Family,' after Sir C. L. Eastlake (1867); 'In the Sepulchre,' M. Claxton (1869); 'David brought before Saul,' Miss Louisa Starr (1871); 'The Letter-bag,' C. Green (1873); 'The Strawberry Girl,' after Decoinck (1875); 'Jephthah's Daughter,' J. Schrader (1877); 'The Toilet of the Young Princess,' Escosura (1878). It will be seen from the foregoing list that the deceased engraver was actively engaged on our behalf. His death removes a link associated with the past school of line engravers, of whom but few now remain, and we do not find their successors coming forward.

VALENTINE BARTHOLOMEW.

This veteran flower painter, whose pictures have for many years graced the gallery of the Society of Water-Colour Painters, of which he had long been an Associate, died on the 21st of March, at the age of eighty. Some years ago Mr. Bartholomew received the appointment of Flower Painter in Ordinary to her Majesty. At one time he was almost without a rival in his particular department of Art, the most successful, perhaps, being his own wife, who died in 1862; but latterly, and especially as advancing age somewhat weakened his powers, he found several competitors for popular favour, particularly among the ladies.

MICHAEL ECHTER.

The death has been announced, in Munich, of this well-known historical and fresco painter, a pupil of Kaulbach, whom he assisted in the execution of his pictures on the staircase of the new museum in Berlin. Echter was sixty-nine years old at the time of his decease, but his artistic career was brought to a premature ending some time since through loss of sight.

CARL FRÉDÉRIK SÖRENSEN.

Continental papers have announced the death, at Copenhagen, on the 24th of January, of Professor Sørensen, the distinguished Danish marine painter, who was born at Sansø, and lately held the post of Professor of Painting in the Academy of Copenhagen. His works were well known in most of the continental cities, where Art of his kind finds patronage, and it is not unfamiliar to us in England. To our International Exhibition of 1862 he sent 'Early Morning off the Skaw,' and to that of 1871 he contributed two good pictures, 'A Storm off the Coast of Scotland,' and 'Early Morning—Bay of Naples.' His works have also been seen in some of our minor public galleries.

THOMAS COUTURE.

The French papers report the death, towards the end of March, of this artist, at the age of sixty-four years: we are compelled to defer to a future number any account of him and his works.

AMERICAN PAINTERS.—JOHN B. BRISTOL, N.A.



JOHN B. BRISTOL, a farmer's son, was born at Hillsdale, Columbia County, New York, March 14, 1826. Not far distant is Hudson, where lived, and, in the eyes of its inhabitants, reigned, Henry Ary, a portrait painter, who had succeeded in garnering a very considerable amount of local fame. As Bristol grew up, he became acquainted with the artist, rarely missing the opportunity of calling upon him when in town, and rarely returning to his father's farmhouse without a fresh stock of Art ideas, and a strong determination to put them in practice. At length he spent a whole winter with Ary, and was graduated a professional portrait painter. Too many persons, however, had to be consulted and pleased in the making of a portrait, and Bristol got discouraged, and in time disgusted. He went instead to the mountains, the lakes, the meadows, and the forests, and has continued to go there ever since. First Llewellyn Park, in New Jersey, attracted him. Mr. Jacob B. Murray, of Brooklyn, owns

a view in and from that pleasant suburban retreat. Next the scenery of St. John's River and St. Augustine, in Florida, took hold of him. Mr. Cyrus Butler and Mr. William E. Dodge, Jun., of New York, have reproductions of the semi-tropical surroundings of those places. Berkshire County, Massachusetts, especially in its pastoral aspects, then received his attention—his 'Mount Everet,' now in the possession of a resident of Utica, New York, and his 'View of Monument Mountain, near Great Barrington,' now in the parlour of a resident of Riverdale, New York, being among his principal transcriptions in that region. Finally, he turned whither most Americans love to turn, towards the White Mountains and Lake George; and his ripest and truest endeavours have concerned themselves with the loveliness and the majesty there gathered. His 'Mount Equinox, Vermont,' for example, in the National Academy Exhibition of 1877, now owned by Mr. McCoy, of Baltimore, is perhaps the best contribution he has made to landscape Art.

Bristol's pictures are the outgrowth of a desire to express the



The Adirondacks, from Lake Paradox.

poetic sentiment of nature as he feels it; and this sentiment, in his case, is always refined and pleasing. He shows us scenes of peaceful beauty. Independently of their execution, his subjects are always interesting—often of commanding interest. Not depending for success upon the technicalities of his art, he asks of the spectator no special artistic training as a prerequisite to appreciation. He would be the last man in the world to try to invest with charm a clump of decayed trunks, a skyless forest interior, or a lot of bare heath traversed by ruts and bordered by straggling trees. Picturesqueness—that is his first criterion for a subject; an unpicturesque subject, indeed, would not make an impression

upon him. He does not handle common every-day themes, nor themes destitute of what is called the human element. Almost every one of his landscapes contains a house, a fence, a figure, a road, a clearing, something else besides trees, and skies, and mountains—something that man has made, and that man will recognise as such. Mr. Bristol's views of Art wear a good, homely, honest, old-fashioned air.

Here, for instance, are the two pictures by him which we have engraved—'THE ADIRONDACKS, FROM LAKE PARADOX,' a hazy, midsummer, early-evening effect, a lake embosomed in hills beneath a cloudless sky, the foreground only in local colour, the

atmosphere beyond gradually growing into the horizon tints, and blending with them; and 'LAKE GEORGE, FROM NEAR SABBATH-DAY POINT,' a similar mid-afternoon effect, the sun on the right, out of sight, blazing athwart the cloud masses, glistening on the surface of the rippled water, and leaving in sombre shadow, save on a few edges or ledges, the mighty and majestic mountain. No lack of picturesqueness in these landscapes surely; while in one of them is the clearing, and in the other of them the sail-boat, to humanise the scene. Whether or not this is the subtlest or richest sort of landscape Art we are not now considering. We are looking at the matter from Mr. Bristol's point of view, and the oftener we do so, divesting our minds of every achievement, say of the modern French landscape painter, the more easily we are forced to confess that such pictures deserve a local habitation and a name; for they touch and cheer the hearts of men whom the modern French painters cannot reach.

'Franconia Notch, from Franconia Village,' and 'Evening, near Tongue Mountain, Lake George,' are two of Mr. Bristol's

finest landscapes. Mr. Colgate, of Twenty-third Street, New York, is the owner of his Academy contribution in 1876—'View of Lake Champlain from Ferrisburg.' 'On the Connecticut, near the White Mountains,' was sent a short time ago to the Burlington (Vermont) Exhibition, and almost immediately after its arrival found a purchaser. The 'View of Mount Oxford' brought the artist a medal from the Centennial Commission at Philadelphia. The 'Ascutney Mountains' and the 'Valley of the Housatonic' are other important works. Recently Mr. Bristol has painted, with exceptional success, some of the old covered bridges in the Connecticut Valley. The sight of them goes straight home to many a son of New England.

Mr. Bristol's sense of atmosphere and of perspective is highly stimulated, or perhaps we should say quickened. His pictures are strongest in the rendering of breadth of sunshine, and of cool, transparent shadow. Placid in spirit, faithful in record, unconventional in composition, and serious in purpose they always are. They readily catch the local effect of air and



Lake George, from near Sabbath-Day Point.

colour, and they convey for the most part a general impression as of outdoors. Their author is a most industrious and progressive workman; his last pictures, compared with his earlier

ones, show that, as the years bear him on, his vision of nature widens. Mr. Bristol is a member of the National Academy of Design, New York.

ART NOTES FROM THE PROVINCES.

BIRMINGHAM.—At the annual meeting, in March, of the Royal Birmingham Society of Artists, Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A., was elected President in the room of the late Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A. Mr. P. Hollins, who for many years has filled with great efficiency the office of Vice-President, has felt compelled, from advanced age, and consequent inability to attend meetings, to resign the post, and Mr. J. H. Chamberlain was elected to succeed him. Mr. E. R. Taylor, head master of the School of Art, was elected a Member of the Society, and Mrs. G. J. Whitfield Honorary Member, the first instance in the

history of this old society of a lady being chosen into it.—The fourteenth Spring Exhibition of Water-Colour Paintings was opened at the end of March with a collection of nearly 800 works of all kinds; these include a few oil paintings and a small number of etchings and pen-and-ink drawings. Among the contributors of water-colour pictures we find the names of many members of the two metropolitan societies: for example, Messrs. C. Cattermole, A. Bouvier, L. Haghe, J. H. Mole, W. Callow, J. Orrock, E. H. Corbould, Sir John Gilbert, R.A., and others. The catalogue also contains the names of the

following well-known and popular artists:—Messrs. M. Stone, A.R.A., H. Herkomer, A.R.A., Ford Madox Brown, C. Stanton, A.R.S.A., J. D. Linton, W. Holman Hunt, E. Radford, A. W. Hunt, J. A. Houston, R.S.A., &c. The local artists, as might be expected, muster strongly, Messrs. F. H. Henshaw, W. H. Hall, F. W. Harris, A. E. Everitt, S. H. Baker, E. Taylor, E. R. Taylor, C. W. Radclyffe, H. H. Lines, and some of the lady artists of Birmingham and its neighbourhood contributing largely and well. The local critics speak of the exhibition "as the most meritorious and generally interesting within recollection."

EDINBURGH.—The mother of the late Mr. George Chalmers, R.S.A., whose untimely and mysterious death last year caused such deep regret in all Art circles, has bequeathed, among other legacies, the sum of £1,000 to the Royal Scottish Academy.

MANCHESTER.—Messrs. Agnew have devoted one room of their galleries, recently opened with the tenth annual exhibition of pictures, to the works of early English painters: among them will be found examples of Reynolds, R. Wilson, Romney, Morland, Old Crome, Opie, Sir A. W. Callcott, and others.

TEWKESBURY.—A meeting has been lately held in the library of Lambeth Palace relative to the reopening and further restoration of Tewkesbury Abbey. The work of restoring this

noble old abbey was begun some years ago under the able direction of Sir Gilbert Scott, but want of funds retarded the progress of the work, and much still remains to be done. Tewkesbury Abbey was founded early in the reign of Henry I., and is closely connected with many imperishable names. It belonged to the great Earl of Warwick, and near the altar were buried the unhappy Duke of Clarence and his wife, whose remains, with the exception of their skulls, have long since become dust. The Norman tower, one hundred and thirty-two feet in height, is perhaps the finest in existence. As St. Albans is now a cathedral, Tewkesbury is the largest abbey in England. Though not so well known as many of the other abbeys, it is full of beauty and interest. The figures on the ceiling of the nave, which were discovered during the restoration, though rough and unfinished, are full of poetic feeling; they represent angels, two-thirds life size, playing on various musical instruments. The organ, which was originally built for Magdalen College, Oxford, is the oldest in England, and possesses the same fine qualities as that in Gloucester Cathedral. The repairs are being carried out in a spirit of reverence for what is ancient. The cathedrals and abbeys of England have a world-wide fame, and we rejoice that care is being taken to preserve one more of our grand national monuments to be the pride of future generations.

FEEDING THE CHICKENS.

J. L. HAMON, Painter.

J. LEVASSEUR, Engraver.

ON two former occasions we have presented our readers, through the medium of engraving, with examples of the pictures of this popular French painter; the first time as far back as 1868, when we published a print of M. Hamon's 'Skein-Winder,' and next, during last year, when there appeared his very poetical figure called 'Aurora,' to which the composition now introduced might serve as a companion rather than the former, inasmuch as in both there is a similar effect of warm misty light suffusing the canvases. In this latter example the young girl appears to have left her bed, regardless of the requirements of the toilet, early in the morning, in order to attend to the wants of her pets in the aviary, before which she scatters

the seed with no sparing hand. The birds are of various kinds, including a few of the domestic order, but all seem to be quite at home with their pretty mistress. The occupants of the other side of the divisional wire look somewhat wistfully at the bountiful supply accorded to the birds on this side, but it may be assumed, one would think, that their feeding-time will soon come. The subject is treated rather originally, but it loses, when translated into black and white, by the absence of colour. The bright and gay plumage of the birds and the tints of the plants in the painting contrast most effectively with the white drapery and the delicate flesh tints of the girl: these, unfortunately, the art of engraving cannot effectively supply.

CORRESPONDENCE.

'THE FIRST FLIGHT.'

To the Editor of the ART JOURNAL.

SIR,—My attention having been directed to your notice of my figure, 'The First Flight,' the model of which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1877, and which was also at the same exhibition in bronze last year, I feel myself obliged, although with extreme reluctance, to take the somewhat unusual course for an artist of commenting on a criticism of the press. The very great error into which the writer has fallen as to the correctness of the drawing and proportions of the statue forces me to the conclusion that the notes had been made without critical reference to the work itself, but probably from a photograph in which the representation of the lower limbs had suffered in the endeavour to give full effect to the face.

Having brought the figure to an unusual degree of completion in the nude, I felt convinced that such inaccuracy as that attributed to it was quite impossible. I have, however, before writing this letter, repeated the measurements, and find the proportions absolutely correct.

I cannot for a moment suppose that so kind and sympathizing a friend to Art as yourself could permit any statement of an erroneous and injurious nature to remain uncontradicted in the important work with which you are connected. I therefore venture to hope it may be made clear to your readers that the criticisms referred to were based upon an incorrect transcription of the original work, which latter is now in the gallery of Messrs. Thomas Agnew and Sons, in Old Bond Street, where it can be freely inspected and criticized.

ALBERT BRUCE JOY.

The Avenue, 76, Fulham Road.

[It is our duty to adopt the correction Mr. Joy suggests. The objection would not have been made if we had examined the statue as well as the photograph when we wrote. 'The First Flight' is a very charming work: in all respects a fine example of poetical sculpture, and certainly in no degree "out of drawing." The subject has been carefully studied from nature, is correct in all its parts, and may be classed among the most successful efforts of the sculptor's art.—ED. A. J.]



SEASONS OF THE YEAR



THE SPRING EXHIBITIONS.

THE FRENCH GALLERY, PALL MALL.

A PART from the Royal Academy, the two Water-Colour Societies, and that of the British Artists, the French Gallery is the oldest exhibition in London, and deservedly among the most popular. This is the twenty-seventh year of its existence, and the continental schools, to which at this period of the season it is specially devoted, are as judiciously, and it may be said adequately, represented as they very well can be by a hundred and ninety-three cabinet works in oil.

Turning to the left on entering, our attention is immediately arrested by a magnificent life-sized portrait of a comely lady in black hat and rich crimson robe, with arms folded, looking straight out of the picture. It is described as a 'German Lady of the Eighteenth Century' (11); but we should have thought her costume indicated a century earlier. Be that as it may, F. A. Kaulbach has produced a very charming portrait, which, with the small heads (41 and 42) a little farther on, will give a very good idea of the pleasing colour and suave manner of the artist.

The place of honour at this end of the gallery is occupied by 'Napoleon Gefangen' (18), by N. Gysis, a name new to us in connection with this gallery. The scene represented is a very animated one, and enables us to form some idea of the excitement created in the city of Munich when word came that Napoleon was taken prisoner. We look down a street and see flags being hung out from every window, and the passers-by stopping to mark with pleased faces the progress of the official proceedings. 'A Beggar Girl of Livadia' (25), a dark gipsy holding out her hand for alms, is from the able pencil of G. Richter, and acts as a pendant and pleasing contrast to the 'German Lady' by Kaulbach. In the same neighbourhood are several small pictures of much artistic interest. The Écouen school of Frère, for example, is cleverly illustrated by P. Seignac's 'Sad Mishap' (23), a boy comforting a little girl who mourns over her broken basin, and by Frère himself, who shows us a 'Young Artist' (16) busy copying a plaster head. This school finds further illustrations in delightful little works by Duverger (110), Dargelas (21), Haag (37), and Arnoux (157). Then we have one of Daubigny's landscapes, 'Early Morning' (17), so lovely in feeling, and the Spanish Ribera's 'Italian Montebanks' (24), so heartily sympathetic, not to mention 'Der Lieblingspage' (31), whom we see singing to his lady in a rose-coloured dress—a picture so suggestive of Venetian colour and feeling that the ordinary Art lover will have little difficulty in attributing it to its author, the famous Makart, whose glorious picture of 'Catharine of Carnaro' may be remembered as filling the whole side of this gallery some five or six years ago.

Professor L. Knaus, of Berlin, has a charming picture of a little child gathering 'Spring Blossoms' (44), and the Spanish Jimenez a characteristically sparkling picture, which he calls 'A Patio at Seville' (53). 'Le Cloître' (10), a young monk kissing with much religious fervour the portrait of the Virgin or some female saint hanging on the wall, is by J. Bertrand, an artist who is peculiarly at home in all subjects trenching on the emotional. Another famous artist represented here is De Neuville, whose noble picture of the taking of 'Le Bourget' adorned these walls during the winter exhibition, and created such a sensation when exhibited in Paris last summer at the gallery of the Messrs. Goupil. His contributions on the present occasion are 'Intercepted Dispatches' (177), showing a German soldier being examined by a French officer, whose scouts had captured him as he rode through the snow-covered wood; 'Reconnoitring' (125), a French soldier, raised on the shoulders of his comrade, looking over a high wall; and 'An Officer of the Cuirassiers' (65) crossing a river, all three exemplifying the familiarity of the artist with military subjects, and the power and facility with which he reproduces them on the canvas.

1879.

What, however, might be called the great feature of the exhibition, the *pièce de résistance*, so to speak, were not the honours of first place fairly divided by the Swedish Whalberg's noble landscape hanging opposite, showing the 'Port of Waxholm, near Stockholm,' a work which attracted the attention of every one who visited the Swedish Art section of the Great Paris Exposition, is Professor L. C. Müller's large canvas whereon he has represented the 'Market-place, Cairo' (70), a picture which the Austrian Government has graciously lent the Director of the French Gallery. In the great open *place* we see all manner of people assembled (with camels interspersed), buying, selling, playing, begging, with all the usual life and variety seen even in Western lands under like conditions, only here we have the broad, bright daylight of the East, and the swarthy face and lithe limbs of the half-naked children of the sun. The scene altogether is of a very realistic nature, and must have been studied on the spot. The time the learned Vienna professor must have consumed in painting it may be judged by how long it takes the ordinary visitor to go over leisurely and satisfactorily the many details he combines so skilfully and works into a pictorial whole. This may be compared with the quiet and subdued tone pervading Von Bochmann's (of Düsseldorf) small canvas representing a 'Market Day in Hungary' (64).

The fashionable lady in flowered dress before a canvas 'In the Studio' (77), by R. de Madrazo, is a very good example of this accomplished artist's bravuraish handling and colouring. The peculiarly bright way in which he expresses his feeling for the latter often leads him into what looks very much like mere-riciousness. The transition is curious to turn from the Franco-Hispano method of Madrazo to the quiet undertones of 'La Fille Aînée' (78) of the Dutchman Israels, or of 'Winter in Holland' (86), with crows walking among the snow, by the Norwegian Munthe. G. Kuhl is a young Munich artist of the Fortuny school, whose three 'Critics' (101), seated earnestly before an artist's canvas while he himself takes up a modest place behind them, is a work of great merit. The studio, as is the manner of the school, is full of *bric-à-brac*, and all well balanced as to form, and harmonized as to colour. The assimilative qualities of Munich men have become rather noticeable lately—there is scarcely a school they do not imitate, and imitate successfully.

Another artist whose name is new to us is E. Hallatz, who, we are told, is a German. His view 'On the Seine, Normandy' (117), shows a storm gathering on the left, and the boat-horses making for the shelter of the trees on the right. The canvas is a large one, and occupies the place of honour at the far end of the gallery. There are several very charming passages in this picture, but as a whole we think it rather unequal. Another Normandy picture, by Van Marke of Holland, is called 'Cattle Pastures' (144), and shows a splendidly painted white cow in the foreground, with some brown ones behind. Nor must we omit calling attention to Jules Breton's small replica of his large picture of 'La Glaneuse' (150), whom we see bearing on her shoulder with a queenly air a sheaf of corn, nor to the many charming little landscapes of A. Windmaier. The small war pictures of C. Sell, of Düsseldorf, are very clever, and A. Lier's 'Returning to the Fold' (172) looks like a little work by Crome.

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nifiers, the marvellous breadth and strength of a school of Art which very properly claims Meissonier as its modern originator and chief.

THE SOCIETY OF LADY ARTISTS.

THE Great Marlborough Street Gallery is notable this season both for the quality and the quantity of the work exhibited on its walls. The number of works, including water colours, oil, and reproductions of well-known originals, reaches the no inconsiderable figure of eight hundred and thirty-five, a sum total unequalled in the annals of the society. We are not prepared to challenge the policy of thus enlarging the number of exhibits. The society's end and purpose for existing is that it may encourage female Art, and the wider it opens its doors, therefore, the better.

Then, as to quality, the general level attained is more than usually high, and the works of especial interest—by which we mean those that would command attention wherever exhibited—are creditably numerous. The visitor on entering, for example, is at once attracted by Hilda Montalba's strong, vigorous picture in oil representing two capable-looking country girls carrying between them a basket of clothes on a 'Windy Day' (422). The action of the wind is expressed in the "things" hung out to dry, as well as in the dresses of the girls who bear away the basket. The picture altogether has a fine, healthy, lung-filling effect on the spectator, as if he were out in the wind himself. The colouring is powerful, only in a subdued key. The exhilaration arising from her subject has tempted the artist into an impetuosity of brush amounting almost, in some passages, to carelessness.

Another oil picture of artistic quality is from the easel of Mrs. Louise Jopling. It is in complete contrast to the last, inasmuch as it represents a scene, not of violent action, but of quiet passiveness, unless the movement of the embroideresses' fingers may be called action. 'The Five Sisters of York' (278) are seated in the garden, and as they ply the needle the time is improved and redeemed by the reverend father who addresses them. The picture illustrates the story as told in "Nicholas Nickleby." Its brushwork is facile, and the scheme of colour grateful to the eye.

Ellen Montalba's gathering of girls 'At the Well, Venice' (252), is also a work of commanding merit in colour and composition, entitling her to a place in the front rank. Then we have Ellen Partridge's 'Edelweiss' (303), a vigorous, life-sized portrait of a Tyrolean lady wearing a flowered kerchief beneath a square-cut bodice, with a flower in her ear, as is the custom of her country, fastened with a silver clasp; and the same artist's clever portrait of 'Seton, Son of Dr. Dycer Brown' (261), besides several small landscape subjects in water colour. Louise B. Swift still maintains her pre-eminence in the depicting of dog life. There is a by no means unsuccessful attempt at humour in 'The Private View' (265), which represents a dog and his female companion contemplating a kennel of pups. There is no difficulty in determining which takes after the father, and which after the mother. Her other two oil pictures, 'Study of Fox Terrier's Head' (705), and 'Sambo' (718), head of a Willoughby pug, are slight in execution, yet effective and masterly. Another animal painter of considerable achievement is Margery May. Her name is new to us, but if 'Mare and Foal' (339) be the work of a young artist, then that artist has a future before her if she chooses.

Without altogether abandoning the delineation of birds, by which she has earned a reputation, Emma Cooper appears to have turned her chief attention of late to what is a beautiful and much-neglected art, viz. that of miniature. Her 'Case of fourteen Miniature Portraits on Ivory' (685), of sitters of both sexes and all ages, is well worth examination, on account of the delicacy and truth of their treatment. There is a breadth, too, in some of them which she never succeeded altogether in imparting to her bird pictures, and this is a quality that will, no doubt, grow with practice.

Among the more noticeable pictures of the exhibition must

certainly be reckoned the series of five representing the various phases of 'The Lunar Eclipse of August 23, 1877' (Nos. 358 to 362 inclusive), by Amelia Mary Hicks. Although the artist's name is new to us, she is not new to her art, and seems to combine in rather a novel way the scientific as well as the pictorial faculty of observation. She has given variety, beauty, impressiveness, and, so far as we can remember, truth to her various subjects, and we are not surprised to hear that, when submitted to the Queen, they met with her Majesty's approval.

Among the oil pictures on screens Nos. 4 and 5 we would note the following:—'The Hay-field' (751), by Caroline F. Williams; 'Yarmouth Beach' (736), by Lottie Westcott; two studies of 'Chrysanthemums,' one (743) by Lily Holliday—good in colour, but would be improved by the introduction of a little more light in the foreground—and another by Alice L. Hulme, which she calls 'A Study of Colour' (752), and we are bound to say she has succeeded. Noticeable also are the landscapes of Caroline F. Williams, C. S. Davis, Lottie Westcott, Lady Gordon, Georgiana Tilt, H. Mylne, and the two sea views on the Cornish coast by Mrs. Val Bromley—a decided advance on her last year's work. The lady 'In the Wall Garden' (737), of the last named, like the lady in the red cloak coming out of 'Westminster Abbey' (770), by Madge Tammadge, an artist whose name we have never heard of before, but hope often to see in future, shows a decided aptitude for figure subjects, and the present promise will soon be converted into achievement by continued resolution and work. Miss Hepworth Dixon is going on steadily. Her sprig of geranium in a pale blue jug is artistic in arrangement, and altogether very careful and nice; but she must think of addressing herself presently to work of a larger and broader kind. We would call her attention, for example, to the hop study of 'The Worcester Willow Wolf' (205), by Miss E. J. Binns, the 'Study of Irises' (62), by S. B. Bradley, and to the 'Chrysanthemums' (216) of Maud Naftel; not so much, in this case, for its breadth as for its nice balance and clever local and reflected colour.

And while in the lecturing humour we would direct the notice of the lady artists, generally to the 'Rising Thunder-storm' (272) and 'The Winter Evening' (289) of Fanny Assenbaum, as illustrating the fact that nature may be reached by other methods of handling than those ordinarily practised, in English studios. On screen No. 2 Kate Edith Nichols gives a very faithful representation of 'The Town of Ilfracombe' (704), which we see with its shipping in the middle distance, there being a boat in the foreground and some tree-crowned rocks to the left. On the same screen will be found two of Mrs. B. L. Hinde's interesting Indian landscapes (692 and 693).

The screen in the square room has for its leading feature a view of 'The Grass Market, Edinburgh' (813), by Louise Rayner, a picture full of well-realised life and bustle, and of a kind, too, as characteristic of the place as is its architecture. Other pleasant pictures to look at, though less comprehensive and successfully daring in subject, are 'Padworth Common, Berks' (824), by Bessie J. Spiers, with its delicately treated trees and general suggestion of sweetness and quiet. A similar phrase, only in another sense, is applicable to Kate Griffith's 'Dead Birds.' Mrs. A. Lukis Guerin, Anna M. Fitz-James, Maria Gastineau, and Charlotte Isa James are all well represented on this screen; but why has not so gifted an artist as E. V. B. given us something more than a group of 'Wild Roses' (808)?

One of the places of honour is worthily occupied by Baroness Helga Cramm's fine picture of the 'Castle of Chillon' (498), and it is well supported by two of Teresa Hegg's flower pictures (489 and 497). The same neighbourhood is further enhanced by a life-sized head of 'Leonora' (495), by Kitty Locking, and by two of Mrs. Marrable's Swiss landscapes, one the 'Oncoming of a Storm' (488), and the other 'Crossing the Brook, with Monte Rosa in the Distance' (503). Fruit and flower pictures from the accomplished pencil of Emma Walter, and no less pleasant landscapes by Miss Freeman Kempson, will be found in the same neighbourhood.

Another place of honour is given to Mrs. Agnes Nicholls's picture of a little girl tying 'Daisies' (574) round the neck of

her elder sister, which is supported on one side by Mrs. P. J. Naftel's 'First Golden Tints of Autumn' (581), very delicately and truthfully rendered, and by Linnie Watts's no less tenderly treated subject representing a lady on a wooded bank 'Sketching in Spring-time' (563). Her larger picture of 'Far Away' (308), a girl in a blue dress coming down a hillside with flowers in her hand, would have been altogether pleasing had the heroine's nose been just a trifle less bold and pronounced. Perhaps Miss Watts will exercise a gently surgical hand on this feature before she sends it home to the purchaser. We are much pleased with Caroline Nottage's profile portrait of 'Margaret' (242), backed by greenery; with the 'Chrysanthemums' (3), in blue-flowered grey pot, quietly yet cleverly treated by Katherine Stocks; with 'Daffodils in Blue Jar' (111), by Edith Marrable, who goes on with her art very satisfactorily; and with A. M. Youngman's 'Roses' (43), in red and yellow figured basin, full of nice realism in the details, but scarcely so freely handled as we should like to see: she must remember that freedom does not mean carelessness; on the contrary, it is the result of a long course of care and painstaking.

Nor must we pass over without recording their names such able artists as Mrs. Bridell Fox, F. M. Roberts, Kate Macaulay—one of the best landscape painters in the exhibition, and surely deserving the honour of full membership—Mrs. H. Champion, Mrs. Backhouse, whose works always produce pleasure, E. Allridge, Emily Hay, Jessie Frier, Marian Croft, Georgiana Tilt, Helen Thornycroft, Mrs. Campbell Cameron, Mrs. L. Goodman, and A. Lennox, whose dark beauty, 'A Flower of the Tropics' (66), very properly occupies one of the places of honour. All these ladies are artists of assured reputation, the mention of whose names is enough.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

AFTER hiding the light of their genius under a bushel for two or three seasons in Conduit Street, the British Artists have returned to their old home in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, the place identified with their name and reputation; and the society, by way of self-gratulation at the event, has put forth more than its wonted strength, and given us one of the best exhibitions we have had for many years.

The sculpture, which consists of a dozen examples decoratively placed in the various rooms, includes a couple (782 and 788) of well-modelled busts by T. N. MacLean; a pretty group of two 'Sisters' (783), by Fred. Callcott; another terra-cotta of 'The Lady in *Comus*' (792), by E. R. Mullins; a pleasing conceit of 'Spring' (784), a child reaching towards a sprig of tree-blossom, also in terra-cotta, by E. Onslow Ford; a marble 'Cordelia' (789), by Robert Physick; a 'Summer' (790) and 'Winter' (791), both in marble, by F. Junck; a sweetly modelled clay bust of 'Fidget' (793), by Gertrude Crockford; a nicely felt rendering of two lovers 'Greeting' each other with a kiss (787), by E. Onslow Ford; and an elegant little sketch of a lady giving her little boy his 'Morning Bath' (785), by A. Gaudes.

The oil pictures number five hundred and fifty-two, and the water colours two hundred and twenty-nine, making, with the sculpture, a grand total of seven hundred and ninety-three works. We are rejoiced to see that the new President of the Royal Academy gives his official support to the society by contributing a sweet young girl's head and a couple of landscapes, and that his example is followed by two or three other eminent members of the Academy. Sir John Gilbert, for instance, sends an 'Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim' (30), each figure brimful of character; and John Pettie, R.A., an old fisherman 'Looking to Windward' (84)—a perfect *tour de force* in the way of brush-work. Yet powerful in this respect though Mr. Pettie is, there is one member of the Society of British Artists who stands, one might say, shoulder to shoulder with him, and that is John Burr, the Vice-President. The old woman listening to the young girl who reads at the window 'Words of Comfort' (125) from the Bible is quite Rembrandtish in its force and in its chiaroscuro. Well may it occupy the place of honour in the far end of the Great Room. Another magnificently powerful piece of work is

the wrinkled old woman in the South-East Room esteeming the Bible she holds in her hand 'Better than Rubies' (307). How one so conspicuously successful in the two pictures we have named could have painted 'Polly' (350), in the South-West Room, we are fairly at a loss to discover. The colour is capital, and Polly's form is not to be despised; but when we come to Polly's face we are fairly staggered. It is either terribly out of drawing, or else Polly is one of Nature's failures. It is positively painful to stand opposite the poor thing; and, as an antidote to the effect the contemplation of such a strange-looking creature leaves on the mind, we turn to the comely and intelligent lass in the shepherd tartan plaid, standing by the hillside well, saying, 'Who is it, Doggie?' (93). The author is Haynes King, who in this picture is both strong and tender, and seems to have caught not a little of his inspiration from that section of the Scotch school so well represented by Thomas Faed, R.A. Other artists representative of the Scottish school—only another branch of it—are James Macbeth in his 'Thames at Limehouse' (351) and in his 'Salmon Fisher' (341), both excellent works, and C. E. Johnson, whose 'View on the River Falloch, Argyllshire' (342), is one of the best landscapes in the exhibition.

While in the smaller rooms, we may as well call attention at once to two or three other pictures which help to give them Art quality and character. First of all there is 'Monsieur Coulon's Dancing Class' (228), by A. Ludovici, jun., in which we see a dozen school-girls all in a row, following the elegant motion of the old master who figures before them with gracefully bent body and pointed toe. The girls are cleverly individualised, and the picture comes well together, has a bright, sparkling look, and speaks well for the future of this young artist. A. Ludovici, *père*, has in the same room one of those humorous little incidents so long identified with his pencil. 'Know Thyself' (256) shows a little ragamuffin looking into a glass. E. Ellis has a couple of his masterly landscapes—'On the Yorkshire Coast' (223) one, and 'On the Arun' (247) the other. This artist's chief contribution, however, is in the Great Room, flanking Mr. Burr's work, and represents 'A Forage Party' (119) of geese looking out, in a field before a cottage, for what may be advantageously requisitioned.

Returning again to the smaller rooms, we have one of the most important landscapes Sir Robert Collier ever painted. 'Morning in the Alps' (360), with its noble pines and snowy crags, has in it more firm drawing and modelling, more healthy colour, and more Art quality than anything we have yet seen from this amateur artist. John Faed, R.S.A., sends a good-sized canvas, which he calls 'Guilty or Not Guilty?' (405), and, in our opinion, just misses making it a success. The principal figure is by far too truculent-looking to occasion a moment's hesitation in answering the question contained in the title. 'The Borrowdale Yews' (409), by Arthur H. Davis, which hangs in the immediate neighbourhood, has all the appearance of a well-designed and honestly painted landscape; but it is too high up for its merits to be adequately gauged. Frank W. W. Topham has a beautiful Italian lady in an open corridor enticing down some 'Shy Pigeons' (240); J. D. Watson, a charming picture of children watching the fortunes of their little boat, which he calls 'A Successful Voyage' (285); E. Gustave Girardot, a couple of his clever society pieces, viz. 'The New Novel' (266) and 'Thinking it Over' (269). James Archer, R.S.A., sends a 'Portrait of Miss Burr' (290); J. W. Buxton Knight 'Hay Meads' (314), in some respects the best of all his five contributions; and there is a very charmingly treated 'Susanna' (252), by the veteran A. J. Woolmer.

Returning into the Great Room, the eye naturally falls upon James Peel's noble landscape, 'Eagle's Crag in Borrowdale' (172). Mr. Peel has never been so successful as he is here, and the spirit of this romantic spot, with its Highland cattle and cloud-capped crags, was never more happily caught. It is flanked on each side by a figure subject of undoubted Art character and quality after its kind. R. J. Gordon's 'Anxious Question' (169)—two lovers seated hand in hand, enacting the old, old story, to which a certain piquancy is given by the costume and furniture of last century—is solidly painted, and very satisfactory and

sweet in colour. The other is by James Hayllar, and is more piquant still, representing as it does a little young lady in pink petticoats standing, hoop in hand, making 'Kind Inquiries' (178) after a peasant whose maimed foot is on a rest, and who, with his good, honest wife, who stands behind his chair, smiles heartiest admiration and thanks on my little lady.

'Up Stream' (163) is a large and most promising landscape by Stuart Lloyd, one of the new members, and brother to Tom Lloyd, whose works we have had repeated occasion to praise in these columns. The foreground here is all admirably expressed, and the faculty of bringing the materials of a landscape properly together is palpably possessed by the artist. We prefer to this, however, the canvas in the North-West Room which he calls 'The Abbey Trees' (473), and which reveals to us a graceful young lady in white attire feeding the lake swans in the home park. The Japanese parasol carried by the lady is very cleverly utilised by the artist in his scheme of colour, which is a foretaste of what his pictures will be when he has acquired by cultivated feeling the gift of imparting tone to his work.

This suggestive quality of tone is possessed in an eminent degree by two members: the one is A. J. Woolmer, and the other is Wyke Bayliss, whose 'Interior of the Church of St. Remy, Rheims' (164), during a procession of vespers, is, for glow and colour, and subtly balanced light and shade, a poem of itself. Mr. Bayliss never fails in identifying himself with the holy mystery, as it were, which the mediæval architects enshrined in stone. They were the real masters of chiaroscuro.

There are many pictures which we should like to have noticed, such as Glipdoni's humorous one of 'Arming of the Household' (4); Caffieri's 'Music Lesson' (13); 'Going to spend the Day with Father at the Lighthouse' (48), by Thomas Roberts; 'When the Kye come Home' (67), a most delightfully felt work by J. D. Watson; 'A Nook by the Tiber' (76), by Miss B. Meyer; 'Pastimes and Times Past' (189), a bowling-green party, by W. Holyoake; 'Feeding Time' (99), a splendid picture by J. S. Noble; two sets of village schoolboys playing at 'French and English' (153), by J. Morgan; 'Little Sunshine' (538), by Horace H. Cauty; a remarkable costume portrait of 'C. F. May, Esq.' (369), by Seymour Lucas; a glowing 'Scene in North Wales' (181) of pretty peasant girls meeting on a hill-side, by E. J. Cobbett; and a nicely told religious incident of a lady offering 'On her Way from Prayer' the last-culled rose of autumn to the Virgin (186), by L. C. Henley. But our space is already occupied, and, without even glancing at the water colours, we must bid the British Artists, to whom we heartily wish all prosperity under their new lease, adieu for the season.

THE MACLEAN GALLERY, HAYMARKET.

THIS gallery has now for some considerable time taken a permanent place among London exhibitions. The present is the sixteenth year of its existence, and, for its limited size, there is no exhibition in London that will afford the visitor pleasure of a more varied and satisfying kind. The collection consists of a hundred and twenty-four cabinet pictures in oil by British and foreign artists. Prominent among the latter are the contributions of J. L. Tissot; but why he should call the comfortable-looking young lady in black, and the little girl who accompanies her in an exploring expedition among the bulrushes, 'Orphans,' we scarcely see. The picture is full of his usual *châle*, but is infelicitously named. In the latter respect he is much happier in No. 98, in which we behold a young luxurious lady swinging in a hammock under the spreading boughs of a great chestnut-tree. This the artist calls 'A Cool Retreat,' and one at once sees the relevancy and application of the name. This strongly mannered, but most unconsciously clever artist has several other characteristic pictures in the exhibition.

Jules Goupil, another eminent Frenchman, is represented by an interesting little boy sitting back in an old chair in the cocked hat and full costume of 'Eighty Years Ago.' But by far the boldest and most important example of French Art is De Neuville's 'Pendant la Guerre' (28), a French bugler in

heavy marching order, with knapsack on back, stooping on a snowy road to fasten his gaiter. The figure is projected on the canvas with great vigour of brush, and the artist shows his well-known mastery over every military detail. Then there are a couple of charming little *genre* pictures from the pencil of Édouard Frère (83 and 91), and two no less delightful landscapes from Daubigny—'Evening in Spring' (29) and 'A Stormy Night.' There are examples also of the Norwegian Munthe (30), the Belgian Clays, the Dutch Israëls and Gegerfelt, the German Kauffman, and the Italian De Nittis, not to mention such remarkably able men as Gysis, Verboeckhoven, Feyen, Jacovacci, and De Haas.

Turning to the British half of the exhibition, the place of honour at the far end will be found occupied by a very brilliant and original picture by J. E. Millais, R.A., representing a fair, curly-headed little girl in pale blue lace-edged pinafore, seated on the floor lost in reverie, her doll lying unheeded on its back, while a young cat looks up at her purring, with a pair of worsted mitts on her hind legs, by way of being 'Puss in Boots,' the reading of which story is no doubt the original cause of the little lady's wandering thoughts. Close to this hangs a strongly painted, low-toned picture—not altogether suggestive of the Spanish Philip—called 'Jealousy' (57), by A. Elmore. It represents a dark, Southern-complexioned lady sitting broodingly at table, heedless of the overtures of peace made by her lover, who leans pleadingly towards her. G. H. Boughton has always been a staunch supporter of this gallery, and on the present occasion he is represented by four tall, lithe ladies, full of all that quaint sweetness and dignified grace for which he is so famous, representing in a decorative way 'The Four Seasons.' In the way of humour there is a delightful little picture by H. Helmick—an artist not half so much appreciated as he ought to be—showing an Irish priest, seated in his own study, contemplating, with a half-curious, half-comical expression on his face, an ingenuous lad and lass who stand before him, 'Candidates for Matrimony' (7). Of British landscape there are most desirable examples by Mark Fisher, F. W. Hulme, C. E. Johnson, Charles Smith, Edmund Gill, and A. F. Grace. O. De Penne's 'Staghounds' (102) are fairly matched by an exhibition of canine knowledge no less sound in J. S. Noble's 'Setters' (103). Among other distinguished members of the British school will be found H. W. B. Davis, R.A., Sir John Gilbert, R.A., T. S. Cooper, R.A., and J. D. Linton.

MESSRS. TOOTH'S GALLERY, HAYMARKET.

THE Messrs. Tooth have of late years instituted a "Spring Exhibition" at their gallery in the Haymarket, which we are glad to see gradually growing into popularity. The exhibition is made up of one hundred and fourteen carefully selected cabinet works, which will well repay a visit. Although the directors of the gallery stand mainly by the British school, there is a sufficient sprinkling of foreign work to give added interest and variety to the walls of the exhibition. There are, for example, pictures by Lecomte, Koekkoek, Mauve, De Haas, Munthe, Tissot, and De Nittis.

Among our own home-bred men we find P. R. Morris, A.R.A., filling the place of honour with a work called 'The Swing' (60), in which two charming girls in white are doing the *dolce far niente* at the good-natured expense of their companion, who keeps the swing going. There is an excellent example, also, of Peter Graham, A.R.A., showing some cattle on a Highland moorland under an 'Early Morning' (53) effect.

Among the landscape men of note are J. MacWhirter, A.R.A., B. W. Leader (whom we hope soon to see an Associate), Henry Moore, S. R. Percy, and J. Knight. Among the figure painters there are R. Beavis, John Burr, J. Archer, Sir John Gilbert, R.A., W. Maw Egley, and George Smith; while the marine in Art is ably and truthfully set forth by such men as E. W. Cooke, R.A., and E. Hayes, R.H.A. Altogether the exhibition, so far as it goes, is highly interesting.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

NOT alone by the new motto which is prefixed to the catalogue, and which tells us, through the pen of Goethe, who embraced in his rounded life the whole æsthetic cycle of things, that "Art is noble in itself"—that "the artist, therefore, is not afraid of the commonplace; for his very touch ennobles it"—nor by the accidental circumstance that the number of works hung exceeds that of the last four years; but mainly by the patent fact that the merits of young men have met with frank recognition, and honourable place has been given to their productions, do we discover that the life of the Royal Academy of England has entered upon a new phase under the auspices of a new President.

With one whose culture is so wide, whose knowledge of society and the world's ways is so intimate, and whose enthusiasm in his art is so fervid and noble, it would be idle to attempt sermonising on the old theme of the Academy's having undertaken functions whose adequate fulfilment is, in the eyes of those of the nation who have a right to judge of such matters, the sole reason for its existence. Whether the number 40—and these figures are by no means a sacred combination, now that the country is covered with Art schools and literally snowed upon daily with newspapers—suffices to represent the supreme Art outcome of the land in its totality, as it did six score years ago, before the schoolmaster was abroad and when the Art genius of the people was only beginning to rise slowly from the nadir of ignorance and all other kindred questions connected with internal Academic administration, we leave with perfect confidence in the hands of the President and his Council.*

The number of exhibits amounts to 1,586, a total which has not been exceeded during the last decade, unless in the years 1873 and 1874, when the numbers were respectively 1,601 and 1,624. Of the number 1,586, Associates and Academicians claim 208, the remaining 1,378 being the production of "outsiders," who thus stand, speaking roundly, in relation to their titled brethren as 7 to 1. The numbers of the various branches of Art are as follow:—Oil paintings, 908; water colours, 257; architectural drawings, 116; engravings, etchings, &c., 112; miniatures, 56; and sculptures, 137—making the grand total, as we have seen, of 1,586.

We now purpose strolling through the galleries and naming, as we go, a few of the more striking pictures. The first gallery is made, we had almost said pre-eminently, notable by LUKE FILDES'S large canvas representing 'The Return of a Penitent' (63). ELIZABETH BUTLER'S 'Listed for the Connaught Rangers' (20), and SEYMOUR LUCAS'S 'Gordon Riots' (25). HAMILTON MACALLUM'S 'Water Frolic' (32); ERNEST PARTON'S 'Waning of the Year' (21); B. W. LEADER'S 'English Hayfield' (50); J. MACWHIRTER'S 'Last Days of Autumn' (81);

and the others, we propose dealing with next month. What gives Art character to Gallery No. II. is such works as EDWIN LONG'S noble picture of 'Esther' (102); KEELEY HALSWELLE'S 'Waiting for the Blessing of Pius IX. at St. John Lateran' (93); SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON'S matchlessly sweet 'Biondina' (119) and 'Catarina' (128); 'Adversity' (124), by JAMES SANT, R.A.; PETER MACNAB'S 'Reapers' (129); G. F. MUNN'S 'Breton Quarry Workers' (123); 'Cutting Forage on the French Coast' (133), by H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A. Then, in the Grand Salon, we have the places of honour worthily occupied by the President's 'Elijah in the Wilderness' (188), JOHN PETTIE'S, R.A., 'Death Warrant' (220), and 'Portrait of a Lady' (274), by JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A.; not to mention masterpieces by such men as ALMA-TADEMA, A., VICAT COLE, A., H. S. MARKS, R.A., E. J. GREGORY, J. C. HOOK, R.A., a truly magnificent picture of fruit 'For the King's Banquet' (235) by WILLIAM HUGHES, and a gambling subject of intensely dramatic interest, called 'Hard Hit!' (287), by W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

When we come to Gallery IV. we find the place of honour in possession of E. J. POYNTER, R.A., with an immense decorative work called 'Nausicaa and her Maidens playing at Ball' (307), besides important paintings by JAMES ARCHER, G. H. BOUGHTON, EYRE CROWE, A., J. B. BURGESS, A., and others who will be duly noticed hereafter. Gallery No. V. rejoices in prominent works by SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A., VAL. C. PRINSEP, A., H. M. PAGET, a rising young artist, whose 'Enid and Geraint' (396) very deservedly occupies the line; not to mention pictures of distinction by CLARA MONTALBA, COLIN HUNTER, FREDERICK GOODALL, R.A., and PETER GRAHAM, A. Gallery VI. has for its representative men BRITON RIVIERE, A., S. E. WALLER, T. GRAHAM, JAMES ARCHER, JOHN R. REID; while Gallery VII. is made memorable by ELIZABETH BUTLER'S wonderfully impressive work called 'The Remnants of an Army' (582), and JOHN BRETT'S 'Stronghold of the Season, and the Camp of the Kittywake' (643). ERNEST CROFTS, A., worthily holds one of the other places of honour, and above his 'Evening of the Battle of Waterloo' (613) hangs R. BARRETT BROWN-ING'S vigorously painted 'Stall in the Fish Market, Antwerp.' The Lecture Room is made different from the others by EDWIN LONG'S, A., 'Vashti' (955), H. FANTIN'S 'La Famille D.' (1030), LASLETT J. POTT'S 'Shopping' (1063), and J. D. WATSON'S delightful scene of 'Taking Home the Bride' (1039). The pictures in Gallery X. which will live most in the memory are FRANK HOLL'S, A., 'Absconded' (1385), 'Home! after Service' (1416), by FRANK W. W. TOPHAM, and, above all, FRANK DICKSEE'S touching composition called 'Evangeline' (1422).

We shall in our next enter upon our duty of criticism, which circumstances compel us to produce, as we have sometimes heretofore been obliged to do, in "detachments."

MINOR TOPICS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—At the annual dinner on Saturday, May 3, Sir Frederick Leighton presided for the first time. Long may he reign over that assembly!—a gentleman more truly "the right man in the right place" is not likely to be his successor at any period in the history of British Art. In the

* May we be allowed to express a hope that, beside the "press" card of invitation issued on what is called the "press day," the gentlemen who perform the arduous and somewhat invidious duty of writing the notices of the exhibition, may in future be also granted the privilege of being admitted on the "private view" day, and at the annual *soirée*? This is surely not too great a boon to ask.

are his words:—"In Sir Frederick Leighton are united all the qualifications which could best fit any man for the distinguished post he now fills. Painter, sculptor, poet, scholar, finished orator—for such he has shown himself this evening—speaking the languages of half of Europe as if each were his own, possessing the presence and accomplishments which give a charm to social life, it would have been difficult to find any man possessing in so remarkable a degree the combined qualities which so eminently fit him for the office of President of the Academy." Much that is memorable was said also by other guests, by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, by the Earl of Beaconsfield, and by the historian Froude; but the "orator" for the evening was undoubtedly the head, for the occasion, of the grand assembly. We must find an opportunity to echo the note of lament in which "D'Israeli" referred to the absence of inspiration from the fount that is filled by Shakspeare and kindred spirits. Sir Frederick Leighton may rejoice that Art can "elevate the commonplace," but surely that is its meanest duty. We ask with Lord Beaconsfield, "Is it to the credit of the English school that you can tell on your fingers the number of masterpieces of English Art inspired by Shakspeare?" The pointed and instructive question may be put with equal force to a higher source—even to the Bible. How many pictures during a year's work by a thousand artists commemorate incident, event, character, from either the Old or New Testament?

THE ART UNION OF LONDON.—The annual meeting of members and subscribers to the Art Union was lately held in the Lyceum Theatre, the chair being occupied by Lord Houghton. The report, read by the secretary, Mr. L. Pocock, stated that the sum subscribed for the year amounted to £12,482 8s., of which £6,562 10s. was allotted for prizes, £735 was set apart for providing works of Art for accumulated payments, £2,318 4s. 2d. for printing of the year, almanac, exhibition, &c., and £2,865 13s. 10d. for agents' commission and charges, &c. The prizes comprised some novelties in reduced copies of 'The Little Carpenter' and 'The Little Boat-builder,' by E. B. Stephens, A.R.A.; a bust of the late Princess Alice, by Mrs. Thornycroft; and a portfolio of drawings of animal life, by Sir J. Gilbert, Mr. Harrison Weir, &c. The amount expended on prizes comprised one work at £200, two works at £150 each, two at £100 each, six at £75, eight at £60, eight at £50, twelve at £45, fourteen at £40, fourteen at £35, fourteen at £30, sixteen at £25, twenty at £20, twenty at £15, and thirty at £10; one bronze group, 'America'; two bronze statuettes, 'The Warrior'; twenty china tazzas; one hundred framed proofs, 'Countess of Bedford'; twenty Parian statuettes, 'The Little Boat-builder'; thirty busts of the Princess Alice; and one hundred portfolios of twenty-four plates of animal life. These, with the prizes given to unsuccessful members of ten years' standing, made the total number of prizes six hundred and thirty. The report was unanimously adopted.

SLADE PROFESSORSHIP OF FINE ART.—Mr. W. B. Richmond, son of Mr. G. Richmond, R.A., has been elected to the Slade Professorship of Fine Art in Oxford, in succession to Mr. Ruskin, resigned. Mr. Ruskin has held the professorship since its establishment in 1869.

ELLIS'S VIEWS IN CYPRUS.—If one wishes to have a correct idea of what Cyprus is like, he cannot do better than visit the Belgian Gallery, New Bond Street, where, in addition to an admirable collection of selected works by British and foreign artists, he will find a series of eighty views of the island by Mr. Tristram Ellis. His labours detained him in Cyprus six months, and, as he often rose with the sun, one is not surprised to find that such industry has had its reward not only in the quantity, but in the quality of the work. Mr. Ellis takes the spectator at once into his confidence, and makes him his *compagnon de voyage*. They leave Liverpool in the *Laconia*, and steam away down the Mersey out to sea, cross the Bay of Biscay, touch at St. Vincent, and, passing Gibraltar with the summit of the rock completely cloud-capped, they enter the Mediterranean, with its Arab kaiks, sponge-fishing boats, and bright sunshine. The Fort of St. Angelo at Malta the voyagers

see glowing in the sunset, and when approaching the port of Alexandria they behold the lighthouse on the very site occupied by the first *pharos* ever erected. Cleopatra's Needle, at present standing at Alexandria, the old wall, and much of the local surroundings are rendered with a pencil both ready and truthful. Once arrived at Cyprus, there seems scarcely a place famous either for its natural beauty or its historic association which Mr. Ellis did not visit. Famagusta, Larnaca, Nicosia, the port of Kyrenia, and the ancient port of Paphos, the mountain gorges of Olympus, a range whose peaks attain to a height of six thousand five hundred and ninety feet, and whose sides are clothed with stone pines of the most stately growth, were all visited by him; and whether the associations are classical, mediæval, or modern, he never fails to note their outward and visible sign. Nor are the manners and customs of the natives, nor the natural history of their land, so to speak, allowed to go unrecorded. Several of Mr. Ellis's drawings carry unavoidably on their face the appearance of haste, but it is the haste of one who knows perfectly what he is about, and will not, on that account, make his atmosphere less luminous, or the physical features it enwraps less pronounced and clear. Twelve of the principal views are to be etched by the artist himself. These pictures must not be confounded with those by Signor Corrodi, noticed last month.

COLONEL JAMES FAIRMAN'S EXHIBITION.—There is on view, as we write, at the Conduit Street Gallery, a collection of thirteen large landscapes in oil, and of eighteen small studies in pen and ink, by Colonel James Fairman, of New York, on which artists and connoisseurs will bestow more than ordinary attention. This arises from the happy combination of the pictorial faculty with exact knowledge regarding the physical phenomena of nature. As an illustration of this we would point to the noble landscape representing 'Sunset on the Coast of Corsica,' in which the refraction of light on the hither side of a great sun-kissed boulder is recorded with much fidelity. In most instances, this side of the rock being away from the sun, the artist would represent it entirely in shadow; but Colonel Fairman knew better. Again, his scientific knowledge shows itself in the manner in which he expresses 'The Power of the Sea' on the west coast of Ireland. We have here the ever-interchanging phenomena of weight and force—now the power of the wind expending itself in misty spindrift and steaming spray, and now the broad, ponderous, upheaved volume of the Atlantic wave subsiding in obedience to the eternal law of gravitation with a grandeur that is terrible. All this we have seen attempted before, with more or less success, but never with such an all-embracing variety of action. The explosive vertical splash, for example, when a wave strikes an upright cliff, shooting up into the air with the thunder of a bursting shell, we do not remember to have seen before on any canvas. 'A Mountain Torrent in the Highlands,' with a salmon fisher, rod in hand, playing with the fish he has just hooked, and which is sure to break his tightened line if he is not very careful, is another example of how closely the artist adheres to local, and, we might say, geographic truth. The turbulent moorland torrent, with its mossy-tinted waters, the heather-clasped boulders, and the humid, grey atmosphere, always gathering itself into wrathful gloom in some quarter of the heavens, are all given with characteristic force, and the Scot would recognise his native heath wherever he saw the picture. But wherever Colonel Fairman pitches his camp-stool he grapples with the spirit of the place, whether before 'The Golden Gate of Jerusalem' or in 'The Plains of Sharon,' by the banks of the Tay, or on the borders of some lovely lake in the Far West reflecting the rolling *cumuli* which the setting sun has glorified, and in whose ever-changing convolutions the imaginative soul of the wandering Indian sees an embodiment of the "Great Spirit." The artist often throws his horizon line, as Turner did, considerably above the middle of his picture; but, while doing this, he never sacrifices aerial perspective, and from the first inch to the last his gradations are perfect. His shadows are painted thin, but the objects themselves are carefully modelled, and he makes a free

use of impasto. As we have already implied, whatever scientific knowledge or digital dexterity he brings to bear upon his subject, he never forgets to suffuse his canvas with the life and glow of artistic human feeling, without the concrete and objective expression of which no picture is worth two brass farthings. The eighteen outdoor pen-and-ink sketches, heightened with a little white body colour, are not the least valuable part of the exhibition, and artists will see by them how rapidly and yet how unerringly Colonel Fairman can record whatever of natural fact he has before him. Considered merely as pictures, these works are entitled to very great praise; they justify the claim of the artist to a high place in his profession. But they have qualities which mere Art could not give to them. They are obviously the productions of a thoughtful scholar, a close observer, a continual student of nature, a man of science as well, who elevates the art from which he seeks and obtains honour.

THE CERAMIC ART UNION has issued a very charming statuette of the Princess of Wales, a royal lady who cannot be more highly estimated or truly loved in Denmark than she is in England. The statuette is one of the good productions in statuary porcelain of Messrs. Copeland, and is supplied to subscribers of a guinea. There cannot be a doubt that it is well worth a guinea, although the subscribers who obtain it will thereby have "a chance" at the annual distribution of prizes. The sculptor, M. Malempre, has been successful in obtaining a fair likeness, while the figure is graceful and effective. The royal lady is represented in the picturesque costume of Mary of Scotland, which her Royal Highness wore at one of the fancy balls. Thus the Ceramic Art Union has added another thoroughly good work of Art to the many it offers to subscribers "at the time of subscribing," and so advances another claim to the public patronage, of which it enjoys a large share.

PEOPLE'S TRIBUTE TO LORD BEACONSFIELD.—The gold laurel wreath to be presented to the Earl of Beaconsfield, as the people's tribute to the Premier, is an exceedingly beautiful work of Art. M. Tracy Turnerelli, with whom the idea of presenting this wreath originated, wished it to be entirely the gift of the

working classes throughout the United Kingdom, and the amount of each subscription was limited to one penny. The wreath has been executed by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, of New Bond Street, at a cost of £220, and therefore represents the contributions of 58,000 persons. There are forty-six leaves in the wreath, on the back of which are engraved the names of the eighty towns that have contributed. The wreath is composed of four branchlets of bay twisted in pairs, and fastened at the thicker ends by a golden tie, in which are interwoven the rose, shamrock, and thistle. The models were natural leaves of the *Laurus nobilis*, the sweet-smelling bay always used by the Romans for the *corona laurea*. Each leaf, stem, stalk, and berry is a carefully studied imitation of the part it represents; and the faces and under sides of the leaves being veined and worked over with a fine-pointed tool, so as to produce the appearance of the pores, the play of light and shadow on the surfaces so varied is natural and effective. The wreath weighs about 20 ozs., and the gold used is 22 carat, with an alloy of silver instead of copper. A finely carved oaken casket to hold the wreath is being made by Mr. George Alfred Rogers, whose carved Art works (some of which have been engraved in this Journal) at the Paris Exhibition excited so much admiration. We may probably engrave them both.

MRS. E. M. WARD has issued the programme of her "school." It is, as we expected it would be, clear and sufficiently comprehensive. She will give to pupils "advantages impossible to obtain elsewhere," including oil painting in all its branches, water-colour painting, drawing, tile and china painting, &c.; and her school will be visited monthly by one or more of the following able and eminent artists, each being a member of the Royal Academy:—Calderon, Hook, Frith, Millais, Horsley, Alma-Tadema. Hence very large and important results cannot fail to arise to students: there has not been so valuable a means of obtaining Art knowledge in our time. Parents whose daughters are anxious to pursue Art either as a profession or an accomplishment will be exceedingly fortunate in obtaining the aid thus brought within their reach. Mrs. Ward may be communicated with at No. 6, William Street, Lowndes Square.

ART PUBLICATIONS.

THEODORE MARTIN'S fourth volume of the "Life of the Prince Consort" fully sustains—indeed, increases—the interest of the subject. The record is but of three years, three eventful years—1857-8-9. Every page is a valuable contribution to history. Of the 500 pages there is not one that may be omitted. A more creditable example of judicious editing cannot be found in literature, and if the whole be brought into five volumes it will be a marvellous contrast to the scores of journals, diaries, recollections, autobiographies, and publications of the class and order, the arrangements of which, for the most part, show only how much might be advantageously omitted. We do not mean to review this book, postponing that happy duty until it is completed. There can be but one opinion of the work; it is, beyond all question, calculated to raise in public estimation the whole of the royal family of England. The more we read of them, the more we love them; and surely each member of it knows how clearly that which is only good can be traced to the teachings of the Prince Consort. The great public of the British dominions knows it also *now*. It would be impossible to overstate the value of these four volumes. If ever "biography is history teaching by example," it is so here; there is no page that does not contain something that inculcates some sacred or some loving duty. The more we read, the more deeply we deplore the loss sustained by his country and the world when the good Prince was called from earth; yet the more do we rejoice that his love, companionship, and counsel were continued by God's Providence to the Queen of England so long, so that their

children did not lose their father until time had been given to lay the safe and solid foundation of virtue conspicuous in each one of them.

There has never been written a biography so remarkable for the absence of "exaggerated panegyrics." The writer seems to have felt all through his work how utterly needless it was to "speak his praise now;" as if he felt always (as indeed he evidently did) that it was utterly needless to say a word in praise of the "hero" of whom he wrote. If the "Life" be a powerful, effective, convincing, and conclusive proof of the forethought, sagacity, entire goodness of the good Prince, Mr. Martin had as little merit in making him appear what he was as the gentleman usher has with the qualifications of a visitor to any mansion in which he is introduced.

That is all we mean at present to say of this invaluable work. To recommend it is needless; the public interest in the volumes is manifested by their enormous sale.

THIS work,* appearing now in an illustrated edition, is assuredly one of the most remarkable publications of the day. More than twenty years since it came out in modest volumes, devoid of all embellishment. The eminent painter had then entered on an experiment—with pen, not pencil—and found himself successful. He thoroughly loved his theme after having

* "Sahara and Sahel." By Eugène Fromentin. Published by Eugène Plon Paris.

made himself familiar with the wild regions beyond Algiers, from which he had painted so many brilliant and faithful presentments that his name became associated with the especial theme. This very naturally suggested the fortunate experiment should be effectually completed by a union with the art from the suggestions of which it derived its existence. Accordingly the *Illustrated Edition* has this year been brought to light, with all the signal appliances which have characterized the Parisian house of Plon in paper, printing, and choicest *et cetera*. The illustrations, drawn from the canvases of Fromentin, are in themselves a treasure. They open with a frontispiece representing a falconer galloping in full career of chase, given felicitously in the sepia tint of Goupil's heliogravure process. Then succeed a dozen etchings, most delicately yet brilliantly handled, in which the groups of Arab cavaliers might vie, in admirable correctness of drawing and strong chiaroscuro, with the masterpieces of Wouwermans. With these is a profusion of sketches, in which a facile hand and perfect familiarity with the objects thus seized as memoranda are obvious. In a word, for one desirous to acquire a knowledge of Arab life in the wide desert, a more satisfactory referee than this book, with its double sources of instruction, could not be commended.

'THE Shadow of the Cross'—the latest pictorial poem of Holman Hunt—is now placed within easy means of possession by that painter's many admirers. It is a realistic picture as well as a poetical. The scene is a carpenter's shop, and Christ, after a day's lowly toil, suggested by the "chips" that strew the ground, has risen up with outstretched arms in an attitude both of weariness and exaltation. At one side of the picture his mother Mary is seen kneeling beside a coffer wherein are deposited "treasures of the East"—cloths of gold, crowns—the treasures that the wise men years back had brought to the infant Jesus, now grown into the stalwart youth, and developing into the "man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." Before her lie the rich offerings once laid at the feet of her Son, and as her heart swells with pride at the remembrance, and thoughts doubtless arise as to when the glorious things foretold of him would come to pass, she looks up, and before her is the shadow of a cross! It is formed by the outstretched arms and upright figure of "the carpenter's Son." The conception is truly poetical, and the idea is worked out with the wonderful detail and finish that Holman Hunt always bestows on his work. Many pictures improve, if we may say so, by engraving. Perhaps this is not one of them. The glowing colours of the painting seem needed, and the colouring of the rich drapery, crowns, &c., helps the eye to distinguish each object better than the black and white of an engraving can do. Yet it is a beautiful copy of a beautiful original, and, accustomed as we are to the tender, compassionate, grief-bearing aspect of our Saviour, the more earthly and less spiritual representation of him may, to some, be a pleasant, at any rate a novel, change. To all this picture will be an important addition to their gems of engraving, and an admirable specimen of the genius of the accomplished painter, Holman Hunt. It is one of the many valuable examples of the highest and best class of Art, of which the Messrs. Agnew have issued so many.

MESSRS. HOGARTH AND SONS, publishers, have published a large number of etchings, the works of the brothers C. P. and F. Slocombe. The subjects are very varied; there are heads venerable and youthful, country lanes, boats on the beach, moon-lights, ancient buildings, farmyards; in short, a score of themes supplied by nature as if for the special uses of Art are treated by accomplished artists, who thoroughly know the capabilities of the materials with which they deal. To those who really love Art for itself, and prefer the veritable to the fanciful, truth to artifice, these masterly etchings will be acquisitions of much interest and of great value.

Two books lie on our table which, as they relate to the same subject, we must class together.* The publication of the first-mentioned work called forth an angry remonstrance on the part of the author of the second, which has appeared in some of our weekly literary contemporaries, and also in another form—that of a pamphlet by Mr. Middleton, and in that of an "Appendix" to his volume by Mr. Haden. The discussion, which seems not yet to have terminated, ought never to have taken place; it is unfortunate and bitter, and we do not care to enter upon an examination of the dispute, which had its origin in the fact of Mr. Middleton having dedicated his book to the members of the Burlington Fine Arts Club, Mr. Haden having already, as he says, "written an essay in the spring of 1877 on the same subject," in which he acknowledges that he must be held responsible for the subversive theory it seeks to establish, that theory being simply an alteration in the arrangement of the catalogue of the "Rembrandt Exhibition," whereby the order of *date of production* should be substituted for that of arrangement according to *subject*. This appears to have involved other theories respecting Rembrandt's manner of working, &c., and they constitute the main features of Mr. Haden's "Monograph."

The Rev. C. H. Middleton's volume is a rather bulky one, and gives a detailed description of upwards of three hundred and fifty engravings assumed to be the "etched work" of Rembrandt, with the size of the print, and a definition of it in its various states. To collectors of such works of Art the book will doubtless prove interesting, notwithstanding Mr. Haden's expostulation, which will also have an interest of its own to the lovers of old engravings—a limited class, but generally very enthusiastic.

LONDONERS—or at least many of them—know comparatively as little concerning the vast city in which they dwell as the multitudes who live hundreds of miles away—know, that is, as little of the numerous atoms that make up the huge aggregate of what London is, locally and socially. A small work has just been issued by Mr. Charles Dickens, which he designates "an unconventional handbook,"† and which will afford much useful information to both visitors and residents. It seems to be very carefully compiled, and has the merit of being so cheap as to come within the means of all but the classes who have no use for such a "Dictionary."

NEW ETCHING BY ROBERT W. MACBETH.—This accomplished painter is fast acquiring a reputation as an etcher, and his plate after his own Academy picture of 'Coming from St. Ives' will go far to confirm and enhance it. He has caught all the life and spirit of the original, and we have no doubt the plate will prove one of the most popular Mr. Dowdeswell, of Chancery Lane, has yet published.

THE last number of "Picturesque Europe"‡ conveys the home traveller to Naples and the adjacent country, whose sunny clime, luxuriant scenery, and picturesque architecture are delineated in numerous well-executed engravings. The work still maintains the high reputation it has had from the beginning.

MR. LEGGATT, the publisher, has issued a pretty little print, in a style pleasant and popular, although hardly to be termed "high Art:" a pair of chicks, recently out of the shell, are gazing with wonder-full eyes on a monster toad, and exclaiming, "You're no chicken," a fact that admits of no doubt. The artist is Frank Paton, the engraver J. B. Pratt.

* "A Descriptive Catalogue of the Etched Work of Rembrandt Van Rybn." By Charles Henry Middleton, B.A. Published by J. Murray.—"The Etched Work of Rembrandt. A Monograph." By Francis Seymour Haden, F.R.C.S. Published by Macmillan & Co.

† "Dictionary of London, 1879." Published at the Office of *All the Year Round*, Wellington Street.

‡ "Picturesque Europe." Part XXXIX. Published by Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.



THE WORKS OF NICOLAS CHEVALIER.

IT will readily be conjectured by the name of this painter that he is of foreign origin. Mr. Chevalier is, in truth, the second son of a Swiss gentleman who, having married a Russian lady, spent with his family a portion of the early days of the latter in St. Petersburg, but subsequently retired to his native country, where the beautiful scenery surrounding his home rapidly developed the intense love of the young artist for the Fine Arts. His earliest efforts had been fostered by visits paid to many collections of pictures, among others that of Prince Wittgenstein, and especially the treasures contained in the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg. The artistic feeling received a fresh stimulus by the inspection of the public galleries and other collections in

Berlin, at which city young Chevalier halted with his father on their way from Russia to Switzerland. After some preliminary studies in Lausanne under the superintendence of several distinguished men of science, he was admitted, at the age of eighteen, as a student in the Academy of Munich, under the guidance of Professor Lange and the directorship of Kaulbach. Here he passed three years in the diligent study of architecture, to which profession his parents were desirous of training him; but after having obtained the necessary diploma, Mr. Chevalier came to London in 1851, the year of the Great International Exhibition in Hyde Park, and in the year following he sent to the Royal Academy, where they were hung, two large water-colour drawings of German scenery, a 'View from the Village of Bergen, near Frankfort,' and 'View of the Hohegoehl, near



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

Grand Review at St. Petersburg, 1874.

[Engraved by Butterworth and Heath.

Berchtesgaden, Bavaria.' Among many and varied labours undertaken for Mr. Louis Gruner about this time, he was busy upon a large number of plates for Layard's "Nineveh;" and soon after, namely, in 1852, he proceeded on a tour through Italy, which occupied him two years, visiting all the renowned galleries and places of that classic country, the treasures of which determined his strong and almost invincible predisposition in favour

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of the art of painting; and a residence of twelve months in Rome enabled him to devote a considerable portion of the time to the study of the human figure: this became in after-years of great importance to the artist.

Mr. Chevalier's artistic labours were, from adventitious circumstances, now developed in a country far away from that in which his talents had been nurtured. Called upon to accom-



paav a younger brother to the Australian colonies, and especially to watch over some large investments of his father in the colony of Victoria, he most reluctantly undertook the long voyage to those distant settlements, where, however, he found time and opportunity to produce pictures that brought him prominently before the colonial public. The proprietor of the *Melbourne Punch* offered him a lucrative post as artist to that

journal, an appointment he held for more than seven years, and he was chiefly instrumental in establishing illustrated papers in Melbourne, in which city the growth of Art and science was, and is still, much encouraged by the intellectual portion of the colonists.

Among the principal pictures painted by Mr. Chevalier between 1859 and 1867, when he was in Victoria, may be men-



Drawn by W. J. Allen.]

An Eastern Shepherd.

[Engraved by Butterworth and Heath.

tioned 'Pilgrims at Tivoli,' a large composition of many figures, presented by the artist to the Victorian Committee of the Indian Relief Fund, and which realised, by means of an Art Union, a very considerable sum towards that charitable object: such an act was sure to render the young painter better known than he already was, as well as popular. Conjointly with a small gathering of brother artists—among whom figured prominently

the late Charles Summers, a promising young sculptor, whose death was noticed in our January number as having taken place in October last—and several gentlemen in Paris interested in the advancement of Art, Mr. Chevalier exerted himself greatly to aid the establishment of a school of Art, which eventually resulted in the realisation of an annual exhibition and of a Permanent Art Gallery. About that time the eminent astronomer,

Professor George Neumayer, whom King Ludwig I. of Bavaria selected to conduct the observations to be carried on in the southern hemisphere on the magnetic needle and the pendulum, had, in the performance of his duties, to take extensive journeys over the Australian continent; and in 1862 he invited Mr. Chevalier to accompany him on a tour through the western district of Victoria, a region abounding in picturesque and grand scenery, and at that time but comparatively little known to the general public. Two years later he travelled, in the company of the same gentleman, over the unexplored primeval forests and mountain ranges of Gipps Land, returning with a large collection of sketches and drawings which supplied him with an almost inexhaustible fund of materials for subsequent pictures. We may mention here that a considerable number of these drawings were engraved for Messrs. Virtue's "Australia,"

a beautiful and most interesting publication which appeared a few years ago, and was noticed in the *Art Journal* for 1873.

Mr. Chevalier won, in 1865, the prize of £200 offered by the Government of Victoria in competition for the best painting, either figures or landscape; and his picture, called 'Buffalo Ranges,' was thus acquired for the newly formed Gallery of Art. In 1865, 1866, and again in 1868, we hear of the artist exploring a large portion of New Zealand, "taking notes" of the magnificent scenery—lakes, rivers, and plains, mountain peaks and glaciers; regions, like those in Victoria and Gipps Land, comparatively untrodden, save by a very few settlers, and by still fewer men of science. The results of these extensive travels formed the large and singularly interesting collection of sketches and drawings exhibited at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, in



Drawn and Engraved by]

An Eastern Puzzle: Chinese Lama Priests at Home.

[Butterworth and Heath.

1871, and which were most favourably spoken of at the time, as well in our own *Journal* as in most of the metropolitan papers.

The reputation Mr. Chevalier now had among our fellow-countrymen at the antipodes brought him to the notice of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh when on his voyage round the world, and he was honoured by an invitation from his Royal Highness to a cruise in H.M.S. *Galatea*: in 1869 and 1870 he was attached to the suite of the Prince when visiting the South Sea Islands, Japan, China, the Philippine Islands, India, &c. The magnificent collection of works of a varied kind brought from this voyage round the world, consisting of bronzes, porcelain, jewellery, carving, textile objects, &c., the productions of countries visited, included upwards of one hundred and ten water-colour drawings by Mr. Chevalier, representing scenes, ceremonies, architectural views, and illustrations of many curious

manners and customs of the "far East." We were courteously invited to inspect the collection when arranged in the artist's studio, and we reported, in the *Art Journal* of 1871, the impression we received from an examination of the drawings.

From the year 1871 Mr. Chevalier has directed his attention to painting pictures for the Royal Academy, and he sent there, in that same year, a landscape, 'Atiamano, Island of Tahiti': it was followed, in 1872, by a reminiscence of the artist's campaign in India, 'Palace of Deeg in the Olden Time, Bhurtপুর.' In 1873 he exhibited a picture painted by command of her Majesty showing the procession to St. Paul's on the 'Thanksgiving Day' for the recovery of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. The point taken is at the foot of Ludgate Hill, where stood the triumphal arch erected by the City, and where the Lord Mayor and civic authorities are seen preceding the royal carriage con-

taining the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other members of the royal family. The picture is not large, but there is an immense assemblage crowded into it, all worked up with the utmost elaboration. We gave a full description of the painting at the time. Her Majesty was so well satisfied with the manner in which the work was executed that the artist was honoured with her command to paint a companion picture, representing the interior of the cathedral during the solemn service. This picture was exhibited at the Academy in 1874. With the former work Mr. Chevalier exhibited 'Blind Musicians of Japan,' from a sketch made during the Duke of Edinburgh's stay at Jeddo; and with the latter a 'View of Pesth,' painted for H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and 'Nautch-Girls at the Palace of Deeg, Bhurtpore.'

In 1874 Mr. Chevalier was in St. Petersburg, making sketches of the marriage of H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh with H.I.H. the Grand Duchess Marie Alexandrovna of Russia at the Winter Palace. The picture he painted of this subject was executed and exhibited, by command of her Majesty, at the Royal Academy in 1875: it is a large canvas, glittering (if such a term may be used) with all the pomp and pageantry of a gorgeous ceremonial—a difficult task for any artist to perform, but in this case it is triumphantly achieved. As a kind of sequel to that picture he contributed a large water-colour drawing, here engraved, of the 'GRAND REVIEW ON THE OCCASION OF THE MARRIAGE FESTIVITIES AT ST. PETERSBURG IN 1874.' The review takes place in the large quadrangle of which the Winter Palace forms one side. The composition, as seen in the engraving, speaks for itself; the military display is "set out" with as much action and spirit as the subject admits. The work was executed for the Duchess of Edinburgh. Another gorgeous spectacle, painted for H.R.H.

the Prince of Wales, appeared in the Academy exhibition of 1877; it was 'The Opening of the International Exhibition at Vienna in 1873.' Mr. Chevalier had already found considerable practice in this class of subject, which chiefly involves the marshalling and arranging the forces at his command, and displaying them in the most appropriate and picturesque manner.

Three subjects of a very different character were the artist's contribution to the Academy exhibition of last year: the first of these—'AN EASTERN PUZZLE: CHINESE LAMA PRIESTS AT HOME'—forms one of our engravings. The "puzzle" evidently tries the ingenuity of those sedate-looking Orientals; they are, nevertheless, an interesting group, very cleverly put *en scène*. The composition is an embodiment of Chinese *genre*, with much domestic detail to make it very attractive; the light and shade are managed most effectively, and all is painted very carefully. The two other contributions of that year were a water-colour drawing, 'Spring at Bute,' and an oil painting representing a poor flower-girl who has fallen asleep on a seat on the pier at St. Leonard's: it is a touching picture, warm, and richly toned in colour.

Besides these works here particularised, Mr. Chevalier has painted numerous pictures, both in oils and in water colours, which have never been exhibited; these were, for the most part, the results of royal and private commissions. One of them, 'AN EASTERN SHEPHERD,' an oil painting, is among our illustrations; it shows a venerable-looking man, who might stand for a type of one of the ancient shepherd-kings of the East, so patriarchal is his general appearance, and so dignified his bearing. The present Academy exhibition contains his 'Hinemoa,' the legendary beauty of New Zealand, gently gliding in her canoe with the current of a river amidst rich vegetation.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

REMBRANDT IN HIS STUDIO.

J. L. Gérôme, H.R.A., Painter.

P. A. Rajon, Engraver.

REMBRANDT is here represented working at a department of Art for which he has acquired scarcely less renown than for his oil pictures: he is engaged etching one of those famous plates—it may be 'The Gold Weigher,' 'The Three Trees,' 'The Raising of Lazarus,' 'Christ driving the Money-changers out of the Temple,' or any other of the famous prints for which collectors have been known to pay such extravagant prices. M. Gérôme has given to his picture of the famous old Dutchman an effect quite in harmony with the latter artist's general treatment of his subject: the effect of light and shade is quite *Rembrandtish*. Seated at a table beneath a large window,

with a canvas shade above the plate, such as engravers are accustomed to use when at work to mitigate the glare of light, he is handling a *stylus* on the waxed plate; on the table is the bottle of acid, and by its side vessels containing water to be used in the after operations; other requisites essential to the work in hand are within the etcher's reach. Behind the tall screen are sundry objects which may be looked upon as "properties" identified with the studio of an artist, and a narrow balustraded staircase leads to a doorway in the upper story of the house. M. Gérôme has worked out his subject very lucidly, and he has been well seconded by M. Rajon, one of the most accomplished etchers of our time.

A SARCOPHAGUS BY DONATELLO.

THE magnificent collection of Italian sculpture in the South Kensington Museum has received an important addition in the shape of a marble sarcophagus by Donatello, which is probably one of the many splendid works executed by him during his residence in Padua. This valuable piece of Art has been secured for the Museum through the efforts of Mr. J. C. Robinson, to whom all appreciators of that Art treasury have so often had occasion to be grateful. It was, until lately, used as a water-trough in some Paduan garden or vineyard, and is one of the footmarks of the restoration mania of ecclesiastical monuments of the sixteenth century, which swept away hundreds of noble works of Art, while in their place were set up structures of gaudy marbles, mosaics, and gilded wood and metal. Many a church, before so harmonious and pure, became but a frame

whereon to hang all sorts of tawdry abominations. It was during that reign of sham so many of the beautifully sculptured altars and shrines (particularly those belonging to the early period of the Renaissance) were destroyed, or turned to ignoble use.

This sarcophagus is hollowed out sufficiently to contain a dead body. At each end is carved a draped boy-angel, swinging a censer, while in front is a most exquisitely sculptured recumbent female figure, shrouded in a transparent veil, with a crown upon her head surrounded by a nimbus. So finely is this figure carved, that the holy maiden seems not dead, but sleeping, as if wrapped in a trance of everlasting peacefulness. We look on this as one of Donatello's masterpieces, and doubtless it will be so considered generally.



WILLIAM DUNN

P. A. BARNES, BOSTON

THE END OF THE WORLD

LONDON: PUBLISHED BY H. K. BULLOCK



THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

SECOND NOTICE.



BEFORE entering Gallery No. I. we would tarry for a moment in the Vestibule, and cast our eye round the semicircle formed of busts and other works in sculpture. One is always able to speak of the modelling, the texture, the management of planes, and the disposition of masses; but the truth of a likeness in clay or marble—and the remark is equally applicable to the painter's art—when the original is unknown, can only be surmised by the observer when he finds in the bust unmistakable tokens of character and individuality. One can easily believe, for example, that the beneficent expression on the bust (1467) by E. B. STEPHENS, A., was really part of the personality of 'The Right Hon. Peter Erle, late Chief Commissioner of Charities for England and Wales,' just as much as nobility and firmness of line characterize the mouth of 'T. Spencer Wells, F.R.C.S.' (1471), as carved by R. LIEBREICH. There is an equally striking peculiarity in the lower lip of 'Sir Benjamin Brodie, Bart.' (1485), which—CESARE FANTACCHIOTTI shows, in addition to the intellectual character conveyed in the face—has, towards each end, deep and distinct marks of hacking. The piquant character, again, so palpable in the face of the little girl (1491), to whose marble bust MICHAEL LAWLOR has yet to give the finishing touches, one can easily see belongs to an individual personality, just as much as the Assyrian-like beard belongs to 'Lord Skelmersdale' (1489), to whose manly countenance COUNT GLEICHEN has done such ample justice. This artist has made marked progress of late in his profession, and models with all the easy digital felicity of a trained French sculptor. His rendering of texture and his sense of grace are well illustrated in his 'Portrait of a Lady' (1498) in a furred robe. The frank, generous face of 'D. Routledge, Esq.' (1465), J. ADAMS-ACTON perpetuates this year in marble; and a little farther on we find, by the same artist, another marble bust of equally happy individuality—viz. that of 'The Rev. F. J. Jobson, D.D.' (1469). Indeed, there was greater difficulty to be surmounted here than in the case of the eminent publisher; for the artist had to make the intellectual—we had almost written spiritual—character of the reverend doctor shine through a rounded mass of good-natured, chubby flesh, a veil which effectually conceals the inner man from the ordinary spectator, and which always requires the eye of an artist to penetrate. This artistic insight of character is further illustrated by WILLIAM BRODIE's marble bust of 'Henry Irving' (1457), the eminent tragedian. There is a natural simplicity and sweetness about the play of Irving's mouth which we have never seen so satisfactorily realised before, either on canvas or in marble. Other portraits represent the general character of his well-cut lips as seen from one's seat in the theatre; but their tender mobility, which strikes one when face to face with him, has never been so delicately and truly treated before. We would notice with emphatic approval also the broad, masterly modelling of JOHN MOSSMAN, as peculiarly appropriate in treating so square and massive a head as that of 'The late Alexander Thomson, Architect' (1501). The busts also of T. BUTLER, H. H. ARMSTEAD, A.—especially the latter's 'James Laycock, Esq.' (1487), and L. A. MALEMPRE's refined treatment in marble of the 'Portrait of a Lady' (1461), which are as full of well-defined character as any busts in the Academy—THOMAS WOOLNER, R.A., W. THEED, R. C. BELT, H. P. MACCARTHY, and GEORGE SIMONDS will all attract deserved attention. Nor do the lady sculptors go unrepresented in the Vestibule. We have nothing but hearty approval for SARAH TERRY'S 'Childhood' (1450); EMMELINE HALSE'S red terracotta tiles, on which she shows prettily modelled nude children playing at 'Blind Man's Buff' (1494), in close proximity to her father's delicately treated posthumous bust of 'The late Alice

1879.

Florence Brandt' (1492); and MARY GRANT'S marble bust of the stately 'Miss Nisbet Hamilton' (1459). This last-named sculptor's *relievo*, by the way, of 'The Very Rev. E. B. K. Fortescue' (1488) is hung unconscionably high up, which is all the more noticeable seeing that the arrangement and hanging of the galleries are in other respects so very artistic and pleasing. The 'Pilgrim Shield' (1455), in silver and iron *repoussé*, by L. MOREL LADEUIL, showing the victory of Bunyan's Christian over sin in his triumphant passage through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, is as exquisite in workmanship as it is harmonious and effective in design; and while we congratulate M. Morel Ladeuil on its production, we cannot help regretting that we have no craftsman in this pleasing field of Art who can for a moment be compared with him. We are glad, however, to be able to remark decided progress in the art of die-sinking. In everything pertaining to medal-work we have long been far in the rear of our Gallic brethren, but in the series of medals by A. B. WYON there are several (1475, 1478, 1480, and 1481) which are worthy of being classed with the masterpieces of French Art. The marble medallion portraits of J. HAVARD THOMAS (1493, 1495, 1496) and the *basso-relievo* of 'Francesca da Rimini' (1468), by J. SHERWIN WESTMACOTT, we had almost passed over; but they are not worthy of the visitor's notice. The supreme piece of sculpture in the Vestibule, however, is, in our opinion, J. DALOU'S decorative *basso-relievo* representing a life-sized Bacchanalian group (1502) under the immediate inspiration of the wine-god. Had the choice of subject been a little more in harmony with that Puritanic severity with which the minds of so many of the land are still honestly leavened, such artistic freedom and force would have created a *furor* of delight. In vigorous and varied action and in artistic concentration the work is a piece of plastic *tour de force* which no British artist has hitherto shown power enough to rival. And yet, with such a startling group as C. B. BIRCH'S trumpeter (1518) in the Central Hall—a work which the late Mr. Foley might have executed, but no other living English sculptor whom we know—and with the abundant promise which we find in the productions of such young men as HAMO THORNYCROFT, E. ONSLOW FORD, T. N. MACLEAN, and two or three others, there is no saying what may be accomplished in British sculpture within the next decade. J. E. BOEHM, A., W. CALDER MARSHALL, R.A., GEORGE A. LAWSON, A. BRUCE JOY, CONSTANT VINOELST, ARTHUR G. ATKINSON, W. J. S. WEBBER, and the others who give interest to the Sculpture Gallery and the Central Hall, we hope to be able to notice before our papers on the Academy exhibition are closed.

Entering Gallery No. I., what strikes one on a casual glance is, as we have already hinted, the nice balance as to colour and mass, light and shade. No doubt, as we proceed, we shall find pictures "skied" which ought to have had the honours of the line; but this year such cases are, we think, rarer than usual, and we must come frankly to the conclusion that, on the whole, the pictures are well hung.

Following the catalogue—in which, by the way, we notice a novel and very useful introduction, in the form of a page of "Contents," including a "Plan of the Galleries"—the first important landscape which catches the eye is undoubtedly VICAT COLE'S autumn tree glassed in a still lake (4), illustrating in a very charming way Hood's poetic conceit that

"Leaves are but wings on which the summer flies."

The tone and quality of the picture are quite up to the high level to which Mr. Cole has so long accustomed us, yet not so decidedly, we think, as in his more joyous picture in Gallery No. III., showing 'Ripening Sunbeams' (245) throwing the shadows of great oak-trees across a golden corn-field. Still in Gallery No. I. Mr. Cole by no means carries off all the honours.

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The 'Last Days of Autumn' (81), exhibiting a flock of black-faced wethers coming round the rocky angle of a road overlooking a lake in which graceful birch-trees glass themselves, is a picture for which British landscape art will have no occasion to blush. Its author is J. MACWHIRTER, whom we beg heartily to congratulate on his election to the Associateship. Another landscape of commanding merit is most assuredly ERNEST PARTON'S birch-trees and ferns by a sedgy lake, bounded by a wooded rising ground, all under the influence of 'The Waning of the Year' (21). This rapidly rising young artist is an American, and we are proud to think that the President and Council of the Royal Academy are so generously catholic in their administration of the Chantrey bequest as to have bought this work. If we go on in this manner we shall, in the international race, overtake France one of these days.

Also of the first class is B. W. LEADER'S 'English Hay-field' (50), with the mother and her little ones in its midst and the loaded hay-wain in the distance. Freshness and abundance of daylight characterize the picture. Worthy of all praise also, though not so advantageously hung, are A. W. HUNT'S 'Norwegian Midnight' (11); BASIL BRADLEY'S 'Blossom' (27), conveying a double meaning, inasmuch as the foal of the mare, the ducklings of the duck, and the lambs of the sheep are all, like the orchard in which they disport themselves, in full blossom; ANDERSON HAGUE'S 'Easting Bridge' (54), full of fine grey quality; THOMAS J. WATSON'S 'Corn-field' (71), dotted here and there with a tree, and further enlivened by some roaming geese; and the 'Village Belle' (5) reading her own name on the bole of a tree, by JOHN R. REID: this last, from its simplicity and directness of treatment, saves the subject from the reproach of triteness. For the real measure of Mr. Reid's merits, however, we must go into Gallery No. VI., and there contemplate his 'Toil and Pleasure' (540)—a group of peasants in a turnip-field suspending their hoeing till the foxhounds and the huntsmen sweep past. Such painting of a turnip-field has never been seen on the walls of the Royal Academy within our recollection of more than thirty years; no wonder the President and Council of the Royal Academy secured it under the terms of the Chantrey bequest. Another similar purchase, showing how keenly alive are the Academic authorities to real merit when it comes before them, hangs close by; it is C. E. JOHNSON'S 'Gurth, the Swineherd' (532) in "Ivanhoe." The black-skinned herd beat searchingly the glade before us under the eye of their keeper, and beyond we catch a glimpse of a gloriously wooded distance, all helping us to realise what the forest and forest life were like in the olden time.

Returning to Gallery No. I. and directing our attention to figure subjects, there are three canvases which allow no one to pass without paying homage to their quality. Mrs. ELIZABETH BUTLER (better known to us as Miss Elizabeth Thompson), the national battle-painter of whom we are all so proud, naturally takes precedence of the other two, who are, we need scarcely add, SEYMOUR LUCAS and LUKE FILDES. Mrs. Butler takes us over to Ireland, and, on a moorland road commanding a wide prospect of cabin-dotted country, backed by blue hills, such as might be found in the county Cork or Kerry, we see two sprightly young Irishmen who have "Listed for the Connaught Rangers" (20) marching along with the sergeant and corporal, the drummer boy, and the little fifer, who has picked up a dog in the distant village. The soldier bringing up the rear is in the act of lighting his pipe, and the whole *coup d'œil* is as characteristically brisk and real as if we stood aside on the road to give the gallant lads a "God bless you kindly!" as they passed. Another military picture, much less pleasing in subject, but no less excellent in quality and lifelike in its realism, is SEYMOUR LUCAS'S deadly platoon-firing on a mob, during 'The Gordon Riots' (25), by a company of red-coated soldiers. On the left of the picture two ruffians lie dead by the side of their plunder, and to the right, immediately behind the military, a wounded soldier is being attended to by a doctor; while at the end of the street, lined with the red-brick houses of the period, is seen the infuriated crowd whose fanatic zeal has applied the torch to the houses that blaze up behind them. Mr. Seymour Lucas

brings very vividly home to us how much the religious idiocy of Lord George Gordon had to answer for. In depicting this street riot the artist has conveyed to his canvas what made John Singleton Copley's 'Death of Major Pierson' his masterpiece—viz. life and motion; and perhaps in solidity and accuracy of workmanship and force of colour, were a comparison to be drawn, the father of Lord Lyndhurst would have to yield the artistic palm to the author of 'The Gordon Riots.'

There is one other noble canvas which must be noticed before we leave this room, and that is 'The Return of a Penitent' (63), by LUKE FILDES, A., whom the Academy has wisely admitted within the pale of its honours lately, and to whom, like the other new Associates, we beg to tender our unfeigned congratulations. In the wide, open road of a country village, which lies under the warm glow of departing day, we are startled by a sturdy teamster who pulls up suddenly his great grey horse (on whose back baby is crowingly enthroned, in front of his little brother) that he may turn aside a little, now that he seems to have reached the very focus of the interest, and ascertain for himself the cause of all the gossip at the doors among old and young as he came along. By a hundred little incidents, so to speak, the eye of the spectator is soon directed to the spot whose solitary occupant has thus shaken the village from its propriety. In an angle of the road, at the door of a dilapidated and deserted cottage—whose tangled and weed-grown garden still bears testimony to its having been, at no very remote date, a comfortable home—lies, in a prostrate heap of shabby feminine attire, the form of a young girl. Want, weariness, remorse, repentance, and despair, although we cannot see the lineaments of her face, are plainly written in every sweep and line of that poor penitent's wasted body; and we marvel not that in the countenances of the three little children who behold her are blended wonder and pity. Objection has been taken to the prominence given in the picture to the horse and his owner; but if one will only consider for a moment, he will soon remember that when any painful incident occurs in the street, he is invariably led up to it by some similarly prominent object—an object, moreover, which may have no more immediate connection with what he is going to see than that of acting as a finger-post. So far, then, from finding fault with the distinction given to the horse, we regard it as a merit, an element in the composition as boldly conceived as it is simple and natural. Such utter prostration of soul as we have here never brings its distress to the front; we have to go into the nooks and byways to find it. Besides, the bluff owner of this grand grey—so magnificently foreshortened, too—will recognise the penitent presently, and will take her to her friends, whom shame and sorrow had caused to leave the village for a home elsewhere, and the poor girl will yet find peace and forgiveness, and live to be a comfort and a blessing to them all. There is a slight tendency to hotness in the left of the picture; but what is that in a composition so full of simple pathos and truth?

Above this hangs, not inappropriately, ARTHUR HILL'S 'Foolish Virgins' (62), whose lamps were without oil when the bridegroom came. Although they are all in white, the colour is kept properly subdued; and in drawing, arrangement, and grouping the figures are worthy of admiration. C. N. KENNEDY'S two men at a table over a 'Disputed Point' (59) is also in a low key, but with a slight tendency to coarseness, and scarcely so good in colour as we should like. The pendant to this is also a dark picture, illustrating the sentiment conveyed in the line, 'I cannot mind my Wheel, Mother' (67); the artist is HERBERT SCHMALZ. We would commend also A. H. BURR'S vigorous picture of 'Seventy Years Ago' (8)—an old lady, with Bible in her lap, looking from her dim nook in the cottage upon her grandchildren playing out of doors in the bright sunshine. YEEND KING'S 'Birds of a Feather' (15), showing a couple of cooing lovers followed across the common by a flock of sympathetic geese, possesses both art and humour. Equally cynical, only in another way, is FRANK DADD, when he makes a poor wandering minstrel divide his loaf with a roadside castaway, while the vowed ministers of 'Charity' (38)—a group of well-fed monks—pass on unheeding, with their donkey

heavily laden with the good things of life. The guitar player of EDWIN HUGHES, who sits and sings a 'Love Song' (31) to three maidens, is solidly painted; but surely the idea of solidity is carried too far in the lower limbs of the troubadour. The 'Old Stone-breaker' (55)—whose face is full of character, as that of his little girl, who leans back in his circling arm as he sits amidst the tokens of his daily toil, is full of sweetness—is, in spite of a certain dryness of manner, one of the most successful pictures we have had for some time from the pencil of H. T. WELLS, R.A. Very touching and tender in sentiment also is the 'Orphans' (80) of G. A. STOREY, A. Two sweet little girls in deep mourning have been ushered into the apartment which will be their future schoolroom; and three other little orphans, in the Asylum dress, look up from the desk and regard them with feelings of interest and sympathy. WALTER C. HORSLEY'S 'Narrow Way, Cairo' (46), a camel with a load of green stuff, on the top of which a pleasantly grinning nigger is enthroned, pushing its way through a narrow passage, is as clever in composition as the incident is characteristic of Cairo. This young artist has two other pictures in the exhibition equally prophetic of his coming quality. They are 'Prayer-time in the Blue Mosque, Cairo' (322), and 'Going to the Front, India' (1380). We would respectfully suggest to the eminent Academician who bears this name the expediency of looking to his laurels.

The portraiture in Gallery No. I. is all of an unquestionably high class. 'The Lady Herries' (14), whom we see attired in white on a balustraded terrace, is by R. LEHMANN, whose refinement of pencil comes out also in 'The Countess of Percy' (490) and 'Mrs. G. J. Goschen' (591); 'G. S. Venables, Esq., Q.C.' (26), shows with what vigour and fidelity that rising young artist, JOHN COLLIER, can wield the brush; while the facile and experienced workmanship of such men as G. F. WATTS, R.A., GEORGE RICHMOND, R.A., and W. W. OULESS, A., finds expression respectively in 'Mrs. Andrew Hichens' (45), 'Sir W. A. Stephenson, K.C.B.' (56), and 'John Malcolm, Esq., of Poltalloch' (64).

In the way of marine pictures we have in this room several, and each in its way excellent. First we have the angry waves of HENRY MOORE, with fishing-boats making fast for the harbour, 'By Stress of Weather driven' (75); secondly, the 'River Mouth,' (33) of J. W. OAKES, A., with boats and fisherfolk on shore, and wind blowing against the running-out tide and threatening to convert its surface water into spindrift; and thirdly, the quiet luminous sea in which the bathing boys of HAMILTON MACALLUM enjoy their 'Water Frolic' (32). The sea in 'Summer Breezes' (39)—a fresh-looking, handsome girl holding on her hat against the wind—by PHILIP H. CALDERON, R.A., is doubtful in drawing and raw in colour; besides, we cannot imagine on what lofty platform the girl can be walking, for the horizon to be so low. The girl herself is charming. The pendant to this is a splendidly drawn, richly coloured portrait of a lady in a balcony, 'Speak low, my Lute!' (40), by ALFRED ELMORE, R.A., whose daughter, Miss EDITH ELMORE, shows steady progress in her art: 'Grapes and Chrysanthemums' (927) does her credit. G. D. LESLIE, R.A., and H. S. MARKS, R.A. elect (and well he deserves the honour), we shall meet again presently; meantime, let the visitor note admiringly the 'Alice in Wonderland' (72) of the former, and the 'Intellect and Instinct' (73) of the latter.

In Gallery No. II. we are at once confronted with the 'Adversity' (124) of JAMES SANT, R.A., a sad yet comely girl in black, leaning against a wall and holding up a bunch of daffodils for sale. Above it hangs one of the best drawn and most vigorously painted pictures in the room, representing 'Breton Quarry Workers' (123) conveying downhill on a rude truck an immense block of stone, the two men holding back by the shaft in front, while a muscular woman behind assists them in arresting the too rapid progress of the machine by pulling strenuously at the rope attached to it. The author is G. F. MUNN, a young American artist, from whom the Art world may yet expect great things.

By the side of Mr. Sant's 'Adversity' hang 'Fat Pasture' (120) and 'Sweet fa's the Eve' (125), two fine landscapes by the

veteran JOHN LINNELL, painted with a vigour and a subtlety which almost destroy our belief in the fact that he has been an exhibitor at the Royal Academy for upwards of seventy years. Above the one hangs C. F. BREWTNALL'S 'Bailiff's Daughter of Islington' (121) being courted in an apple orchard:—

"Yet she was coy, and would not believe
That he did love her soe."

The quaint, sweet character of the song is well carried out in the picture. Its pendant is PETER MACNAB'S 'Reapers' (120), a row of four lasses and a lad busy in the harvest-field. The nearest figure, a stalwart girl, stands her height before us, and drinks from the mug which the boy has filled from the can he holds on his knee. The picture is most manfully painted. Another strongly painted picture, of a similar theme, is FRED. MORGAN'S old peasant woman and her sturdy daughter taking their 'Midday Rest' (111) at the side of a haycock, from the former of whom a child is in the act of receiving some bread. The whole is backed by a wood, which is by far too close to the new-mown grass, if ever the farmer means it to become hay. C. E. PERUGINI contributes one of his lady pictures, which he always manages to make sweet and charming. This time it is a lovely dark-eyed girl, in a flounced dress and mob-cap, approaching a wardrobe with a basket of 'Fresh Lavender' (97). His daughter, KATE PERUGINI, sends a very capitably painted, quaint-looking 'Little Woman' (34), whom we see in profile busy knitting.

The great master, however, of preciousness and suavity in handling is SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A. His 'Biondina' (119)—a fair-haired girl in blue and white, with a bright sparkle in her eye—and his 'Catarina' (128)—a dark olive-complexioned girl in white, wearing round her black hair a wreath of star-like flowers—are both exceedingly lovely, and one could scarcely imagine their being surpassed till he enters the next gallery and stands in presence of 'Amarilla' (289), over whose dainty head the trellised vine-leaves have already assumed their autumn tint, although the sea, beyond the wall on which she leans, still wears its bright summer face. The tenderness of the beauty in this and the other figures, and the appropriate delicacy of the treatment, are simply beyond all praise. There are many passages, also, of great beauty in Sir Frederick's large canvas representing a radiant angel ministering to 'Elijah in the Wilderness' (188). The muscular sympathy arising from utter exhaustion, as the prophet lies with his head pillowed on the hard rock, is as perfect in its rendering as the cumuli are beautiful, rolling in their silver whiteness beyond the level reaches of the stratus-banked clouds. To get like brilliancy and truth we must go to PETER GRAHAM'S 'Cloudland and Moor' (219), also in the next gallery. Yet the drapery at the feet of the angel is allowed to fall into what we think impossible convolutions—a fault which will become by-and-by a habit of his pencil, if Sir Frederick is not careful. The design altogether is a very impressive one, and in its presence one feels almost ashamed of even appearing hypercritical.

Returning to Gallery No. II., we may say at once that we have nothing but praise for the 'Esther' (102) of EDWIN LONG, A. She is dark-eyed, fair-skinned, and exceedingly comely. As one of her maids is about to veil her, she sits passively on her ebony and ivory stool, and, with her fingers interlaced at her side, she looks at you from out her melancholy yet resolute eyes, and says in low, measured tones, "And so will I go in unto the king, which is not according to the law; and if I perish, I perish." The kneeling maid about to hand her her bracelets, the other standing ready with the cunningly wrought white outspread veil, are in beautiful relation to the principal figure; while the round metal-looking glass lying on the stool, and the wall of the apartment figured and foliated and inscribed in cuneiform, have such semblance of archaeological truth that we fancy ourselves of Esther's party. Our admiration embraces also heartily Mr. Long's other grand canvas, representing the resolute and lovely 'Vashti' (955), in the Lecture Room; and if the artist could only introduce a touch more of strength into his work, we should be inclined to think him almost faultless.

Opposite 'Esther' hangs JESSIE MACGREGOR'S 'May Morning' (143)—a procession of pretty peasant girls in light cotton dresses, all garlanded, accompanying, to the sound of rustic music, their graceful companion, whose train is supported by two little children; for will she not presently be crowned Queen of the May? This is decidedly the best picture Miss Macgregor has yet painted, and we are glad to see it on the line. Close by is an old ruined castle on the edges of a lake—possibly Castle Urquhart, on Loch Ness—by JOHN E. MILLAIS, R.A., with a girl pulling a coble across to the old tower. There is a luminous passage in the sky, all the rest being low-toned and dark, an atmospheric arrangement which Mr. Millais turns to fine account. The only thing we are not quite satisfied with is his treatment of the water, which we cannot help thinking, considering the condition of light in the sky, lacks liquidity. His masterpieces elsewhere we may come to by-and-by. In the meantime we may as well say that the finest portrait ever painted of Mr. Gladstone is from his pencil, and hangs in the next gallery.

Talking of portraits reminds us that there are several in Gallery No. II. of more than ordinary merit. Nothing, for example, could very well be better than GEORGE REID'S vigorous treatment of 'Lieut.-Col. H. W. Lumsden' (86)—a moustached warrior, whom you feel to be of the true type as he turns his keen, grey, resolute eye full upon you. The same artist has another masterly portrait in the Lecture Room of 'Alexander Macdonald, Esq.,' of Kippestone (1015), the well-known connoisseur. We are not quite sure that Mr. Reid is always right in pitching his key so low; it is appropriate enough in the case of Colonel Lumsden, but a little more daylight might have been allowed to fall on the countenance of Mr. Macdonald. For breadth combined with exquisite finish nothing can exceed the two small portraits by J. BASTIEN-LEPAGE (149 and 156). We would heartily commend also J. HANSON WALKER'S 'Richard Matthews, Esq.' (130), and his 'Mrs. John Hill' (299); 'Mrs. Henry Oppenheim' (122), by the HON. HENRY GRAVES, who has two excellent portraits further on; and 'Mrs. John A. Macmeikan' (153), by T. BLAKE WIRGMAN.

Among other works still to be mentioned in Gallery No. II. are KEELEY HALSWELLE'S magnificent daylight picture of Italian peasants 'Waiting for the Blessing of Pius IX. at St. John Lateran, Rome, 1869' (93)—some seated on a commanding bank, others lining lazily the roadside, as is the custom—one of the best works he has sent to the Academy for some time; 'Roses from the Vicarage' (85), by E. G. H. LUCAS; and 'Artichokes and Gladioli' (90), by W. J. MUCKLEY—two flower pictures far above the ordinary average. The last named has two other pictures, 'Christmas Roses and Arbutus' (689), and 'Grapes, &c.' (911), in both of which the soothing richness of his palette finds genial expression. Then there is a fine piece of nature by COLIN HUNTER, showing a man filling his cart with seaweed on a 'Lee Shore' (95). A similar theme is the subject of his chief picture—some fishermen approaching shore with a boat-load of seaweed, 'Their only Harvest' (435)—a sea-piece, whose broad and masterly handling, luminosity, and truthfulness of colour the President and Council of the Academy were not slow to perceive, and perceiving, were wise enough, under the terms of the Chantrey bequest, to buy. On one side of 'Esther' hangs A. W. HUNT'S 'Leafy June' (98)—brushwood-covered rocks

reflected in a quiet pool, most exquisite in finish; while a worthy companion to it hangs on the other side in a sweet grey-green tone, showing, with rare fidelity, the rocks of 'Trebarwith Strand, Cornwall' (103), beetling over dark luminous water, by WILLIAM J. RICHARDS. We ought to name also, for their truth to nature, FRED. E. BODKIN'S cattle in a meadow during 'Moist Weather' (108), and F. W. MEYER'S 'Moonlight Night at Ploumanach, Brittany' (169).

D. W. WYNFIELD'S boy and girl 'Out for a Drive' (132) in their father's truck is good both in drawing and modelling; but the artist does not break up and blend his colour as we could wish, and the result is an over-cleanness and newness not soothing to the eye. This remark, though in a less degree, is also applicable to J. C. HORSLEY'S, R.A., capital picture, 'A Trespasser' (168), in which we see pussy quietly ensconced in my lady's best brocaded dress. 'Cutting Forage on the French Coast' (133), H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A., showing some horses on a flowered hillside overlooking a summer sea, is altogether lovely; and we may say the same of the two graceful little girls who have come down in the early morning to behold, with unfeigned surprise, in the old shoes 'The Gifts of the Fairies' (160), as painted by FRANK HOLL, A. This artist's 'Absconded,' in another room, is in our opinion one of the intensest figures in the exhibition, just as his 'Samuel Cousins, Esq., R.A.' (189), is one of the finest portraits. OSWALD VON GLEHN gives a very beautiful version of the myth of 'Boreas and Orithyia' (151): the nymph is seen plucking flowers on a giddy height, and the wind-god floats towards her with a blowing white scarf, as if about to loop her up with it and bear her away. The quotation in the catalogue from Plato's "Phædrus," which the picture illustrates, shows that the modern school of scientific mythologists, which refers every pretty legend to atmospheric and planetary phenomena, is at least as old as Socrates. L. ALMA-TADEMA, A., another renowned painter of the antique past, rarely touches on the legendary in classic story, and prefers, this season at least, to revive for us realistically, down to its veriest domestic detail, the familiar every-day life of ancient Rome. We see in No. 165 the 'Hearty Welcome' which a Roman matron gives to her daughter in the poppy garden of their home, and so skilfully does the artist manage his light and shade—causing the sunbeams to burst through the trellised vine and play upon the square pillars, white above and dadoed below of a subdued red, modified in their turn by varying greens, all cunningly enhanced by the blacks and greys on the right of the picture—that the *vraisemblance* of the whole scene is complete, and if we look long enough we shall presently fancy we are there. The picture is truly what may be called a little gem, and, apart from technical considerations, we prefer it to his larger and still more realistic work of the Roman lady, her child, and attendants going 'Down to the River' (238), in Gallery No. III., to be boated across the Tiber. HENRY WOOD'S small picture of 'A Country Studio' (166), which hangs close to Alma-Tadema's 'Hearty Welcome,' represents the interior of a country barn, through the door of which we look out upon the artist busy at his easel. It is capitally painted, and not unworthy of the distinguished neighbourhood in which it finds itself.

(To be continued.)

ART NOTES FROM THE PROVINCES.

NEWBURY.—The Earl of Carnarvon has lately delivered an eloquent address concerning Art to the students of the Science and Art classes at Newbury. It is full of sound and wise counsel, with much that is practical and apt to the present time. We copy the concluding passage:—"Those who devoted themselves to this subject, those who worshipped and studied

Art, and those who stood at her altars, in however lowly and humble capacity, should remember what the fountain was from which it sprang, and what the object was it set before them, to endeavour and strive to the utmost, whatever their gift might be, great or small, mighty or mean, so to employ that gift as to be worthy of the spirit of that cause in which they were labouring."

THE LAND OF EGYPT.*

BY EDWARD THOMAS ROGERS, ESQ., LATE H.M. CONSUL AT CAIRO, AND HIS SISTER, MARY ELIZA ROGERS.

THE DRAWINGS BY GEORGE L. SEYMOUR.

CHAPTER VII.



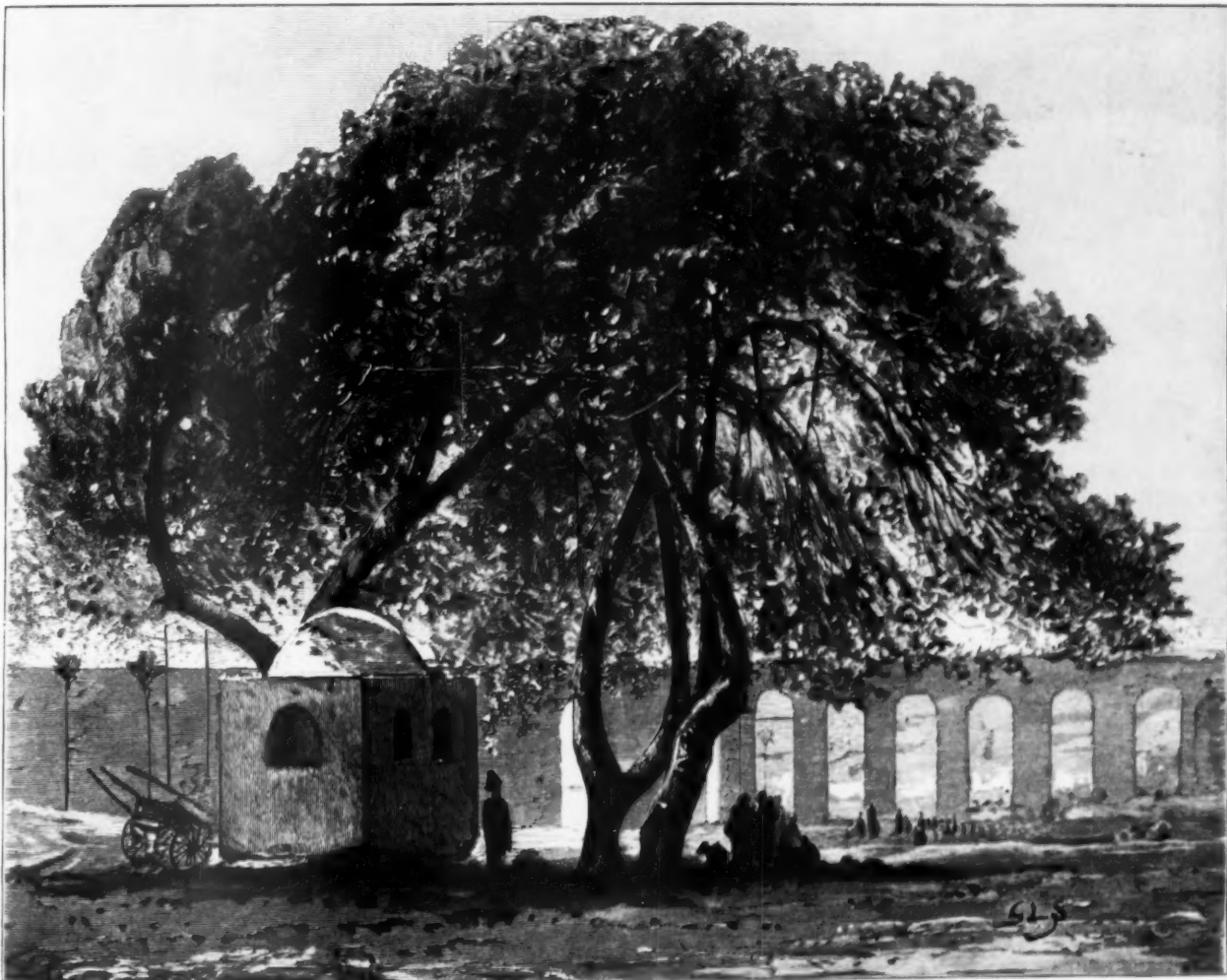
URING the reign of the eighth khalif (Al Mostansir) the power of the Fatimites began to decline. They lost Northern Africa, the Abbassides having obtained supremacy there, and from that time the Fatimite dominions were confined to Egypt and Syria. Syria gradually grew disaffected, as it had become the battleground of Crusaders and Saracens.

The last of the Fatimites, Al Aadid, was overcome by Salah-ed-din (Saladin), the founder of the Ayoubite dynasty.

Salah-ed-din, son of a Kurdish chieftain named Ayoub, was at an early age distinguished for his prowess and his success against the Christians. He was sent by the Atabek of Mosul, Núr-ed-din-ibn-Zenghi, to Egypt, and there he became chief

minister to the Fatimite Khalif Al Aadid, whom he dethroned in favour of his own sovereign, Núr-ed-din, re-establishing the Sunni doctrine, with spiritual allegiance to the Abbasi Khalif of Baghdad. Two years later Núr-ed-din died, and Salah-ed-din, availing himself of the opportunity presented by the minority of Núr-ed-din's son, Salih Ismail, usurped the throne of the Atabek of Syria, and at the same time became independent in Egypt. His feats of arms with Richard Cœur-de-Lion, with Guy de Lusignac, and his conquest of Jerusalem, which put an end to the third Crusade, are too well known to require more than a passing allusion here. He died in 1193, leaving a brother (Malek-al-Aadil) and seventeen sons. His empire was divided into many small states, and in little more than half a century after his death the Ayoubite dynasty was at an end.

The next dynasty that reigned in Egypt was that of the Mamlúk kings. The word Mamlúk means a slave, generally



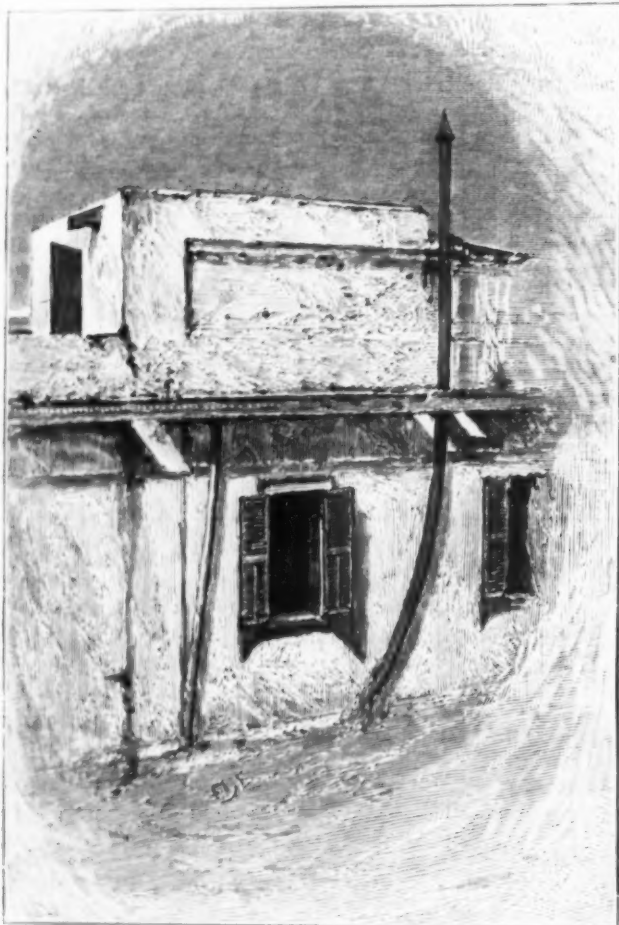
Wayside Fountain, Cairo, with the old Water Conduit of the Citadel in the distance.

a white slave, and it was especially applied to a militia organized by the khalifs and increased by the Ayoubites. It was composed chiefly of Turks and Circassians who were taken in war or obtained by purchase. The Mamlúks formed a legion of the

finest and best organized soldiers in the East, but their power became a source of great danger to their sovereigns. Thus in 1254, during a dispute between some of the Ayoubite princes, they placed their chief on the throne of Egypt, and from that time till 1517 they continued in power in Egypt and Syria. These were three centuries of anarchy, during which time hardly

* Continued from page 101.

a sovereign died a natural death on the throne; almost every one of them was deposed, murdered, or imprisoned by or at the instigation of rivals. Still it is worthy of remark, and even of surprise, that during this period of intrigue and bloodshed the

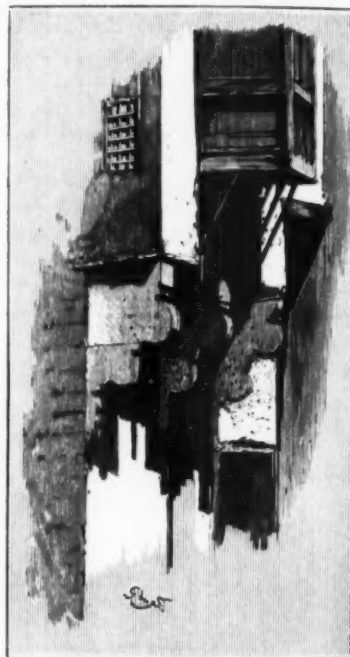


An Upper Story.

arts were encouraged to an unparalleled degree; the most elaborate and graceful mosques were built, and the most delicately illuminated copies of the Koran were written; and for the Mamlúk

usurpers were constructed those exquisitely beautiful *chefs-d'œuvre* of Oriental architecture, the mosques and mausoleums in and near Cairo, which are sometimes erroneously called the tombs of the khalifs. No one who has visited Cairo can forget the mosque of Sultan Hassan, the tomb of Kait Bey (the entrance to which is shown on page 131), the mosque and bazaar of Ghûri, and other public buildings bearing the names of some of these Mamlúk sultans.

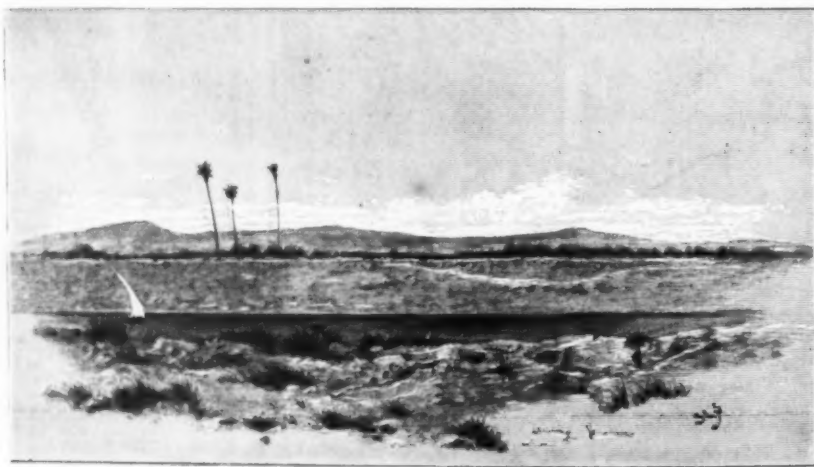
The last of them was, in 1517, overcome and decapitated by the Ottoman Sultan Selim II., when Egypt was incorporated



Sketch in one of the old Streets of Cairo.

with the Ottoman empire, and governed by a pasha sent from Constantinople, assisted by a divan of the Mamlúk aristocracy. But the Pasha's government was merely nominal; the real power remained in the hands of the Mamlúks, who were always intriguing and causing internal dissension.

The French, under General Buonaparte, hoping to neutralise the power of England in India, occupied Egypt from the year



The Nile at el 'Ayât.

1798 until 1801, when, by the assistance of an English army, the country was restored to the Ottoman empire, and was again administered by a pasha sent from Constantinople. During the French occupation the power of the Mamlúks had been considerably weakened, but, notwithstanding this, their influence

was still very great, and the post of Pasha of Egypt was consequently a very difficult one.

In the year 1806, Mohammed Aly, a colonel of an Albanian corps of a thousand men serving in Egypt, was raised to this dignity. He was born at Cavalla, in Roumelia, in the year

1769, and was known to be a man of great courage and determination. He soon proved himself to be a liberal-minded and energetic ruler. He introduced an entirely new system of administration and an improved organization into the country. The Mamlúk beys, however, continued to be a source of disaffection, and Mohammed Aly, weary of their exactions, assembled them on March 1, 1811, in the citadel of Cairo, with their followers, under the pretext of an expedition, and, prompted by a vigorously reforming though cruel policy, caused them all to be

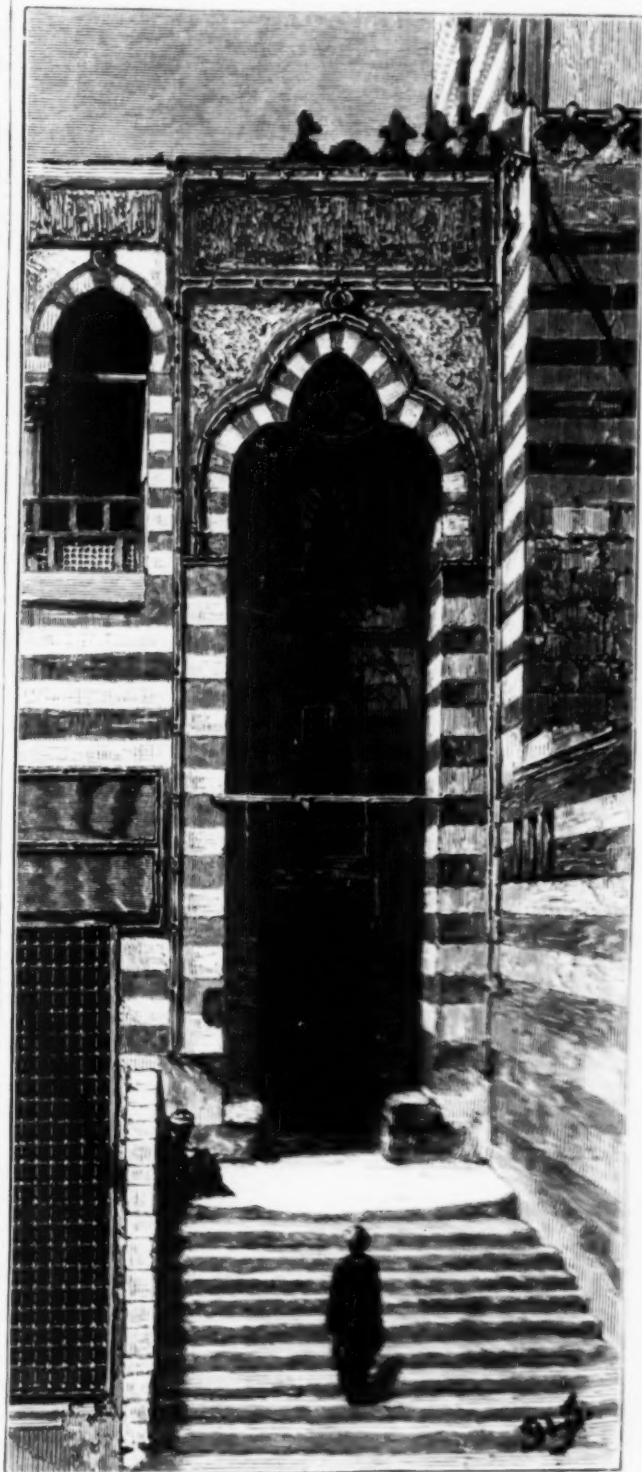
annexed to Egypt; but the ambition of Mohammed Aly led him too far—he aimed at complete independence. His victorious career was finally arrested by the armed intervention of England and Austria. By the treaty of 1841 Mohammed Aly renounced his acquired provinces, but the hereditary sovereignty of Egypt



A Page from my Sketch-book.

massacred in his sight. It is estimated that they numbered altogether about four hundred and seventy. At one part of the battlement of the citadel is shown a spot whence Emin Bey, one of the number, is said to have effected his escape by making his horse leap with him down a precipice.

Mohammed Aly could now act freely, and while he effected many improvements in Egypt, such as restoring its canals and embankments, promoting education, and introducing the cultivation of the cotton plant, his sons were sent abroad on military expeditions. Nubia, part of Arabia, Syria, and Candia were



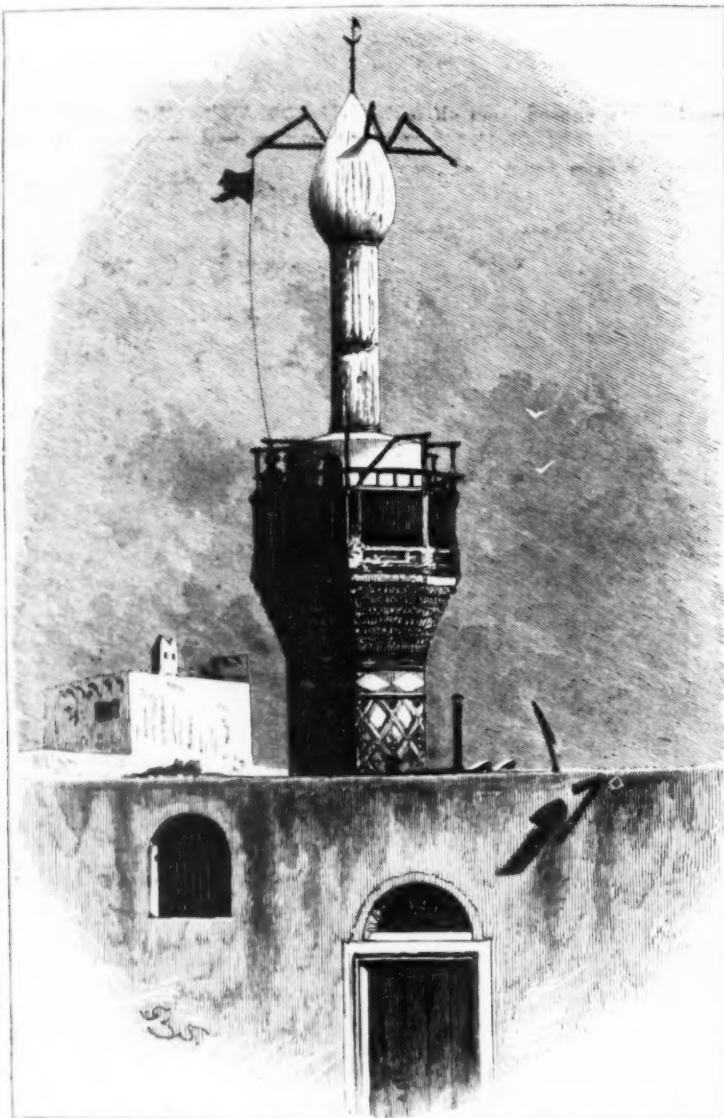
Entrance to the Tomb of Kait Bey.

was secured to his family on condition of a large annual tribute being paid to Constantinople.

The present Khedive, Ismael Pasha, is the grandson of Mohammed Aly, and son of Ibrahim Pasha, and the fifth member of the family who has ruled in Egypt. He has effected great and important changes in the country generally, but especially in Cairo and its suburbs.

Some European travellers have spoken to the Khedive regretfully of the disappearance of many of the old picturesque streets of Cairo, which have been replaced by modern buildings, broad

boulevards, and stately avenues; but his Highness replies truly that there are still in the city of Cairo a very great number of narrow unpaved streets and crooked lanes, with



A Minaret at Alexandria.

dangerously projecting windows, for lovers of the picturesque, and the old treeless path to the Pyramids still remains for

those who prefer it to the shaded carriage road which he has caused to be constructed for a highway.

(To be continued.)

THE LAST VOYAGE.

Engraved by W. ROFFE, from the Sculpture by F. M. MILLER.

THIS most poetic sculptural composition was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1877: it purported to present 'Portraits of Theodore and Herbert, the deceased infant children of J. J. Mellor, Esq., of the Woodlands, Whitefield, Manchester.' It was the object of the sculptor to represent the elder of the brothers, Herbert, who died first, "on the angelic mission of conducting the younger over the 'sea of bliss:'" as Milton says, in

"A death-like sleep,
A gentle wafting to immortal life."

We have designated this as a most poetic composition, and it attracted our notice as such when in the Academy. Those who

happen to recollect the several works by Miller which have been engraved in this Journal can scarcely fail to assign to them this peculiar characteristic, and to acknowledge that they contain in them the very essence of poetic sculpture. The general idea of this design is notably so, and the sentiment or feeling is immensely heightened by the elaborate enrichments introduced into every part of the work where they could be made available with any degree of propriety. All these are in perfect harmony with the leading conception, although objection may perhaps be made to them by some, on the plea that such ornamental work should have no place amid the simplicity that seeks to dignify monumental sculpture.



THE LAST VOYAGE

ENGRAVED BY W. HOFFE FROM THE SCULPTURE BY F. M. MILLER

LONDON: W. H. ALLEN & CO. 1871.



THE SPRING EXHIBITIONS.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

THREE hundred and two drawings in a well-proportioned, well-lit gallery, and by the best masters, in a country to which water-colour Art is indigenous, are just enough to make one's visit intellectually satisfactory and enjoyable.

Beginning with the catalogue, we are attracted by the very first picture on the list, the shattering of 'Alnaschar's Fortune,' by W. E. Lockhart, R.S.A. Its characteristic is Scottish force and emphasis, both in embodiment and colour. The same qualities come out in the artist's 'Gil Blas' (212) biting his nails as he comes down-stairs from his interview with the Archbishop of Granada. We cannot help thinking that what we have called Scottish emphasis is just rather too pronounced in this picture. There is a felt lack of suavity both in the projection of the figures and in the general scheme of colour; and were the artist to ask for an example in the same gallery of what we mean by this blending of sweetness and strength, we would point, on the one hand, to the low-toned masterpiece of Sir John Gilbert (127), illustrating the lines—

"An armèd force draw out below,
A battle in the sky."

This picture is worthy of an old master, and although as powerful as it possibly can be, there is no straining, no unnecessary emphasis, and the whole is tempered by a terrible and yet soothing harmony. Taking a higher key and a brighter scheme of colour, we would point to Clara Montalba's 'Canal of San Giorgio' (97) and her 'Chioggia Fishing Boats' (89) as other examples of what we mean by that spontaneous suavity which must ever be the characteristic of true Art. There are many others in the gallery who combine the gifts, but the two we have named came most readily to our memory. For example, 'Antonio receiving the Congratulations of his Friend' (14), and 'An Operetta' (62), both by Henry Wallis; Mrs. Allingham's 'Harvest Moon' (169), "globed in mellow splendour," in the soothing light of which a group of young reapers wend their way homeward; Tom Lloyd's old lady and young girl walking in a garden (156), wonderfully sweet in effect, but its force somewhat marred from its resemblance to, or rather suggestion of, the late Frederick Walker's 'Harbour of Refuge.' Mr. Lloyd, we are sure, would not consciously imitate any one, and the effort to avoid doing so cannot be very great by one who can give us a couple of such charmingly individual pictures as the two girl 'Friends' (163) reading together in a field backed by autumn-tinted trees, and by his field of 'Barley' (175). To these we may just as well add the name of another young and gifted Associate, and say at once that Walter Duncan's cavalier discoursing eloquent 'Music' (49) to two young ladies by the side of a wood shows to our eye, in spite of its rich Venetian colour, a slight tendency to spottiness. We have no such objection to his other pictures.

We contemplate the contributions of the new Associates (Mrs. Helen C. Angell and Herbert M. Marshall), whom we beg to congratulate on their election, with no feeling but that of pleasure. The former, in her flower and fruit pieces, was never so sweet and vigorous, and the latter, in his 'Sunrise in the Broad Sanctuary, Westminster' (113), shows a fine faculty for realising architectural masses under exceptional conditions of light and atmosphere—i.e. conditions not ordinarily seen. The same truthful observation of nature finds equally potent expression in S. P. Jackson's 'Heavy Sea after a Westerly Gale' (11) on the Cornish coast, under a pale sunset, and especially in the pale grey blue touched by the unseen moon, and blending so naturally with the darker rock, on which we behold 'The Coastguard' (122) holding his nightly watch.

Adopting a method more pronounced in detail, T. M. Richardson charms us with his large drawing of 'Departing Day on Ben Nevis' (17), as seen from the peat moss, Banavie. The

finely gradated moorland stretching away to the base of Britain's highest mountain is full of incident, without influencing for a moment the oneness of the general effect. This same gradating power, we cannot help thinking, Holman Hunt has failed to use in his 'Study of Moonlight effect from Berne, overlooking the River Nydeck to the Oberland Alps' (20), the result being to our eye a slightly muddled effect. R. Thorne Waite's 'Hayfield, Sussex' (22), is very good; but his reapers resting by their sheaves (177) is better, being stronger. Birket Foster's 'Wandering Minstrels' (23) is full of his usual nice modelling and well-balanced relation between the landscape and those peopling it.

Talking of modelling reminds us that Carl Haag's 'Hush!'—a comely Egyptian girl holding her finger smilingly to her lips—and his 'Abd-er-Rahman' (249)—an Ethiopian youth in white head-gear—are two of the finest heads he has painted for a long time. Alma-Tadema's Roman girls at a bath, one of whom places her back beneath the rushing fountain, while the others are busy with their 'Strigils and Sponges' (241), is a wonderfully sweet little gem of antique realism. J. D. Watson, another master of the figure, is represented by a graceful and lovely girl in a fur jacket, and called 'The Last Rose of Summer' (47). Nor must we omit to notice the charming 'Mavourneen' (189), a sweet Irish girl, nearly life size, by Francis Powell, whose *forte* till now we thought was doing business on the mighty waters. See his splendid drawing of the 'Freshening Breeze' (29). Returning to the landscapes, we have nothing but praise for A. D. Fripp's 'Swanage, Isle of Purbeck' (33), with cows coming across a bridge and a peasant girl driving some geese, and all bathed in a warm, genial atmosphere. We like also Charles Davidson's 'Twilight' (34), and Alfred P. Newton's 'Hues of Evening'; the latter is a very imposing scene—a lake with wooded hills backed by snowy mountains. To any one familiar with the region and the manners and customs thereof, the truthfulness of Paul J. Naftel's deer-stalkers and ponies returning with their "spoils" from 'Ben Slioch' (57), which glasses itself in Loch Maree, a lovely sheet of water in Ross-shire, will readily commend itself. On one side of Sir John Gilbert's fine composition of 'Joan of Arc at the feet of Charles VII.' (69) hangs Edward Duncan's charming picture of 'Brighton Downs' (66), with an extemporised shepherd's hut in the foreground and some sheep beyond, and on the other Thomas Danby's 'Summer Evening' in North Wales (72), with its calm golden glow. Basil Bradley's 'Orphan'—a motherless lamb bleating in the arms of the farmer who carries it before him tenderly as he jogs along on his trusty grey, followed by two collie dogs, is capital: the scene is 'Easedale Tarn, in Westmoreland' (76), and is full of character. This last remark applies with special force to W. Matthew Hale's 'Moonrise' (96) on the busy quay and shipping of Bristol. Another shipping picture, only of a very different place and under quite other conditions of light, is E. A. Goodall's 'Church of St. Pietro di Castello, in Venice, and part of the Arsenal' (128). For harmonious and luminous qualities this drawing will rank with anything in the gallery.

Other notable pictures which claim our heartiest commendation are Norman Tayler's 'Garden Invaded' (102) by a herd of unruly and voracious pigs; Albert Goodwin's girls on a hill-side 'Gathering Whortleberries' (110); Oswald W. Brierly's 'Spanish Armada' (181); Alfred W. Hunt's very striking picture of 'Whitby Churchyard' (130) under an evening effect, looking down upon the lit-up town beneath; George A. Fripp's 'View of Lochnagar, looking across the Valley of the Muick' (124); and Samuel Read's no less striking picture of 'Holbourn Head, Caithness' (50). Especially would we note Edwin Buckman's very original treatment of the idea of 'Sunday' (209), in which we see, on a lonely part of the line, the railway waggons all at rest, and a lot of rabbits scampering about in the most fearless fashion, and feeling evidently at home. Besides the

artists we have noticed, there are others whom by accident and the calls of brevity we have missed: we do not on that account hold them in less honour. H. P. Riviere, Walter Goodall, J. Parker, Sam T. G. Evans, George Dodgson, Collingwood Smith, R. W. Macbeth, G. H. Andrews, Frederick Tayler, G. P. Boyce—not to mention the lady artists, Mrs. H. Criddle, Maria Harrison, and Margaret Gillies—are not artists whose works are likely to be ignored, whether the critic notices them or not.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

Two hundred and ten water-colour drawings, with which the Institute opens the summer campaign, are just enough for the visitor to take in, fairly assimilate, and enjoy during a single visit to the gallery.

One of the first drawings that attracts attention for its delicacy and truth to nature, but which we fear the "general public" will miss, because it is not immediately on the line, is Edward Hargitt's 'Cragman's Daughter' (3), whom we see in the immediate foreground watching some of her kindred being let down the face of one of those huge cliffs which abound on the western sides of the Orkney Islands, where birds of all kinds, from eagles to cormorants and sea-gulls, build their nests. Mr. Hargitt has several other drawings in the gallery, and of these by far the most important is his large picture of 'The Tay' (129), as seen from the Hill of Kinnoul. The artist is at once topographically true, and yet pictorially pleasing. He conveys successfully the sense of volume, and in looking at the broadening river the spectator can easily believe the fact that the Tay pours in to the German Ocean more water than any other river in the island.

Another artist who crowns his smaller contributions with a drawing more important and daring than any he has yet attempted is James Orrock. His 'Berwick-upon-Tweed' (19) is a yellow-toned little work, showing the old bridge over which the mail used to rattle in days gone by, with the grand viaduct beyond, and the historic town lying to the right. It is in his big work, however, that we see the real character of his pencil and the natural bent of his genius. If Mr. Hargitt has succeeded in conveying the idea of watery volume as expressed by a rolling river, Mr. Orrock has been equally happy in impressing the mind with a sense of mass in the mighty 'Scaur-na-Guillean' (54) shouldering the driving clouds and lifting its iron ribs above the mist.

We have yet another artist, T. Walter Wilson, who treats us to several little scraps before revealing his *magnum opus* of the year. Among them is the drawing representing an ancient schoolmistress peering over her desk, rod in hand, on a little boy who has fallen asleep at his lessons, and to which the artist gives the not inappropriate name of 'Where Ignorance is Bliss' (2). The old lady in great ruff sitting serenely in her chair with folded hands, representing in her aspect and surroundings how ladies looked 'Ages ago' (176), is another of his clever figure subjects; but these and the others are, as has been implied, but studies compared with the large drawing at the end of the room called 'Mischievous Floot' (74). In the harbour of a Dutch fishing town we see in the stern of a boat, which a little girl struggles hard to propel by pulling one oar, two boys entirely absorbed in attending to the voyage of a vessel which is represented by a wooden sabot rigged with a jury mast and a white rag. Another little one wades into the water to guard the ship from the perils of the voyage, while a young girl, squatted at the shore side, is about to splash with water her little friend at the laborious oar. We catch glimpses of the town or village beyond, and the whole scene is remarkably lifelike and realistic. The artist uses a broad, swift, vigorous brush, and, in spite of a tendency to roughness, the result, when properly viewed, is luminous and full of harmony.

Coming to the older members, we would express our hearty admiration of H. G. Hine's 'Autumn Evening on the South Downs' (27), which he bathes in sunshine; and of Thomas Collier's 'Wide Pastures' (38), with a flock of sheep in the foreground. This is more in the manner of Hine than in that

of Cox, who has hitherto been Mr. Collier's great exemplar and inspirer; and without affecting in any slavish manner the very smooth and velvety texture of the former, he has managed to retain his own pleasing individuality. 'A Signal of Distress in the Offing' (42), representing a stone pier crowded with fishermen eagerly watching some vessels in the offing labouring in a stormy sea, is perhaps the finest marine picture Edwin Hayes, R.H.A., ever painted.

W. L. Leitch, who follows in his landscape the good old classic notions of composition, scarcely comes up to his usual mark in his 'View near Giardini, Sicily' (49); but then we ought to remember that the drawing is marked "unfinished." John Mogford's 'Rosy Morn' (7) is in his best vein; and 'Southwold, Suffolk' (21), by J. Aumonier, is certainly one of the three or four choice landscapes in the exhibition. We have also unhesitating praise for John A. Houston's 'Snowdon' (58) under an evening effect; and J. E. Philp's 'Derwentwater, looking towards Borrowdale, Cumberland' (61), with its quiet lake and misty hills. Edmund G. Warren, in his 'Sunshine and Shade' (82), giving us a lovely glimpse of bright landscape from under the spreading branches of a shady beech, and Charles Vacher in his 'Sunset from Rhoda, looking towards the Pyramids of Ghizeh' (83), have both been more than ordinarily happy, alike in choice of subject and in execution. William Small's 'Near Comrae, Perthshire' (122), J. Syer's 'Under Snowdon' (168), Walter W. May's 'Dutch Coasters off Brielle' (148), and 'A Rough Common' (18), by E. M. Wimperis, are all landscapes which will commend themselves to the visitor.

Turning to figure painters, and among these to the youngest Associate, Lady Lindsay of Balcarres, we are forcibly struck with her 'Wintry Morning' (116), a life-sized head of a dark-eyed, comely lady in crimson bonnet looking full face out of the picture, prepared for a bracing wintry morning's walk. It is in rather a subdued key, yet strong in colour and equally vigorous in treatment. We doubt if she has ever painted a better head. In a higher key is her little drawing of 'The Dream Maiden' (182), whose sweet, bright face we see against an emerald-green background, so much affected by French artists within the last two or three years. The picture may be slightly decorative in its character, but decorative in a very charming way. 'An Exile from the South, and some Chinese' (180), is the quaintly humorous name the artist gives to a little flower picture, which is at once both large and delicate in its treatment. Altogether the society may be congratulated on the acquisition of so gifted and valuable an Associate.

William L. Thomas's magnificent drawing—'Switzerland: the Turning-point'—of a diligence with five horses tearing at full speed round the turning-point of an Alpine road (13), may strike some visitors as an exaggeration, but we can assure them that we ourselves have frequently stepped aside, when travelling in Switzerland, to let a similar whirlwind of wheels and horses pass. This reminds us that Edward Henry Corbould—whom we are glad to see so largely represented on the walls this season—sends a most vivid representation of the great type of all furious driving, for he shows us Jehu, the son of Nimshi, in his chariot, surrounded by mounted warriors, on his impetuous way to Jezreel (109). All the archaeological knowledge so largely possessed by Mr. Corbould, and all his fine feeling for tone and colour, are brought successfully to bear on this important and specially difficult subject.

Andrew C. Gow's two cavalry officers holding parley with an old miller, who stands on the steps of his mill and deprecates their bringing their troop to his place, and assures them that there is not an available scrap of anything about the mill (34), is full of drawing, as it is of humour, and is one of the few successful character pictures of the exhibition. We commend John Fulleylove's low-toned drawing of the little girl by the spinnet in 'The Forbidden Room' (68); Edwin Bale's four delightful pictures of the Seasons, each represented by a little girl in appropriate dress, action, and situation. Mrs. Elizabeth Murray's white-robed Arab (80), John Absolon's 'Mrs. Baquet' (169), Robert Carrick's 'Girl with Sheep' (101), and C. J. Staniland's 'Child Asleep' (94), are all capital. C. Green's 'Bar-

tholomew Fair' (132) is the most ambitious and important work Mr. Green has yet executed. Nor is his namesake, Townley Green, a whit behind him: 'The Reckoning' (47) is assuredly one of the choice things of the exhibition. Seymour Lucas, another of the giants of the Institute, is represented by a single figure of an antique exquisite, in striped yellow dress and cocked hat under his arm, taking deliberately a pinch of snuff. Hubert Herkomer also sends a one-figure subject, that of a girl walking by a river 'Under the Mid-day Sun' (195); and J. D. Linton, the tone painter *par excellence*, four drawings, the best of which in our eye is that representing a Venetian-like worthy in red walking from the room and leaving his 'False' (138) lady to her despair. Like all Mr. Linton's work, the scene is intensely felt by the artist, and a corresponding dramatic effect is produced on the spectator. The flower and fruit pieces of Marian Chase, Mrs. William Duffield, and especially of John Sherrin, are all particularly grateful to the eye, and well up to the reputation of their respective artists.

Before closing this article we would draw attention to the two facts connected with the Institute which the Council had better look into. First, the members of the press receive catalogues without covers; and, secondly, their tickets admit them only on the *press day*, not on the *private view*. Now there is an invidiousness, a littleness, about this which is neither just nor politic, and the worthy President and several of the educated members of the Institute must surely know that *noblesse oblige* is as applicable to the noble artist as to the noble man.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

THE three hundred and six works of Art comprised in the present exhibition are classed under the various heads of etchings, water colours, sculptures, and oils; and although out of one or other of these classes anybody curiously critical might pick several performances scarcely up to the Grosvenor mark, the number of such is exceedingly limited, and the visitor, as on former occasions, can walk through the galleries with the conscious assurance that he will meet with nothing common, much less offensive and vulgar. In other words, the high æsthetic character of the exhibition is fully maintained, and one has in the Grosvenor, as heretofore, ample opportunity of weighing for himself the merits of those exceptional phases of Art, adequate examples of which are to be found within the walls of no other exhibition.

Among other features characteristic of the Grosvenor is the honourable place allotted to the works of female artists, and one is rejoiced to find that in every instance the ladies have proved themselves worthy of such consideration. The 'Portrait of Signor Piatti' (90), for example, by Lady Lindsay of Balcarres, is remarkable for its breadth and vigour, and she shows in that of 'Charles C. Bethune, Esq.' (130), an appreciation of colour and a digital dexterity kept patiently and loyally true to the requirements of Art, worthy of an old master. Such downright honesty and resolution grafted on to her own native Art instincts will, in due time, bring Lady Lindsay into the very front rank of women painters. Louisa Starr, again, sends a portrait of 'Ruth, Daughter of W. Wakefield, Esq.' (50), as free and spontaneous, both in conception and execution, as anything she has yet done. Then we have several examples of the rich colouring of Mrs. Spartali Stillman, and in 'Night and Sleep' (42)—two lovely draped figures floating through the air—one of those fine examples of poetic imagination with which the pencil of Miss E. Pickering is so pleasurably associated. Mrs. Val Bromley sends a simple and truthful bit of sandy sea coast, with a warm mist brooding over the horizon, and Baroness Nathaniel de Rothschild—a name quite new to us, not exactly in association with Art, but in connection with Art exhibitions—a couple of sparkling little landscapes (156 and 157) in the Hispano-Roman manner, worthy of Fortuny himself. Besides these there are Mrs. Wylie, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. Gosse, Mrs. A. L. Merritt, Mrs. Jopling, Miss R. M. Watson, Miss L. V. Blandy, Miss M. Gillies, Miss Stuart Wortley, and Sara Defries—not to mention artists of such recognised eminence as Lady Waterford in

design, and Hilda Montalba in sculpture. The portrait bust of 'Blanchard Jerrold, Esq.' by the last named, is a most masterly performance, and her group in terra-cotta of two lovers is full of dramatic character and tenderness.

In the brief space at our disposal we scarcely pretend to criticize, our function, under the circumstances, being rather to indicate. Following up the sculpture division, we would record our high approval of W. B. Richmond's life-size bronze of 'An Athlete' (306). There may be scarcely muscular play enough on the side of the left hip, and were one hypercritically disposed and possessed of full leisure, he might possibly take exception to one or two other points in the statue, and wonder whether the model that stood for the trunk stood also for the limbs; but, taking the work all in all, the action of running was never, to our mind, more triumphantly conveyed. Count Gleichen seems year by year to improve in modelling dexterity, in the art of expressing himself in clay; and this easy spontaneity comes charmingly out in his little sailor group of 'Prince Edward and Prince George of Wales' (300), standing near the binnacle, one of them splicing a rope. T. N. MacLean and E. Onslow Ford, both young sculptors who are fast making their way to the front, are also represented by pleasing statuettes.

Turning our attention to pictures in oil, we find the near end of the west gallery occupied by noble masterpieces of G. F. Watts, R.A. In spite of the otherwise grand qualities of this artist, we cannot help noticing that Paolo has an insufficiency of thigh, and that the body of the dying Eurydice is being squeezed by her frantic lover into a state of impossible compression. The ideas, nevertheless, in both cases are perfectly conveyed, and when the sentiment of a thing is triumphant who, under the glamour of such colour as we have here, would dream of casting a cold Academic eye at the drawing? The *technique* in his little golden-haired 'Dorothy' (143) is simply charming, but in his portrait of Mr. Gladstone Mr. Watts has, we fear, failed. The ex-Premier has a grand, earnest face, in which melancholy and resolution are strangely blended; but the artist has, we think, just missed the native nobility of the great orator's countenance. Mr. Watts has adopted for the modelling of the head too small a scale; he had much better have erred with Herkomer in Alfred Tennyson's, or what is much the same thing, followed his own treatment of the poet laureate—for Herkomer's Tennyson is wonderfully like Mr. Watts's portrait painted many years ago—and made the head of Gladstone a size bigger than life. There are certain faces which, like certain designs in architecture, must be made on a large scale, or the effect is marred.

Another artist who understands the witchery and mystery of colour and all its potentiality of suggestion is W. G. Wills, better known, perhaps, as a dramatic poet than a painter; but his 'Ophelia and Laertes' (20), 'The Spirit of the Shell' (21), and his 'Nymph and Young Satyr' (25), in spite of a slight tendency to muddiness in one or two passages, bear ample testimony to the fact that he can be as broadly and yet tenderly effective with his pencil as with his pen. The imaginative element, indeed, is characteristic of the exhibition. Whatever objection may be taken to the style and practice of Burne-Jones, he must be studied from his own standpoint and by his own canons, and any one frank enough to do this will see no objection to the metallic or archaic character of the angel or the architectural anachronisms in 'The Annunciation' (166). He will look upon the whole, as upon 'The Story of Pygmalion,' as the creations of a mind specially gifted, and, in right of that uncommon gift of form and colour, entitled to consideration; and we cannot help thinking how cold soever at first may be the glance of the questioning and-doubting connoisseur, the genius of Burne-Jones will in the end make of him an enthusiastic partisan. We can scarcely imagine the story of Pygmalion being told more beautifully, and the canvas on which we see Venus imparting to Galatea the gift of life is worthy of Raphael.

Like Burne-Jones, Sir Coutts Lindsay has made marked progress in his power of drawing and of embodying his ideas. His life-size 'Ariadne' (145), attired in a white robe and walking along by the shore of a Southern sea, is one of the most stately

and graceful, as it is one of the most ambitious and successful, works he has yet attempted. His scheme of colour is most agreeable; but we do not think his balance of quantity in this respect would have been injuriously affected had he made the nymph's arm a shade less Amazonian. 'A Knight and his Daughter' (150) Sir Coutts has treated with so much of mastery altogether, that it may appear almost hypercritical to suggest that the modelling of the lady's hand, which lies so lovingly on her warrior father's breast, should be carried just a touch or two farther. It is seldom an artist has such a couple of sitters to paint. Above this hangs a conscientiously and successfully studied head of 'Hermann Vezin, Esq.,' painted by his brother actor, J. Forbes Robertson; and in the same region a magnificently drawn portrait, by F. Sandys, of 'Sir Thomas G. F. Hesketh, Bart.' (153), with hunting whip in hand, in glowing scarlet dight. But the most complete and masculine piece of portraiture in the whole exhibition is that of 'Thomas Chapman, Esq., F.R.S.' (119), by E. J. Gregory, a young artist who, as we have repeatedly said, will yet compel the best of them to look to their laurels. J. M. Whistler's portrait of a lady, being an 'Arrangement in Brown and Black' (54), is excellent; but his other lady, 'Harmony in Yellow and Gold,' is not carried far enough. 'Mrs. Stibbard' (53), as depicted by J. E. Millais, R.A., is simply a delight. We are much pleased with R. Lehmann's 'Portrait of Mrs. Lane Fox,' with Alma-Tadema's 'Herr Henschel' (2), and with the various portraits of W. B. Richmond.

The works of such men as R. W. Macbeth, J. D. Watson, Albert Goodwin, J. R. Wiguelin, Cecil Lawson, J. D. Linton, James Tissot, W. Kumpel, Mark Fisher, G. H. Boughton, Walter Crane, Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., and P. R. Morris we need scarcely regret being able to notice, as we shall have the pleasure of meeting them elsewhere. We cannot, however, close our remarks without calling special attention to the immense advance which C. E. Hallé has made in his art. His fine heroic picture of the Venetian lady in white robes about to step from her father's palace into her armed lover's boat, determined to 'Trust to God and her Love's Right Arm' (33), though not quite all we could wish in drawing, is otherwise so daring, and the sky is so nicely felt, that we have nothing for the artist but congratulations.

THE GOUPIL GALLERY.

THE London branch of the great Paris firm of Goupil & Co. has now been established in Bedford Street, Covent Garden, several years, and ever since they took possession of these extensive premises they have held in them annually such an exhibition of continental Art as is not to be surpassed in London. The present is the fifth of such exhibitions, and consists of about a hundred works in oil and fifty in water colours, not to mention several pieces of sculpture in bronze, in marble, and in ivory. Through the judicious arrangement of these, and the introduction of some antique Khorassan carpets of the richest colour and design, which serve as curtains to one of the rooms furnished with Louis Quatorze cabinets and stands, the general effect of these galleries fully satisfies and soothes the æsthetic cravings of the most fastidious visitor. In the farther room, indeed, the effect of Gérôme's bronze group of the Gladiators, which was the chief feature in the central vestibule of the Trocadéro, is at once startling and grand. Several of our painters, with more or less success, have tried their hand at modelling, but none of them has achieved a triumph like this. The Secutor, fully armed, with his foot on the throat of his adversary, holds his helmeted head proudly aloft, while the defenceless Retiarius holds out his hand with upraised thumb frantically towards the imagined seats occupied by the vestal virgins, imploring them by the action to turn up their thumbs, and thus save his life; but *premere pollicem* was not so common an action with those high-born vestals. This group is considerably altered from that in the famous picture. There are more emphasis and grandeur in the air and attitude of the victorious Secutor, and more tragic intensity in the expression and action of the prostrate Retiarius. The

arrangement of line and several of the details have been modified in accordance with the requirements of plastic art, and the result is one of the most imposing groups known to modern sculpture. Besides this there are several small bronzes, plain and silvered, after Benvenuto Cellini, Andrea del Verrocchio, and others, like the Gladiators, modelled after pictures by Gérôme.

The most important canvas, both from its size and subject, is De Neuville's wonderfully tender and lifelike episode attending the surrender at 'Le Bourget' (76), in which the wounded French officer is being borne out on a chair from the village church which he and the other gallant French hearts—not thirty men in all—had defended but too well against the German foe. The rough Teutons are impressed, and stand aside in silent homage to let the crippled warrior pass. This picture, with its defiant brushwork, lifelike arrangement, and subtle international varieties of character, received our heartiest praise when exhibited at the French Gallery, and this second sight of it has, to us at least, but enhanced its quality. Another picture teeming with realistic life from the same cunning hand is that representing the 'Departure of the Battalion' (89), in which a young soldier carries a moment to kiss the girl he leaves behind him.

Other illustrious Frenchmen, whose names are European, and whose works adorn these walls, are Meissonier, Corot, Troyon, Dupré, Jules Breton, and Émile Lévy. This last has a picture called 'After the Encounter' (17), showing a victorious young athlete retiring from a Roman gymnasium amidst the congratulations of his friends. The picture abounds in archæological knowledge, the modelling is rounder, and the colour brighter and more agreeable than we are accustomed to see in similar works. The artist suggests to us very forcibly the achievements of Alma-Tadema.

Another fine work, by Albert Maignan, represents the very touching incident of blind old 'Admiral Carlo Zeno' (10) visiting, with his grand-daughter, the Cathedral of St. Mark, that he may once more touch the trophies of battle with which his valour had enriched Venice. This noble picture, should the directors of this gallery rearrange the walls as in the *Salon*, should be lowered two or three feet.

Besides these and other notable works from French artists, we have fine pictures from the distinguished painters of other lands. There are, for example, Schreyer of Prussia, Wahlberg of Sweden, Israels, Maris, and Mauve of Holland, Palmaroli and Madrazo of Spain, besides many others, whom lack of space prevents our mentioning. The section of the exhibition devoted to drawings shows plainly that excellence in water colours is by no means the exclusive possession of the British.

EXHIBITION AT THE GERMAN ATHENÆUM.

THIS German club in Mortimer Street, established for the cultivation of Art and science, has just opened its fifth exhibition of paintings and drawings with an emphasis which there is no mistaking. These exhibitions were always of an elevated and instructive kind, but never before did they furnish on the walls a series of examples of such supreme men as Gabriel Rosetti, F. Sandys, Sir Frederick Leighton, E. J. Poynter, G. F. Watts, Alma-Tadema, and Herkomer. There are thirty-seven exhibitors, and some of them send as many as four or five works each. Herkomer, for example, sends five, all of them portraits of his own family; Poynter sends four, one of them being a small cartoon for his picture of 'Perseus and Andromeda'; and of Rosetti's four masterly drawings in red chalk two are preparatory studies for his grand picture of 'Astarte Syriaca.' In the way of drawing and modelling the most magnificent thing in the room, perhaps, is the chalk 'Study of a Woman's Head and Shoulders' by F. Sandys. Edwin Long, A.R.A., has a most interesting series of Arab heads, old and young, and of both sexes, which he painted in Cairo, Baalbec, Damascus, and elsewhere; and J. Wolf, who pursues the study of animal life with a keenness only to be equalled by that of the naturalist, sends several most interesting episodes.

It would appear that the society, following the example set by

similar corporations, gives out at stated intervals a subject for artistic treatment. This is how Mr. Wolf realised 'Age,' for example—an old deer following slowly and painfully in the snow the footsteps of the herd; 'Power and Weakness,' a desperate combat between two rhinoceroses being watched timidly by a doe and her two young ones. The idea of 'Sport' W. Kumpel conveys by showing us, in a magnificent charcoal drawing, a group of mounted farmers in the New Forest driving in their ponies to have them marked. This artist's 'Beeches in the New Forest,' with the ferns and brushwood at their feet, all suggestive of approaching autumn, is as truthful in effect as it is soothing in colour. E. J. Gregory's two little contributions of 'A Man Overboard' and 'A Love Scene' by a classic fountain are gems of their kind. Val Prinsep has two slight

sketches of scenes in Kashmir, and Briton Riviere a black-and-white drawing of his highly admired 'Actæon' picture. Alma-Tadema's 'Appeal' is one of the sweetest subjects he ever touched, as 'Death,' by G. F. Watts, is one of the saddest. None but a dangerously morbid mind could dwell in the same room with the latter picture. J. Whistler sends three of his charming etchings, and H. W. B. Davis, R.A., four of the freshest summer landscapes we have seen for a long time.

In the way of sculpture we have three busts by E. Onslow Ford, full of nature; three clever sketches in terra-cotta by T. N. MacLean, being, no doubt, first inspirations of the works he has since executed. Count Gleichen's three statuettes of royal personages show all the technical excellence and artistic instinct which have long characterized this sculptor's work.

AMERICAN ART IN EUROPE.

THE PROPOSED EXHIBITION IN LONDON.

IT is proposed to establish in London a permanent representative exhibition of American Art, particularly its school of landscape, with the view of making it better known in the great central market of the world for such objects, and where it will come in active competition with all other national schools, and be subjected to the keenest cosmopolitan criticism. For its instruction merely, perhaps Paris would afford more solid advantages. Apparently, however, the chief object is to create a mercantile demand for American painting and sculpture abroad, by similar exertions and system as are practised to extend the foreign markets for American manufactures. It is a bold, enticing scheme, which, if it can be successfully carried out, would redound immensely to the credit of American artists, and contribute greatly to the growth of a national type of Art, by giving it the indispensable pecuniary impetus which is largely wanting in its native home. For it must be confessed American amateurs of most means and tastes yearly are more attracted to the European schools for their supplies of Art objects, to the neglect of those nearer at hand produced by their own countrymen. If, therefore, the American artists as a body could succeed in competing with European artists on their own ground, and winning a European reputation, there would set in a reaction in their favour in America that would be vastly to their profit and beneficial to the country.

But before undertaking an enterprise which, should it fail, would prove a disastrous blow to their reputation everywhere, it would be more prudent to closely calculate its present chances of success.

Has American Art already attained that degree of technical excellence as to place it commercially on a competitive equality with the English, French, Belgian, Dutch, German, Italian, and Spanish schools, not to mention the incipient Russian, Swedish, &c.? Are its motives and topics generally of such a character as to stamp it with a distinctive national tone and meaning? Supposing these queries could be answered in the affirmative, could it be produced cheap enough to financially compete with European Art at its own doors? And finally, would there be a sufficient unity of confidence and good feeling among the best men as to make them all pull together in that practical harmony of heart and hand which is absolutely required to give it any substantial foundation? If these questions were to be voted on by those directly interested, who have any knowledge of the foreign schools, I fear there would be very few who would give a favouring response. An American gallery in London or Paris as a novel sight would doubtless attract some notice, and exceptional works be occasionally sold. But as an enterprise on the solid footing of definite Art superiority in distinctive branches I fear it would fail, for the following reasons.

I will speak first of its painting. Thus far this has developed

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no specially national characteristics to attract foreign amateurs, or to stimulate American pride and patriotism. As a school it is just beginning to feel its way to a technical command of its resources, and differs not materially in the average, in motives, methods, and execution, from second and third rate European Art. No chiefs or leaders, in the "old master" sense, have yet arisen to make an incontestable mark on their time. Many of the cleverest painters are substantially scholars in the European schools, and there is nothing in their work to specially separate it from that of fellow-workers of other nations of corresponding accomplishments. We see, however, evidence of genuine Art capacity, subtlety of observation, and earnest feeling, which must in time produce good fruit. There is a cosmopolitan stage of Art, whose ideas and motives are the common property of mankind. Our artists use these as freely as others, and as soon as they produce a great work in this direction, which shall forcibly appeal to the universal heart and knowledge of humanity, it will be enthusiastically recognised by all peoples. But the most sanguine American will scarcely venture to claim any such work as yet for our school.

Naturally, however, artists everywhere are instinctively imbued with the ideas and impressed by the facts immediately about them. Hence there is a growing disposition among the stay-at-home painters to attempt local *genre* and historical subjects, which is a move in the direction best calculated in the end to attract European notice. American landscape alone can claim to be the distinctive topic of many home artists, treated in a large, realistic, characteristic manner, faithful to local colouring and details, and eminently American in externals, but more topographical in execution than poetical in sentiment, as a general rule. These paintings give a fair representative idea of American scenery, as far as they go, and that they go no farther is less the fault of the artist than the country itself. America has its exceptional days, when nature puts on its spiritual robes, and is as lovely and as suggestive of unseen things, as full of poetical mystery, and as deliciously soft and warm in colour as any other land. But its commonest aspect is hard and dry, with sharp outlines, and positive hot or cold colouring. Like the people psychologically, it is lamentably lacking in picturesque and poetical elements, in the sacred and historical associations of past humanity, and in the romance and reposeful castle-building of a sentimental life. Its look is towards the future, and not the past, for it has not yet recovered from the effects of its hard pioneer struggle for existence. Consequently there is small sheen of poetry hovering over its civilisation; little of the old-world melting away of distances and softened outlines into purple hazes and golden-hued lights and reflections, with cottage, castle, tower, and temple to fill the landscape with human sympathies and histories. Neither has it the ideal grandeur and

sublimity that suggest primordial causative forces. All this is largely wanting. And it is precisely this deficiency that has suggested to the most ambitious of our landscapists those spectacular, paint-millinery compositions of the 'Heart of Andes' and 'Rocky Mountains' types, full of external artifice, dash, and eye-catching sensation, bearing about the same relation to true Art that the spicy novel of the period does to the works of George Eliot. Such pictures for awhile create a popular surprise with unformed tastes, incapable of discriminating between the seeming and genuine phenomena of nature and Art. Being superficial in motive and execution, although for a time they have passed as the representative phase of American landscape Art, their influence will be but transient.

It is difficult for an American artist, trained in the mental atmosphere in which he was born; possessing small reverence for old ideas, traditions, men, and things; surcharged with muscular and brain restlessness, given to analyzing character and objects, chiefly to extract from them fun or profit, defective in imagination, despising the past and worshipping the present and future, with unæsthetic elements surrounding him on all sides, however much heart he may have—I repeat, it is very difficult for such a one to impart to his work those qualities which alone can give it soul. Indeed, he has to come to Europe to actually discover his immense æsthetic deficiency. Without filling this void, however much he may excel in mechanical skill and touch, he cannot expect to put himself on a level with highest European Art.

But America is not without its types of complete artists—the seed of its future distinctive phases of Art. Hotchkiss, who died too young for complete maturity, interpenetrated his landscapes with the spirit and prophecy of nature, and was equal in colour and breadth of execution to the strongest landscapists in Europe. W. Graham, now in Venice, is another of these genuine interpreters of nature, of the idealistic tendencies, but of more tender feeling and lyrical expression. His sensibility is exquisite, and he strikes a poetical note peculiarly his own, whilst obtaining a quality as to atmospherical tone in which he is without a rival. John Le Farge and Elihu Vedder, of New York, W. Hunt and George Inness, of Boston, also, are artists of much significance in this direction; men of mind as well as hand, never forgetting that the duty of a painter is to paint, to give his colours voice, and cause them, as does music, to which their effects should be analogous, to excite emotions—to move the soul as well as captivate the eye. Charles Gifford Dyer, of Chicago, now studying at Munich, chiefly architectural compositions, keeps this vital principle of profound Art conscientiously in view, whilst mastering its purely technical processes. Allston knew it likewise, and Stuart, but it is not a common gift of the Anglo-Saxon race, and comparatively is a "lost art" in most modern schools. As there can be no fundamentally good painting without this subtle emotional colour-sense and appeal to the imagination, it is a hopeful feature of the incipient American school that it does exist, not alone in the artists named, but likewise in many others now coming forward.

Sufficient talent is exhibited by some American sculptors as to indicate the germs of a distinctive school, could it be efficiently stimulated by adequate national and public motives, with pecuniary means for their execution corresponding to their exalted aims. I do not refer to the current, meretricious fancies and grosser realisms of the hour, and particularly what may be termed picture-sculpture, which seeks to incorporate into the latter effects that belong solely to the former, but of the acquired dexterity and fertility of invention that need only be again rightly directed to place the Art on as high a pedestal as heretofore, if those who control the work to be done only would begin to discriminate between the plausible charlatans of the hour and the genuine artist. First, the judges themselves must learn how to pass judgment before the latter can be prompted to give their best, and thus force the sham sculptors into fields of more appropriate, if less profitable labour.

It is often asserted that sculpture is a lost art. No doubt it has lost its way, in large measure, and no people do more to keep it on the wrong track than Americans. They have been

the most liberal buyers of modern picturesque sculpture; the consumers of its petty or pretty stone toys, superficial and grotesque fancies, frequently repulsive and indecent strainings after novelties of subject, pose, and action, reckless of grace and beauty, albeit sometimes clever in execution. This spurious Art is an æsthetic epidemic that will run its course speedily, let us hope. Poor and frivolous as it is in a true artistic sense, it requires more skill and fertility of invention and economy of working than the average American sculptor has at command, so that neither in quality of work nor in price can he compete to advantage with the Italian sculptor in the fashions of the moment. Those American sculptors who regard their profession seriously, and aim at excellence as the first consideration, are too conscientious to try to follow their rivals in this erratic line. Others, however, looking on sculpture as a simple and easy way to fortune, with no adequate appreciation of Art itself, take it up with the jaunty assurance of the average empiric, who feels competent at first touch to handle everything alike, from dentistry to diplomacy. They are sustained in this fallacy by the popular crude notions regarding sculpture. Any general resemblance of forms and masses, however imperfect the modelling and execution, satisfies the common eye, which penetrates not beyond superficial resemblance. Moreover, a romantic or suggestive name is often more effective than the thing itself on the public imagination. This was the secret of the temporary success of sculpture of the pseudo-ideal type of the 'Greek Slave,' 'Zenobia,' and scores of other rapid works forgotten almost as soon as they ceased to be advertised. Stimulated, however, by these examples of fictitious praise and quick profit, American studios abroad and at home rapidly multiplied, directed by a class of men who had the knack of turning the situation to practical account, without any previous thorough professional training themselves. Some had been merchants, mechanics, or had given their youth and best years for learning to various occupations quite foreign to Art. Few could draw, or knew more of anatomy than a quick eye taught them. But in Italy, of all countries, sculpture is an easy and tempting business. It is eminently respectable in itself, yet offers facile resources to the charlatan, and has substantial prizes even for the honest "dig." Artist workmen are abundant and cheap; so are materials, studios, and models, whilst the supply of topics and subjects to be drawn from in the past Art, in books, museums, and collections, is simply inexhaustible, without any call on original thought, unless to adapt the subject to the modern exigencies of market. An enterprising person with an average eye for form and semblance, a big one for buyers, shrewd in choice, knowing where to go for his necessary plant and suggestions, and abundant business tact, needed only to set up a miniature in clay of his general conception in a loose *bozzetto* fashion, and hand it to a confidential workman to be carefully modelled in the intended size and finish in marble. The temptation to extemporise sculpture after this easy receipt has been indulged in too much for the credit of the profession. No one is to be blamed for manufacturing statues after this manner, if the public will insist in degrading the Art to the level of manufacture; only it should not dub its Cagliostros Michel Angelos. It is not difficult to discriminate between the vitalised work of a genuine sculptor and the mechanical monotonous characterizations and surface adornments which result from separating the idea from the execution. However skilful the workman, he cannot put the feeling and comprehension into his extraneous labour which belong exclusively to the artist's own conception and individuality. The second-handness betrays it. Hence the Anglo-Saxon system—for it is not exclusively American—of vicarious sculpture, however deceptive at first look, as ideal work, having no absolute root in real Art, can have only an ephemeral life, and will count as nothing in the future schools of sculpture. Meantime it may be not without its service in leading the uninstructed mind gradually to truer things. No sculptor can be said to thoroughly know his profession who cannot invent, draw, and model himself, and *finish* his idea in marble with his own hand, giving it those completing touches which are the sign-manual of his own specific mental and mechanical baptism, and which no

one else is competent to do. A few American sculptors can do this, as the improved quality of their work shows.

The American artist should be superior to his workman in handicraft as well as thought, and not supplementary to him. When he is he may hope to compete on equal terms with the best Italians and Frenchmen. In England, sculpture, if possible, is less advanced than in America as an original, self-sustaining and asserting art. A genuine sculptor will do less work than the sham Phidiases of the hour, that he may do it better. An army of commonplace ideal statues of classical and Hebrew nomenclature in a studio is a symptom of weakness or plagiarism rather than of strength and genius to those who know the difficulties of Art. Their very numbers proclaim artificial helps and expedients of manufacture more than irrepressible fertility of invention and imagination. Unless America can exhibit something more strikingly original in thought and excellent in execution in ideal sculpture than has yet been produced, and that can be sold at corresponding prices of European work of equal merit, the outlook for its sculpture in any European mart is even much less favourable than for its painting. I do not mean, however, to include in these remarks its portraiture in marble or bronze, in both of which branches, as direct studies from real life, the American sculptors, notwithstanding many lamentably conspicuous failures, like the Peabody in London, Everett, Webster, and Mann in Boston, and Morse in New York, have done well. It is needless to allude to the productions of the Vinnie Ream and Clark Mill quality and execution as in the category of

Art at all. If American legislators continue to intrust their national monuments to inept and incompetent hands, and to decide on matters of which they are themselves profoundly ignorant and without experience, as if Art were of far less consequence than a contract for mess biscuit, going directly contrary to the example of wisdom of other civilised countries, then we can expect a steady increase of Art abortions to disgust all true artists, to mortify national pride, and to indefinitely postpone the development of a sound American school of Art, capable of holding its own ground beside foreign Art. Italy and France point out the right way to select juries in public Art questions. The Governments on their side select the most competent experts they can find, and supplement their knowledge by allowing artists themselves to be heard on their own behalf and the profession. But they must be artists qualified by regular study and tests as in other professions. Thus, in inviting designs for the frescoes for the new Senate Chamber at Rome, the Government appoints a jury of fifteen, eight chosen by itself and seven by the competing artists, to decide the selection. This secures a hearing of all interested, invites the most searching criticism, and, as in the instance of Brunelleschi and Donatello when competing with Ghiberti for the execution of the bronze doors, Michel Angelo's "gates of Paradise," of the Baptistery at Florence, may lead to magnanimous judgments, alike creditable to human nature and salutary to Art.

JAMES JACKSON JARVES.

Florence, April, 1879.

CRYSTAL PALACE PICTURE GALLERY.

EACH year sees this collection newly arranged, so as to present a different aspect, while additions to a great extent are made, and changes, arising from the constant sale of pictures, are of frequent occurrence. The gallery was recently opened for the twenty-fourth season, with a collection of more than twelve hundred works, including about fifty sculptures, all the productions of the English, French, Belgian, and German schools, by artists many of whom have earned good reputations. As of late years, so now the Directors of the Palace offered a number of medals as prizes in competition for the best pictures sent in by British and foreign artists respectively in classified subjects. The awards were made by Messrs. W. P. Frith, R.A., J. C. Horsley, R.A., and G. B. Boughton; and though, on an examination of the gallery, we feel somewhat disposed to question the discriminating accuracy of their judgment, we have no doubt the adjudicators made their choice "without prejudice," and with a due knowledge of all the facts associated with the works from which they had to select. Of the eight medals distributed to English artists for "History or Figure Subjects in Oils," the gold medal was awarded to E. R. Taylor—a Birmingham artist, we believe—for his picture 'The Cloister Well.' There were also eight medals given for the best "Landscapes, Sea-pieces, Animals," &c., by British artists, for which the gold medal was won by A. L. Vernon for 'A Landscape,' bearing for its motto

the well-known lines, "If all the world and Love were young," &c. Eight medals were likewise given for "Water-Colour Drawings, irrespective of Subject," of which the gold medal was awarded to W. Hall, for his 'Ullswater Lake, Moonlight.' Other prize-winners of silver or bronze medals were J. C. Waite, A. Stocks, J. Hayllar, Miss C. Conelly, J. Morgan, Y. King, J. Peel, H. Moore, L. L. Pocock, E. Hargitt, &c. Among the foreign contributors, the gold medal was decreed, in the class of "History or Figure Subjects in Oils," to B. Nordenberg, for his 'Marriage in a Swedish Village Church,' and for "Landscapes," &c., a gold medal to K. Kroner, for his 'Morning in the Park.' The "Special Gold Medal" for the "Best Picture exhibited, without regard to School, Style, or Subject, by a living Artist," was awarded to T. Davidson, for his 'Docasabell,' from a poem by the quaint old writer, Michael Drayton. The number of medals of all kinds given as prizes was forty-one. Our examination of the collection in the gallery left a very favourable impression on the whole; it is a collection which adds very greatly to the attractions of the Crystal Palace, and is evidently so considered by visitors. Many well-known and popular artists of our school are among the contributors. We noticed that several of the prize pictures were already sold, but they are not at present removed from the walls. The sales for the past two years have nearly reached £14,000.

ART NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

PARIS.—*The Louvre and its Acquisitions.*—One of the most remarkable Fine Art sales by which Paris has been signalised during the present year took place after the death of Monsieur Paravey, Councillor of State. This veteran connoisseur had long been distinguished by his fastidious judgment, his accomplished information, and, as might have been ex-

pected, for the exquisite selectness of his collection. He was, in truth, the *chef par excellence* of unostentatious amateurs. He held the choicest illustrations of classic antique, of the Middle Ages, and of the Renaissance. In the first named he was singularly rich, in vases of every contrasted presentment, in miniatures, sculptures of silver and bronze, in cameos and in-

taglios. Amongst his terra-cotta specimens were some of the Tenegra, singularly curious and instructive in reference to the domestic manners of the Greeks, and of which the discovery has been a pregnant source of disquisition amongst the erudite. The authorities of the Louvre did not allow this feast of reason to pass before them "untouched, untasted." They appropriated, as the *Chronique des Arts* informs us, seven-and-twenty vases, eight of which were cups, and two bronzes, of which one was a statuette of Victory, in pure Greek style. One magnificent cup bore the names of Doris and Calliades, another that of Theosotos. The acquisitions thus made by the Louvre may be said, in a word, to be singular in beauty, in speciality of style, and in their rarity.

BERLIN.—Lenbach, the celebrated Bavarian portrait painter, has been commissioned by the Emperor of Germany to give Prince Bismarck to a canvas destined for the National Gallery, wherein a commemorative likeness of Moltke is already deposited.

BRUSSELS.—The Belgian Government has, with, it must be admitted, spirited zeal, purchased for its Museum of old masters that extraordinary picture by Quentin Matsys which has been such an attraction to the church of St. Pierre, in Louvain. The price was rather startling—£8,000. The prudence of this outlay has been questioned, inasmuch as it is derived from a fund specially provided for the purchase of antique works of Art, and now considerably reduced. Moreover, the Belgian collection is already enriched with a Quentin Matsys, which may be considered his masterpiece.—The Annual Exhibition of the Belgian Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours opened in May last in Brussels. It contains many remarkable paintings, among them Mr. Alma-Tadema's 'Le Plaidoyer.' The annual exhibition of the *Cercle Artistique et Littéraire* is also open now.

MELBOURNE.—The building for the International Exhibition to be held at Melbourne in the spring of next year is progressing rapidly. The material used is brick, stuccoed. The architects are Messrs. Reed and Barnes, who have already done much for the improvement of that city. The design is excellent, and may be characterized as Italian Renaissance.

The dome (which will be higher than the highest spire in the city), flanked by smaller towers of pavilion shape, and a large variety of ornamental details in high relief, are the most salient features of the building. It is to be hoped that both the Sydney and this Exhibition will prove beneficial to trade, and that our "home" manufacturers, seeing the wealth and value of the colonies, will not fail to contribute many of their best Art productions. We shall ere long treat this subject at some length.

SYDNEY.—The London Commissioners for the Sydney International Exhibition this year have met, and Sir Daniel Cooper has, as we find it stated, reported that the action taken by the recently appointed Royal Commission had resulted in the obtaining of a valuable loan collection of works of Art, comprising contributions by her Majesty the Queen from Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace, also from the Society of Arts and the South Kensington Museum, and that paintings would be sent by Sir F. Leighton and the following members of the Royal Academy:—Sir John Gilbert, Mr. Goodall, Mr. Calderon, Mr. Alma-Tadema, Mr. J. E. Hodgson, Mr. Val Prinsep, and by Mr. Louis Haghe, the President of the Society of Painters in Water Colours. Several other artists of distinction had also promised to contribute. Communications from the Executive Commissioner at Sydney announced that the site for the machinery hall had been selected in March last, and that the works were proceeding without intermission, the electric light being employed during the night. Fourteen sub-committees had been appointed in New Zealand, where the Maories had tendered the Government the loan of a very ancient and elaborately carved house to be exhibited as a specimen of native Art. The Government of Fiji had appointed a commission. Letters were received respecting the exhibits to be forwarded from the Netherlands and Switzerland, and also in regard to a proposed Spanish representation. From Belgium it was reported that the works of Art for the Exhibition were in course of shipment.—The statue of Captain Cook, by Mr. Woolner, R.A., has been erected in Hyde Park, Sydney, and was formally unveiled in the month of February. It was described in the *Art Journal* of last year, when standing temporarily in the open space in Pall Mall fronting the Duke of York's column.

THE OLD NOBLESSE IN THE CONCIERGERIE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

W. H. FISK, Painter.

C. W. SHARPE, Engraver.

THIS picture, by an artist of whom we do not remember to have heard anything for a few years, was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1863. His mind appears to have been at that time much occupied with incidents connected with the great French Revolution, for a second painting he sent to the Academy with it was 'Robespierre receives Letters from the Friends of his Victims, threatening him with Assassination,' in which the "Scourge of God," seated in a luxurious chamber, is seen reading a letter, his lips pressed together in fierce resolve, his brows knit with anger. In his hat are tricoloured feathers, and round his waist is a tricoloured sash. The picture is of considerable merit, but all is worked up with a minuteness of elaboration altogether destructive of the breadth and the grandeur that become an historic work. Mr. Fisk found materials for the clever composition here engraved in the writings of Lamartine and others, where, speaking of the royalist aristocrats who were placed under arrest during the first French Revolution, it is related that, "confined in separate cells at night, they met in the common hall of the prison during the day. Here they carried on the gay life of the court and the château with

all their national vivacity; they held their little receptions, at which they appeared elegantly and richly attired. Musical parties, coquetting, and gambling were their occupation all day, which they pursued with an eagerness in proportion to the trouble they sought to drown, even while the officer of the revolutionary tribunal day after day brought the list of those to be executed the following morning." And we see him descending the stairs just now into "the gay and festive scene" with a paper in his hand, the death-warrant, perhaps, of some of those who appear to be the least interested in its contents, so seemingly unconcerned are they in, and so indifferent to, a matter which to them is one of life or death. A few among them are attracted apprehensively by the approach of the functionary, the messenger of death, but the majority of them are more disposed to follow out what St. Paul says in reference to some of his own generation, who were careless as to the future, and adopted for their motto, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." It is a picture over which to moralise, an ingenious and well-studied composition of great though painful interest, which we must leave our readers to examine and meditate upon.

MINOR TOPICS.

E CCE HOMO' AND 'THE ASCENSION,' BY GUSTAVE DORÉ.—These new pictures by the great designer have been lately added to the Doré Gallery. The first shows our Saviour in crimson robe and white vest with a reed in his hands, which are crossed meekly before him, as he descends with godlike dignity the steps of the judgment-seat where we see Pilate still seated. On the Saviour's left, in the background, is Caiaphas, in green figured dress, and on his left Annas, the father-in-law of Caiaphas. On the right of Christ, also in the rear, are grouped some Roman soldiers, and at the bottom of the steps a yelling crowd of Jews. In composition and colour this work is perhaps more than equal to 'Christ leaving the Prætorium,' and to say this is to give high praise indeed. With 'The Ascension' we are not quite so satisfied. Our Saviour, in blue robe and crimson under-garment, with outspread hands and upturned eyes, sails through white clouds heavenwards in divinest ecstasy, attended by a company of joyous angels, while his disciples, far beneath on the shores of the blue Tiberias, lift up their arms gratefully and adoringly to their ascending Master. The design is very charming, and will come out admirably in black and white; but on the canvas the colour has a crude, almost coarse look, and chromatically it can scarcely be pronounced one of Doré's successes. But M. Doré's reputation as an artist does not rest exclusively on his excellence as a painter; the world knows him also as a sculptor, and a sculptor of the highest order. The visitor to the gallery may soon satisfy himself on this score by contemplating the touching group in bronze, 'Time cutting the Thread of Life.' This gallery, we are glad to see, in spite of the Art-depressing times, continues as popular as ever.

'SATAN WATCHING THE SLEEP OF CHRIST,' BY SIR NOEL PATON, R.S.A.—One can scarcely say the spirit which inspired the pre-Renaissance painters is dead when one looks on the religious Art with which the pencil of Sir Noel Paton has made us so familiar. The imaginative and the emotional that characterized pre-Raphaelite times, and culminated in the pictures of Fra Angelico, Sir Noel interpenetrates with scientific knowledge, and brings into pleasurable harmony with modern feeling. His picture of 'Satan watching the Sleep of Christ'—now on view at the galleries of the Messrs. Jennings, in Cheap-side—illustrates most fully and appropriately our remarks. We need not stay to describe the picture, as it has already been noticed in a former number of the *Art Journal*, further than to say that the flame-crowned Satan, as he sits on a topmost crag, with his chin resting on his right palm and his elbow on his knee, and the left hand lying clenched on his left thigh, as, in the early dawn of morning, he scowls impotently down on the sleeping Christ, is a figure whose demoniac grandeur can never be forgotten, any more than the ineffable sweetness of the sleeping Saviour, as He lies on the top of the "exceeding high mountain," with his divine head pillowed on a stone. The work is being engraved, and all those, we should imagine, whose love of Art is attracted most by its devotional expression will become willing subscribers for an impression of the plate.

MR. HUBERT HERKOMER'S WORKS.—There is now being exhibited, at the galleries of Messrs. Elliott and Fry, the photographers, in Baker Street, a collection of Mr. Herkomer's works, numbering forty-one in all, showing examples of the rare powers of the International Gold Medallist in oil, water colour, and in black and white. When we add that his large military picture of the 'Last Muster,' by which at one spring, as it were, this young artist bounded into fame—although long before this achievement his works had been signalled out in these pages as betokening future eminence—is of the number, our readers will readily and rightly conclude that the collection is of more than ordinary interest. What strikes us on first entering is the almost infinite variety of the artist; not only can he be domestic

and realistic in the most charming manner of what, for lack of an English equivalent, we call *genre*, as in the group of Bavarian women and girls gossiping 'At the Well' (9), the old man and two children wondering at the door 'Who comes here?' (18), and the intensely touching and dramatic scene of 'The Arrest of a Bavarian Poacher' (19), but he can roam as master in the poetic realms of imagination: witness his 'Fairy Symphony' (27) and his 'Faun Fancies' (17). In portraiture, also, he shows the breadth and vigour of Rembrandt; and he brings to bear on his landscapes all the modern tenderness, taste, and learning of the late Frederick Walker, who, with the late Mr. Pinwell, was probably his original inspirer. In decorative art, again, he shows in his panels a severity of drawing, combined with a classic purity and grace, for which we look in vain elsewhere. His sketches in black and white all bear on them the mark of the master, and we are proud to think that if Mr. Herkomer brought genius with him, it was in English schools that he acquired the technical faculty of giving it utterance.

W. W. WARREN'S ORIGINAL SKETCHES.—There is now on view at the Lady Artists' Gallery, Great Marlborough Street, a most interesting series of two hundred and fifty original sketches taken in Cyprus and Venice by W. W. Warren. Sea and sky, town and country—whatever, in short, is characteristic of Cyprus or Venice—Mr. Warren has portrayed, and that under every aspect of either storm or sunshine. Many of these so-called sketches have quite the look of solidly finished pictures, and yet every one of them was done not only on the spot, but at a single sitting. Such is the habit of the artist. Should anything prevent his carrying his sketch as far as he wished, he lets it remain so, and never by any chance does he work on it at home. He appears, moreover, to work more with the palette knife than with the pencil, and if there is one artist whose method and colour he adopts more than another, it is the late James Holland. Mr. Warren, we are informed, was for a short time his pupil, and received also hints from Clarkson Stanfield, Vickers, and Boddington; otherwise, having gone through no regular Academic course, he may be regarded in a great measure as self-taught. This gives a certain independence to his work, as his habit of doing everything on the spot imparts to it a life and reality which no touching up and filling in of the studio can ever give. Mr. Warren appears to be a man of wide sympathies and large culture, for he has in the same room one of the finest private archaeological collections of mediæval, classical, and prehistoric remains we can remember, and, from certain diagrams we saw hanging on the walls, we gather that he is a scientific inventor, whose claims to notice have not met with the full recognition they deserve.

'THE BRIGAND'S CAVE,' BY CAMARANO, is also on view at the gallery of the Lady Artists. It is a large picture of a cavern, which has been taken possession of by soldiers, but from which the robbers have escaped, leaving only their women folk and a little boy behind them. The interest of the picture lies in the manner in which this little fellow is being examined by the officer of the Italian soldiery, and the eager apprehension with which the women, old and young, gaze at the little urchin, lest a word drop from him that may reveal the whereabouts of his elders. The figures are all life size, and painted in a bold, masterly way, and with much dramatic effect. The author, Michele Camarano, is the accomplished professor of the Academy of St. Luke at Rome, and is regarded by many foreign artists of distinction as the best living Italian painter. He has carried off prizes both at the International Exhibition of Philadelphia and Vienna, and when his 'Entry of the Bersaglieri into Rome, 10th Sept., 1870,' was exhibited at the latter city, King Vittorio Emanuele conferred upon him the title of *Cavaliere della Corona d'Italia*.

ALBERT BIERSTADT'S LANDSCAPES.—One of the first men to represent to us on an adequate scale the character of the mountain backbone of North America—its gorges, its forests, its fauna, its lakes and waterfalls—was assuredly Mr. Bierstadt; and we have much pleasure in welcoming him back to this country with his pictures of "fresh fields and pastures new." His two grand works of 'The Sierra Nevada Mountains' and 'The Wellingtonia,' or *Segnoia gigantea*, to speak learnedly, are now on view at the galleries of Messrs. Thomas Agnew and Sons, Old Bond Street. The first represents the vast expanse of a pine-bordered lake, with a waterfall beyond in the middle distance gleaming silver white in the sunshine, with a background of mighty mountains, whose shoulders and summits are now partly visible and now lost amid warring clouds. The second introduces us to a group of travellers gathered round the base of one of those great trees to which the English have given the name of "Wellingtonia." At first glance one would take the tree we have here for a full-length portrait of a fine Scotch fir, or some tree of a kindred genus; but, on looking down the bole to the men at its base, we find that they are the merest pigmies, and it is then that the proportions of the mighty trunk break upon the eye, and we feel that we are in the presence of one of Nature's Titans. These two pictures belong to an order of landscape quite unknown to British practice, and we have no doubt they will attract the keen interest of British artists. They are accompanied by four smaller works, one representing an American immigrant waggon pursued by Red Indians, and the other three scenes in the western wilderness, appropriately peopled by bears, buffaloes, or deer. In the same gallery will be found admirable examples of G. H. Boughton, Peter Graham, A., A. Elmore, R.A., J. E. Hodgson, A., H. S. Marks, R.A. Elect, J. Burr, and F. Morgan. There are also a magnificent Constable, 'George IV. embarking on the River,' a picture not at all generally known, and the famous 'Order of Release,' by John Everett Millais, R.A., the exquisite beauty of whose finish will astound and charm the present generation, who only know the great Academician by his later, and, in some eyes, louder style.

VERESCHAGIN'S PICTURES OF THE TURCO-RUSSIAN WAR.—There is now on view in the French Court, South Kensington, a series of pictures illustrating scenes of the late war by the eminent Russian painter, Basil Vereschagin. He, like all the rest of the Russians, acquired his Art knowledge in France, and became one of the most distinguished of Gérôme's pupils. His brushwork is vigorous and daring, and his pencil lends itself most readily to the delineation of whatever is startling and horrible in war. His pictures of Indian scenery, &c., sketched chiefly during the visit of the Prince of Wales to the East, which have been exhibited in the same court for several weeks, will well repay a visit: they form a most interesting collection.

'RETALIATION,' BY C. B. BIRCH.—This is a fine bronze group of a mountain shepherd holding an eaglet under his arm, while he defends himself with the other from the unseen bird in the air, which has just carried to its eyrie the lamb at his feet. We noticed this work when the plaster cast was in the Academy, and we see no reason to change the high opinion we then formed of its artistic merits. The author of the mounted bugler, now in the Royal Academy, who has been mortally wounded, is proving himself in every way a worthy disciple of the late Mr. Foley, and it is gratifying to think how completely the mantle of the master has fallen on the shoulders of the pupil.

MR. W. W. STORY, the eminent American sculptor, has just added another statue to that series of Oriental and Egyptian subjects with the first of which the public became acquainted when he exhibited the Cleopatra and the Sibyl at the Great Exhibition of 1862. The subject now treated is Sardanapalus. The Assyrian voluptuary sits half reclining on a throne-like chair, indolent and indifferent from satiety, but a king throughout; and while all this is expressed with truth to the historic record of his character, the details of the costume are correctly and elaborately rendered, the well-curled beard and ringleted hair proclaiming the Oriental pleasure-loving despot."—*Times*.

MR. DOWLING'S 'MOSES ON MOUNT NEBO' has been lately on view at the gallery of the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, but it will in all probability, by the time this reaches our readers, have been removed to some convenient place of exhibition in the City. The great lawgiver, in the flowing robes of an Arab sheik, stands his stately height on the top of Mount Nebo. In his left hand he grasps a long staff, and, his right resting on a fallen dolmen, he turns his face over a far reach of hilly country towards the promised land. The camp of the Israelites, with the tabernacle and pillar of cloud, lies beneath him four thousand feet in the valley at his back. We catch a glimpse of the Jordan entering the Dead Sea, and all over the vast panorama which is embraced by the prophet's eye are dotted the cities from Jericho to Jerusalem, from the Well of Moses to the pillar erected by Jacob over Rachel's tomb. And all this the artist painted from the very spot on which the prophet stands. At his feet spring the alpine flowers peculiar to the region, and Mr. Dowling has omitted no characteristic which can add interest or beauty to his work. The grand feature of the whole, however, is Moses, and on him the artist has bestowed such an amount of successful thought as would entitle him to the claim of originality and creation.

MR. H. KOECKOEK'S EXHIBITION OF MODERN CABINET PICTURES has lately been opened at his small well-lighted gallery, 72, Piccadilly. Himself an artist, and nephew of the distinguished painter, whose works have been frequently praised in these columns, our readers may easily suppose the collection is a choice one. The number of works, all of them cabinet size, is under a hundred and fifty, and among the exhibitors will be found the names of Alma-Tadema, De Haas, Piot, Koekkoek, Jacque, Schreyer, Verboeckhoven, Mesker, and others of kindred schools and tendencies, the various characteristics of which are by no means unfamiliar to the readers of this journal.

M. GABRIEL LOPPÉ'S ALPINE STUDIES AND PAINTINGS are now on view at the Alpine Club Rooms, St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square. They are over a hundred in number, and have all been painted on the spot—some of them, indeed, on the top of Mont Blanc itself. M. Loppé is the only artist who has made the higher Alps the exclusive field of his operations, and it is astonishing what variety and subtle changes of colour are to be found in that region of snow. He is the recognised authority on its varying Art aspects, and the untraveller among us will feel grateful for his revealing to us so much of what is terrible, beautiful, and sublime.

PICTURES AND STUDIES BY G. DE NITTIS.—At the King Street Galleries, St. James's, there is on view a very interesting collection of the works of Giuseppe De Nittis, the famous Italian artist. They are thirty in number, and include studies in crayon and pencil, as well as finished works in oil. As we have frequently had occasion to refer in terms of praise to the works of this painter, and to describe his manner, its great force, his predisposition to the use of black, and his marvellous subtlety in the disposition of his surrounding greys, there is no necessity on the present occasion to enter into detailed criticism of his pictures. As usual, the subjects, whether the scene be in Paris or in London, are well-known places of public or fashionable resort, and, whenever architectural features occur, he invariably treats them in a manner at once large and recognisable. For example, the 'Triumphal Arch,' Paris, in respect of its great size and commanding position, was never so forcibly projected on canvas as we have it in No. 13; and yet the means by which he arrives at his end are of the slightest possible kind. Then we have 'La Place de la Concorde' (16); the 'Avenue du Bois de Boulogne' (3) after the races; and, coming to London—which seems to divide with Paris the affections of the artist—we have 'Piccadilly' (4); 'Cannon Street Railway Bridge' (7), as it appears to any one about to pass under it in a boat; also the 'Cannon Street Station' (22), with its unemployed shoe-blacks and its solitary policeman in the deserted street, as seen upon a Sunday, whose lifelessness and melancholy so sadden the soul of the gay Parisian. There will be found also in this exhibition M. De Nittis's design for a monument to Vittorio Emanuele II.

ART PUBLICATIONS.

NOT alone as an architect did the late Sir Gilbert Scott confer honour upon his profession, but he also showed himself to be an assiduous and able instructor of others in that branch of the Fine Arts which he had pursued with such diligence—and, we may add, success—through a long life. Not the least important of what may be termed his educational labours are embodied in two volumes now lying on our table, the contents of which are lectures delivered by him at the Royal Academy.*

Sir Gilbert Scott, as is generally known, filled for several years the post of Professor of Architecture at the Royal Academy, but only one-half of the eighteen lectures contained in these two volumes were given by him in that capacity. "The first seven were delivered while Professor Cockerell held the chair; but, owing to his inferior state of health," Sir Gilbert, being then an Associate of the Academy, "was, in conjunction with Mr. Smirke, called in to relieve him of this duty. The eighth and ninth lectures were prepared six years later, after Mr. Smirke had retired, and those which follow," says the author in his preface, "when I had succeeded him in the Professorship."

Any one acquainted with the particular direction of Sir Gilbert Scott's mind knows that it was especially inclined towards Gothic, or, as he calls it, Mediæval, architecture—a subject, he says, "dear to my heart, and entwined among my inmost thoughts and affections," and therefore no one who peruses these volumes would expect to find in them any reference, or none but the most remote, to the architecture of the Greeks and Romans—those ancient structures which have won the admiration of men in all ages and of all countries, and which have also a charm for the learned professor, though inferior to that he has for the "architecture of his native land," as he denominates the Gothic. On this subject he says—

"Strongly as I appreciate the intrinsic beauty of the monuments of classic antiquity, and the merits of very many works of the Revival, I should doubt whether it were possible for any unsophisticated youth, before studying their architecture as a science, to entertain towards its productions in this country any feelings bordering upon real affection. He may see in them much to admire, much to lead him to study the Art which has produced them; and this study will, no doubt, often kindle those warmer feelings that ripen into love. But this is a very different feeling from that deep and filial affection which many a youth, untaught in Art, but gifted by nature with a perception of its beauties, has entertained from his tenderest years towards the old churches of his neighbourhood," &c.

We can do little more than indicate the scope and objects of these lectures, which is, as implied in the title of the volumes, the exaltation of Mediæval Architecture for its own sake, but not to the undue depreciation of all that differs from it. We have no space to follow the lecturer through what he has to say in its support; we must leave this to the journals which take the subject under their special protection, and which, so far as our observation has extended, have rendered to Sir Gilbert Scott the justice his works, both literary and professional, amply deserve. No one, it may be presumed, whether architect or otherwise, who has the slightest taste for the subject, can fail to be interested in the author's most attractive and interesting treatment of the subject on which he is an acknowledged authority. One short extract we append, as it is applicable to almost every time and season: he has been speaking of the transition that characterized the architecture of the latter part of the twelfth and the earlier part of the thirteenth century, both here and on the continent, and he goes on to say, among other lessons taught by it—

"We may learn a lesson of *patience* from what we have received. Those of us who have been endeavouring to generate a style on the basis of the architecture of our own family of nations have been often taunted with the slowness of our progress. Now, it is scarcely twenty years since we set earnestly about the task, and rapid as the transition in the twelfth century appears, we have seen an interval of twenty years in its history in which we can trace no progress at all; which, with all our deficiencies, can hardly be said of us during a corresponding period. Let us, then, take courage, and press forward in spite of temporary discouragement, and in the end a like success may crown our labours."

A BOOK has made its appearance for which the *raison d'être* is scarcely comprehensible, inasmuch as it is addressed to a class of individuals very limited, we should think, as to number; it is, in fact, a kind of classified list of illustrated manuscripts in the British Museum.* The authors' justification, if we may be allowed to use the term, for publishing the work is thus stated:—"It has frequently been a subject of desire among the students of Mediæval and religious Art that such a work were in existence. That no one has hitherto undertaken it is, perhaps, all the more observable when it is remembered that—putting aside those visitors who are constantly searching out their pedigrees by the help of the heraldic manuscripts—by far the greatest number of manuscripts examined by readers belong to what may be termed the ornamental division. . . . The object of the authors will have been gained if the utility of this Dictionary as a Comprehensive Guide Book and Cyclopædia, rather than as an exhaustive Catalogue or Index, be admitted." Many of our readers will, we expect, be equally surprised with ourselves to learn that in the British Museum "the nation possesses upwards of two thousand five hundred pictures relating to the history of our Saviour, executed within a range of eight centuries—from A.D. 800 to 1600." All these we suppose to be illuminations in manuscripts or books, and a classified index of them is given in the volume under notice, which we can but imperfectly describe, while we commend it to those who may be more immediately interested in its contents. A few photographs from these early examples of Christian Art, more curious than pictorial, are introduced.

CERAMIC ART. "The author's object has been to answer as truly and lucidly as possible the more important questions in connection with the history and manufacture of pottery and porcelain, and to bring the results of recent research to bear upon one of the unsolved problems of the science of ceramics."† Such has been the author's aim, and well she has achieved it. Her book is one acceptable alike to students and the many lovers of *bric-à-brac*, who fill their drawing-rooms to repletion with articles that to the uneducated and irreverent seem more suited to the shelves of the housemaid's pantry. From all quarters the author has obtained valuable information and assistance: the gatherings of private collectors are admirably illustrated in the pages. Out of the accumulation of ceramic treasures in Europe and America, the preference has been given to America; and the American manufacturers have contributed much concerning the past and present condition of Art in the United States. One remark we would indorse for the benefit of many collectors, viz. "Collectors who buy pieces for the sake of the mark they bear may be deceived; those who buy for the sake of beauty may occasionally be mistaken; but a cultivated

* "Early Drawings and Illuminations. An Introduction to the Study of Illustrated Manuscripts; with a Dictionary of Subjects in the British Museum." By Walter de Gray Birch, F.R.S.L., and Henry Jenner. Published by H. Bagster and Sons.

† "The Ceramic Art: a Compendium of the History and Manufacture of Pottery and Porcelain." By Jeanie J. Young. Published by Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington.

* "Lectures on the Rise and Development of Mediæval Architecture, delivered at the Royal Academy." By Sir Gilbert Scott, R.A., F.S.A., LL.D., &c. Two vols. With Illustrations. Published by John Murray, Albemarle Street.

taste can never be deluded into finding beauty in the unbeautiful. The art, and not the mark, should be studied;" and the fact that many of the finest and most highly valued specimens—Chinese, Japanese, Persian, Saracenic, Greek, Italian, and many modern wares—have no mark, gives additional point to the observation. The illustrations of such a work must necessarily be excellent and of great beauty; they are four hundred and sixty-four in number, so that it makes an attractive drawing-room volume for those who only take a "picture book" view of it. But this compilation of the taste and ingenuity of generations of potters deserves attention of a higher order, and will repay the reader many hours of study, while adding to his stock of knowledge of one of the most interesting arts of civilisation.

'OLD Chelsea Pensioners.' The fine engraving from an admirable picture by Hubert Herkomer, engraved with great ability by Arthur Turrell, claims from us a patriotic as well as an artistic attention. The theme is taken when the old Chelsea pensioners are engaged in devotion in their own especial chapel. Above them hang the old flags that many have followed through scenes far different. This painting was exhibited at the Royal Academy two or three years ago, and excited great and just praise as one of the most valuable contributions of Art—at once a stimulus and a recompense. The heads are charmingly painted, delicate, with all the ruggedness and wrinkles. The earnest attention of one to his book, despite the need of spectacles; the half eager, half despairing look of the one who is "hard o' hearing;" the critical expression of a third, and the devout restfulness of another; the "dropping off" of the very old gentleman nearest us, and the rousing hand of his neighbour laid observantly on his arm, are graphically and tenderly depicted. All seem portraits, and, as such, are doubly interesting as likenesses of those hardy ones who have done battle for us, and are now by a grateful country given a peaceful home—not a resting-place, but a halting place between the fight of life and the encounter that is not very far off with the adversary of us all—the foeman Death.

THE second part of a work,* of which the first appeared last year, and was duly noticed by us, has somewhat recently been published: in this part Mr. Smith carries on his list of names from William Faithorne the younger, who is supposed to have died early in last century, to Andrew Miller, born in London, but who established himself in Dublin, where he died about the middle of the last century. As many as sixty-four portraits by this engraver are described by Mr. Smith. We repeat what was stated in our former notice, that the work "undoubtedly shows much industry and patient research."

It is due to the Department of Science and Art at South Kensington that so much of Art education is diffused throughout the rising generation.† As ladies are amateur cooks, so are they aiming to be amateur potters and glass painters, and for those who have a real aptitude for such matters this new occupation for women has a peculiar fascination. For such, as well as for the professional teacher, this work will prove a great help and pleasant reading. Everything is explained, the processes and manipulations, what materials to use, and where to procure them, what and where to study, and illustrations of various objects enliven and beautify the work. It tempts one to become a potter, and it is certain that many will yield if this book be placed before them by friend or parent, while even the veriest amateur may find time and inclination to beautify the home, when the ways and means are thus plainly and enticingly brought under his or her notice.

"QUIET War Scenes"‡ are poems mostly original, but there are a few translations from the "Nachlasse" of Mirza Schaffy, which

* "British Mezzotint Portraits; being a Descriptive Catalogue of these Engravings from the Introduction of the Art to the early part of the present Century." By John Chaloner Smith, B.A., M.R.S.A., &c. Published by John Sotheran & Co., Piccadilly.

† "The Amateur Pottery and Glass Painter." By E. Campbell Hancock. Illustrated by Fac-similes from the Sketch-book of N. H. J. Westlake, F.S.A. Published by Chapman and Hall.

‡ "Quiet War Scenes." Poems and Translations by James Baker. Illustrated by H. Whatley. Published by Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

may be interesting as novelties to the reader. There is a good deal of poetic feeling throughout the book, and to have productions of the pen illustrated in such a charming manner by the pencil is indeed, as the author says in his preface, "a favour of fortune for which the writer cannot be too grateful." Figures and landscapes are alike most graceful and tender. The poem, "The Luckless Maiden," is a pleasant little bit of irony, and poet and artist have combined to give a very charming book to the world's library.

'AN Ancient Custom.' This is a charming engraving of a charming "bit" of Eastern custom, that comes but seldom under the eyes of the traveller of the sterner sex.* We must imagine that the bold artist was concealed behind some of the embroidered tapestries that fall around the dressing-room of the Eastern beauty. The black slave delicately tinting the eyebrows of the fair lady (by comparison) is a natural and graceful study of an ebony sister, and the contrast between the two figures, "so near, and yet so far," tells admirably in the engraving. The whole is elegant and delicate in conception, and most effective in execution.

FROM America, we assume, comes a publication† which may be accepted as a proof of the interest felt in that country for everything that may help to impart a knowledge of Art and artists—a biographical dictionary of most of the known artists, including architects, sculptors, and engravers, in Europe. The biographies are concise, and enumerate the principal works of the artists; they are compiled from a large number of sources—among others, from our own pages—which are duly acknowledged. We notice some omissions, not altogether to be unexpected, considering the nature of the work: for instance, the name of Sir Charles Barry does not appear—an omission inexcusable, for that of his son, E. M. Barry, R.A., is found in its proper place. But, notwithstanding sundry defects—and the authors acknowledge that, with all their care, defects may be found—this "handbook" is very comprehensive, and will prove most useful for reference.

A VOLUME of poems‡ has reached us from the hand of a lady in the north whose pen has often been employed in the service of our Journal and in the interests of the Fine Arts, in which, in this instance, we do not include poetry. Linda is the youngest of four sisters, the daughters of a man of position named De Vere, and a widower. The three eldest daughters, having charms "of form and face," soon find husbands in men who look for nothing beyond these outward attractions; while Linda, the youngest, less favoured by nature than her sisters, remains to be the companion of her father:—

"Thus, of the flowers that deck DE VERE's proud hall,
I hail thee, LINDA! loveliest, best of all."

By-and-by, travelling with her father on the continent, De Vere dies at a little inn—

"In a sweet, quiet village, southward far,
Where France to Italy her border joins,"

and then Linda also finds a husband in Aubrey St. Clair, a man of kindred spirit with her own. Such is a mere outline of the story of "Linda," the chief poem in the volume, to which we must refer the reader who desires to see the sketch filled in; he will find that Mrs. Simpson has done this melodiously and very pleasantly. Among the minor poems are several which are far beyond the ordinary run of modern poetical compositions, while all have a high tone of moral or religious feeling running through them, and not seldom with a tinge of sadness as an accompaniment. Some of these poems have already appeared in various publications. Mrs. Simpson has inscribed her volume to the memory of her brother, the late Mr. Henry Glassford Bell, Sheriff of Lanarkshire, "a poet of no mean order," as she justly says.

* "An Ancient Custom." Painted by Edwin Long, A.R.A. Engraved from the original picture, in the possession of Henry Edwards, Esq., M.P., by Charles T. Debois.

† "Artists of the Nineteenth Century and their Works." A Handbook containing Two Thousand and Fifty Biographical Sketches. Two vols. By Clara Erskine Clement and Lawrence Hutton. Published by Trübner & Co., Ludgate Hill.

‡ "Linda and other Poems." By Jane C. Simpson. Published by Edmonstone & Co., Edinburgh; J. Maclehose, Glasgow.



THE LAND OF EGYPT.*

By EDWARD THOMAS ROGERS, Esq., LATE H.M. CONSUL AT CAIRO, AND HIS SISTER, MARY ELIZA ROGERS.

THE DRAWINGS BY GEORGE L. SEYMOUR.

CHAPTER VIII.



URING the Pharaonic period Memphis was the capital of Egypt. This city is said to have been founded by Menes. It was situated on the left bank of the Nile, and was dedicated to Ptah, the chief of the gods of Egypt. Memphis was enlarged and beautified by succeeding monarchs until it attained enormous dimensions, and its palaces and temples, especially the Temple of Ptah, exceeded all others in extent and magnificence.

The actual seat of government was occasionally removed to Thebes, Tanis, or Philæ; still for a very long period Memphis retained its pre-eminence and splendour. But after the accession of the Macedonian dynasty it gradually declined, and gave place to its important rival, the new seaport town of Alexandria. Memphis remained, however,

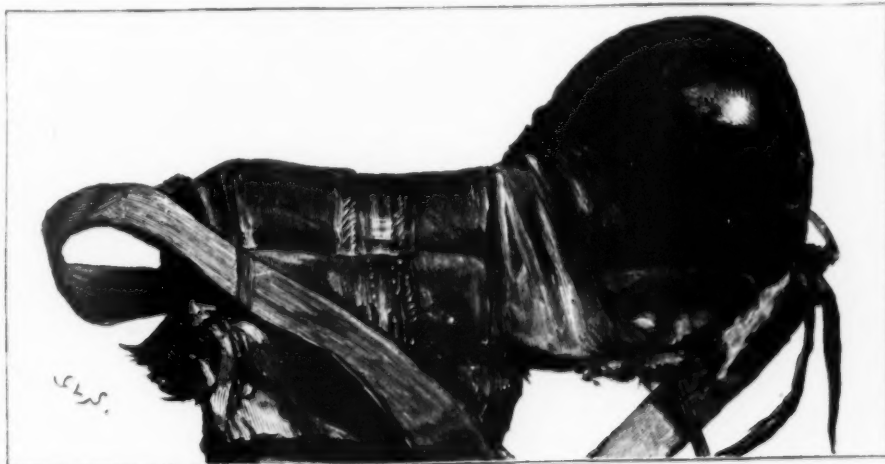
the chief town of Central Egypt until after the Mohammedan invasion, when the new town of Fostat became Egypt's capital.

Fostat was built on the right bank of the Nile, near to an ancient town and fortress, generally called by modern writers Egyptian Babylon, or the New Babylon. But this name requires a few words of explanation and a little digression.

Next in importance to Memphis, during the earlier dynasties, was Heliopolis, the City of the Sun, popularly called "An," or "On." It was situated a few miles distant from the right bank of the river, in the land of Goshen. Here Ra, the Sun God, had his temple, the most wealthy and famous shrine in Egypt, with the exception of the Temple of Ptah at Memphis. The staff of priests, with their attendants, connected with the Temple of Ra is said to have numbered no less than 12,913. It will be remembered that Pharaoh gave to Joseph in marriage "Asenath, the daughter of Potipherah, priest of On." This city was especially celebrated as a seat of learning, and Herodotus tells us that he consulted the professors there respecting the history of Egypt.

We learn from ancient Egyptian records that On was formerly "full of obelisks" dedicated to the Sun God, Ra, and the characters graven in the granite are described as being filled in with gold, electrum, or gilded bronze, and the obelisks are therefore said to "illumine the world with their rays."

But of all these sacred emblems only one is now left to mark the site of the once glorious City of the Sun God: it is represented on the next page. This obelisk is of especial value and interest, for, with the exception of a small one found at Memphis



Donkey Saddle.

lately by Lepsius, it is the most ancient obelisk known. The date, according to Mariette Bey, is about 3000 B.C. It is formed of a single block of red granite of Syene, and measures 68 feet 2 inches from the pavement to the apex. It stands

upon a dado, which rests on two slabs, each about four feet high. The inscriptions, which are the same on each of the four sides, record that Usortesen I., King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Lord of the Diadems and Son of the Sun, founded the obelisk.

On two of the sides, however, the inscriptions are now quite

* Continued from page 132.



illegible, wasps having made their nests of clay in the deeply cut hieroglyphics. This obelisk has been so much encroached upon by deposits of mud that a considerable portion of its base is now buried.

High mounds, and the remains of thick, crude brick enclosure walls, are all that remain of the great Temple of Ra and the



Obelisk, Heliopolis.

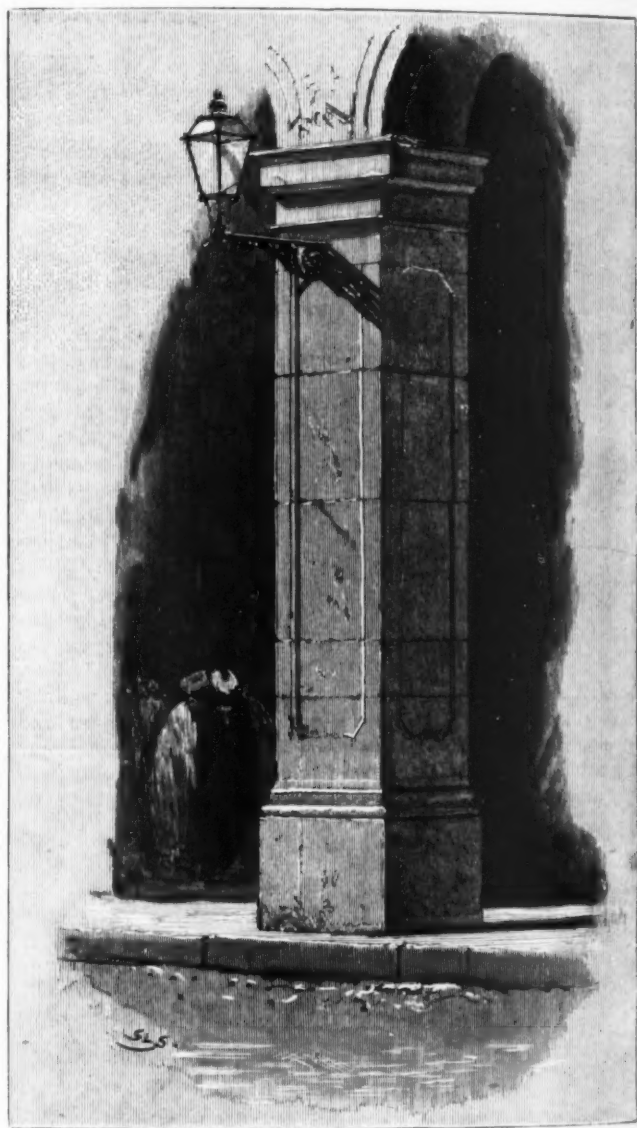
ancient city of On. But when it was in its glory it had its sailing port down by the river-side, bearing its name, the port of On—*Bab-li-On*, *Bab* in the ancient Egyptian language meaning a *port*.* This landing-place, with its fortress, stood

* For the explanation of the origin of this and other words we are indebted to the researches of the learned Egyptologist, Mariette Bey.

at the foot of the Mokattam Hills, where a spur from that range approaches the bed of the Nile.

When Bab-li-On was subsequently occupied by the Romans, they called it Babylon, or Babylonia. A fanciful tradition, invented long afterwards, attributes the building, and consequent name, of this fortress either to some Babylonian captives brought hither by Rameses, or to some reputed colonists from Assyria, who accompanied one of the Persian invaders in his expedition to Egypt, and permanently settled on this spot. One Muslim historian (Al Bulazari) alludes to this town and fort as Alyūnah, whilst others (Ibn al Athir and Ibn Khaldūr) give it the name of Bablyūn.

Near this fortress the Muslim conqueror, Amrū-ibn-al-Aas,



Modern Colonnade in the Ezbeklyeh, Cairo.

had pitched his tent, and after concluding the treaty with Makankos, the Coptic governor of Central Egypt, he gave orders to strike the tents and to march towards Alexandria. According to tradition a dove's nest was discovered in the dome of the general's tent. When this fact was made known to him he ordered that the birds should not be disturbed, and that his tent should be left standing, that the birds might have time to hatch and rear their brood, adding, "God forbid that I should refuse hospitality to any of his creatures who have thus sought refuge with me."

The town which sprang up on this spot was called Fostāt, which in Arabic means *tent*, in remembrance, it is said, of the event above narrated; and it became the capital of Egypt under

the name of Misr. In the middle of the third century Ahmed-ibn-Túlún enlarged and embellished this town, but finding his official residence there too small for his constantly increasing wealth and the number of his retainers, he selected an elevated spot between Fostát and the Mokattam hills, on which he built

a magnificent palace, and gave the surrounding land, in plots, to his state functionaries and to the officers of his army, that they might build houses in close proximity to his own. Thus sprang up a new town, which was called Al-Kati-'ah, which means *land given in fee for military services*.



A Controversy.

When the Túlúni dynasty was overthrown, the palace and most of this town were destroyed, and little of the latter now remains except the splendid mosque, which bears the name of its founder, Jámiá-ibn-Túlún.

After the conquest of Egypt by the Fatimites, and before the

removal of the court of the Fatimite Khalif al-Mu'izz from Kairowan, the general who had effected the conquest, Jawhar-al-Kaid, laid the foundations of a new capital to the north of Fostát and Al-Kati-'ah, and this new city was called Al-Káhirah, Misr-al-Káhirah, and sometimes Al-Káhirat-al-Mu'izziyeh,

Fostat being thenceforward called Misr-al-'Atfah, or *Old Misr*, misnamed by Europeans *Old Cairo*.

The Arabs often consider the proper name of the capital of a country to be the same as that of the country itself, the specific name of the city being held in abeyance, or as a secondary name. Thus Damascus, the capital of Shâm, or Syria, is gene-

rally called Shâm, and only by emphasis, Dimashk-ash-Shâm, Damascus of Syria; and the capital of Misr, or Egypt, is in like manner generally called Misr. The Arabic historians, speaking of the invasion of Egypt, allude to Memphis as Misr, as it was the then capital of Central Egypt, and the residence of the governor.



A Sakka, or Water Carrier, with his Kirbeh, or Goat-skin, filled with water from the Nile.

The successive capitals of Egypt under the Mohammedans are thus shown to have been *Fostat*, now called Misr-al-'Atfah; *Al-Kafi'ah*, destroyed by the Khalif's troops; and *Al-Kâhirah*, called by the Franks Cairo.

In 1166 Salâh-ed-dîn built the citadel and encircled the whole town of Al-Kâhirah with a fortified wall, a great part of which

still exists, though it no longer includes the whole town, the increasing requirements of the population, and the greater sense of security derived from modern police regulations under a civilised government, having combined to induce the inhabitants to extend their buildings beyond the intramural limits.

(To be continued.)

THE TIFF.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF COLONEL CHARLES RATCLIFF, F.S.A., WYDDRINGTON.

P. KÖRLE, Painter.

P. LIGHTFOOT, Engraver.

THIS picture is by a continental artist, who, like a large number of foreign painters, has been introduced to the British public through Mr. Wallis's gallery in Pall Mall. Between the years 1869 and 1874 several examples of M. Körle's pencil were exhibited there, and being of a popular character, and very carefully painted, they proved agreeable additions to the annual display.

The *Tiff*, exhibited in 1870, is only one of various ways of illustrating the old saying of which few who have now lived to be wedded couples have not at some period or other of their "courtship" experiences felt the truth—that "the course of true love never did run smooth;" but an old classic writer says,

"The quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love;" and such, it may be presumed, will be the case of the pair here, notwithstanding the gentleman walks out of the room with the air of offended dignity, and the lady looks thoughtful and somewhat discomposed, as if she had allowed her tongue too much latitude to please her swain; and thus, it may be supposed, the matter will remain till the next meeting, when the breach will undoubtedly be repaired. The story is sufficiently explained by the bearing and attitude of the lovers, for such they are undoubtedly, *malgré* the appearance they present as we see them. The figures are well painted, and have about them a style of artistic elegance.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THIRD NOTICE.



TURNING short round to the left on entering Gallery No. III., and following the catalogue, the first picture that meets the eye is 'Interviewing the Member' (173), by ERSKINE NICOL, A. The honourable member, whom we see standing defiantly with folded arms before a deputation of his constituency, rather mixed in character, shouting out his response to their questionings in language evidently more forcible than choice, belongs to the old school. He wears his scarlet hunting coat and top-boots, and is at no pains to conceal what he thinks of the deputation and their views. As was to be expected, the picture is full of very varied character; but what was not to be so confidently looked for, it possesses also refinement as well as humour. The other pictures which help to give interest to this corner of the room are a small lovely head of 'Beatrice' (178), showing the dainty brushwork of T. F. DICKSEE, the father of the gifted author of 'Evangeline' in Gallery No. X.; FRANK DILLON's Chinese cranes 'Among the Lotus Pools of Japan' (172), which one can readily enough believe is full of local and geographic truth; and SIR R. P. COLLIER's fine landscape of 'The Source of the Rhône' (180). This amateur artist, who, by the way, has made remarkable progress within the last five years in the facility and power with which he portrays Alpine nature, has a still more imposing canvas a little farther on, showing the snow-crowned 'Matterhorn' (280) springing up into the serene heavens just beyond the low-lying hills, to whose base a nicely expressed level meadow carries the eye pleasantly.

'The Bathers Alarmed' (182), by P. R. MORRIS, A., are three young ladies in loose white attire who have pulled up their boat to the shelter of a wooded bank in the river; but their intention of bathing in this secluded spot is suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a great ox, which pushes his head inquiringly over the neighbouring stile. What Mr. Morris has expressed so charmingly is the perturbation and alarm of the ladies. Immediately over Sir Frederick Leighton's noble composition of 'Elijah in the Wilderness' (188), which we have already noticed, hangs a remarkably fine picture of a life-sized tiger, which, in the company of a great serpent, has got adrift on a log, and is now at the mercy of the boundless flood. This picture is called 'Fear' (187), and the author is J. T. NETTLESHIP, an artist whose steady progress in his profession we have from time to time recorded with pleasure. The blue waste of water, backed by the blue-green sky, with the black barred tawiness of the helpless tiger, whose magnificent bulk is in such close proximity to the no less terrible coils of the boa constrictor, make up a composition in form and colour at once impressive and original.

The portraits of quality at this end of the room are SIR DANIEL MACNEE'S 'Thomas Chilton, Esq.' (179)—the same able limner has another fine piece of portraiture a little farther on, representing 'George, eleventh Earl of Haddington' (218)—'The Right Hon. John Bright, M.P.' (183), by W. W. OULESS, A., who in this case has made the face of the great tribune by far too florid; 'Robert Watson, Esq.' (186), by ETHEL MORTLOCK; 'Portrait of a Lady' (200), by OTTO SCHOLDERER; and 'The Wife and Children of Lieut.-Col. George Arbuthnot, M.P.' (194), by G. E. HICKS. This artist's graceful composition, and soft, pleasing quality of colour, receive further illustration in Gallery IV., in the comely, auburn-haired 'Mrs. Fred. E. Villiers' (308), whom we see seated on a bank with her lap full of flowers, and her hand resting on her faithful dog; and in 'Mrs. J. G. Inglis' (311), fair-olived as to complexion, and dark brown as to hair, standing bareheaded and unconventionally attired by a tree. Frank Holl's marvellous portrait of 'Samuel Cousins, Esq., R.A.' (189) we have already noticed.

1879.

'The Poacher's Widow' (195), BRITON RIVIERE, A., in black dress and bare arms, seated disconsolate on a bank overrun by hares, rabbits, and pheasants, brooding over the violent death of her husband, as set forth in C. Kingsley's ballad, is capital in detail, but scarcely coherent enough as a whole. The beholder is struck with a sense of incongruity, and, among other things, we may note that, if the artist meant the time to be night, the moon ought to have been turned the other way. As it is, the moon indicates early morning. But this painter much more than makes up for any disappointment we feel here by his powerful and original pencilling of the idea of Christian knight errantry in mediæval times. A young warrior, fully armed, seated on a white horse, and accompanied by his hounds, approaches the mouth of a fearful ghoul-haunted cavern, which, from a stern sense of duty, he needs must enter. Both the horse and the hounds recoil dismayed, but he, full of that faith emblemized on his shield, looks calm and undaunted, and breathing fervently to heaven, 'In manus tuas, Domine' (487), we can see he will enter hopefully and courageously this grim portal of the shadow of death. Mr. Riviere might have added another title to that he has already given this the greatest of all his works, and called it 'The Triumph of Faith over Instinct.' We need scarcely add that the painting of the knight, the horse, and the bloodhounds is technically most excellent, and that the oneness of the general effect is startling and irresistible.

Returning to Gallery III., we would call attention to the little 'Zulina' (196) of J. B. BURGESS, A., who will be found more fully represented in his small composition in the next gallery of a Salamanca 'Student in Disgrace' (357), 'The Convent Garden' (453), in Gallery No. V., and to J. E. HODGSON'S, A., pensive Turk seated on a wicker box, who in love mutters 'Militavi non sine gloria,' but now that things are not going so prosperously exclaims, 'I'll serenade no more' (197). A fuller exposition of this artist's quality will be found in his 'French Naturalist in Algiers' (517) examining a leopard's skin which a native holds up for his inspection. We are not altogether prepared to indorse the rendering of S. A. HART, R.A., in his picture of 'The Proposal of the Jews to Ferdinand and Isabella, in order to secure their residence in Spain, to defray the expenses of the Moorish War, rejected through the intolerance of Torquemada' (198); but we admire immensely his choice of subject. Neither Isabella nor Ferdinand ever required much persuasion to perpetrate anything that was cruel and devilish, and they and Torquemada form a trinity unmatched for unscrupulous cold-bloodedness in the whole range of Catholic history. We repeat that down-trodden Jews pleading at such a tribunal is a subject worthy the loftiest Art.

In spite of his tendency to dryness, the compositions of E. ARMITAGE, R.A., are always harmonious and full of learning, and his woman taken in adultery (203) pleasingly illustrates this, just as the young Scotch mother weaving a posy 'Free from Care' (207), because baby sleeps soundly under the little extemporised plaid tent on the benty hillside where she sits, is a glowing example of the idyllic genius of THOMAS FAED, R.A. Equally characteristic of the severe ascetic tendencies of J. R. HERBERT, R.A., is the 'Youth of St. John the Baptist' (208), whom we see seated on the sandy knoll of a parched-up wilderness, with a scroll in his hand.

Passing on to the left centre of the room, we find the place of honour filled by the 'Death Warrant' (220), by JOHN PETTIE, R.A. A young blue-eyed, fair-haired boy-prince, ermine-furred, presides at the council of his ministers, one of whom holds towards him the pen, that his Highness may sign the death-warrant of some hapless conspirator; but he leans back dreamily in his chair, and his thoughts, stirred possibly by hearing the name of the condemned one, wander back to other scenes and times. The idea of such a subject is touching exceedingly, and

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we need scarcely add that the artist has allowed nothing to be lost in its setting forth, either as regards texture or colour. The fine sentiment of the theme he has made entirely his own, and, all in all, it is perhaps the finest work Mr. Pettie has produced. This work is appropriately surrounded by kindred masterpieces. JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A., has shown a strong tendency of late years to unnecessary roughness, as if, brush in hand, he would leap at his effects, flinging from his mind that sense of preciousness and finish which first made his fame; but in his portrait of Mr. Gladstone (214) we detect tokens of unwonted care, and we must acknowledge that the result is one of surpassing success. The intellectual side of Mr. Gladstone's character was never more happily seized. Then we have 'Lord Lyons' (224), by G. P. A. HEALEY; 'Lady Frances Bushby' (226), by JAMES SANT, R.A.; 'Mrs. A. Brooke, of Caen Wood Towers' (216), by ROBERT A. MULLER; and 'The Rev. Dr. Edward Trollope, Bishop Suffragan of Nottingham' (233), by F. G. COTMAN.

Immediately on the right of Mr. Pettie's picture hangs 'Cloud-land and Moor' (219), by PETER GRAHAM, A.—an old man filling his cart with peat, while the old grey mare nibbles the scant herbage of the moorland, and the trusty collie regards wistfully the flight of some lapwings. All this is wonderfully lifelike in its setting forth; but what renders the whole sublime, and makes the homely peat-moss enchanted land, is the white luminous fleeciness of the glorious cumuli as they break up rollingly against the pale blue of the summer sky. Greater brilliancy of light combined with truth we never remember having seen on any canvas. The pendant to this is a fine low-toned picture of 'Midsummer Night' (225), by H. W. B. DAVIS, A., showing some cattle in a warm mist. Immediately over the 'Death Warrant' is a very truthful picture of a 'Suffolk Marsh' (221), by J. AUMONIER, with a lazy stream meandering through its greenery; and above that, again, a large canvas by JAMES MACBETH, A., representing a grand sweep of 'The Land of Argyle' (222), with its warm heathery moorland rolling away in great billows towards the dark purple mountains, whose sides are flecked here and there with stray white gossamer tufts, which are lifting themselves airily towards the zenith. It is not the heather, it is not the hills, which Mr. Macbeth has painted, but the genius of the place, the spirit of the lonely mountain land he has projected for us on the canvas, which makes his picture so religiously impressive, and helps the stranger to guess at the nature of the people who inhabit such a land, and who for twice a thousand years, with one brief break during Edward the Hammer's time, have held these heather hills against the world. Another artist who can successfully depict the sentiment which clings to a scene remote from the haunts of men is GEORGE E. HERING. The heron 'By the lonely Tarn' (227), which serves as a mirror to the distant hills, is painted in a low key, in fine keeping with the place and its surroundings. None but a sympathetic pencil can fairly realise the more unfamiliar charms of nature.

G. CLAUSEN has caught finely the poetry of evening in his 'Night brings Rest' (209)—two girls taking home a canal boat in North Holland, while on the lofty bank between us and the rosy evening sky is seen a group of reapers returning from their daily toil; and W. J. HENNESSY is fresh and truthful in his landscape showing a man cutting 'The Aftermath' (236) on a field which trends towards a sandy seashore. ALBERT GOODWIN, in his 'Sixth Voyage of Sindbad the Sailor' (215), shows how he can make veritable studies of nature in her exceptional moods subserve the illustration of fairy legend, tales of enchantment, and the like. Given the true power of selection, and for the wildest story that ever was written the artist will find in some corner of nature a likely spot for its inception and development.

VICAT COLE, A., spreads before us English landscape in all its glory with his accustomed cunning, and the 'Ripening Sunbeams' (215) and oak-wood shadows fall across the corn-field with a reality that startles the heart of the beholder into joyousness. Nor is the picture by J. MACWHIRTER, A., which hangs as a pendant to this on the other side of the door, less charming

because the view is more exceptional in its character. A wooded 'Valley by the Sea' (250), running down with inviting slope to the fishing village at its foot, and giving from its top a commanding outlook o'er the summer sea, is one of Mr. MacWhirter's happiest achievements, and a full warrant for the Academic honour lately bestowed upon him. Such a spot would have delighted the heart, and very speedily engaged the pencil, of Mr. HOOK, R.A., had he stumbled upon it, and we congratulate Mr. MacWhirter on having anticipated him; for the Associate has much glory to win yet, whereas the Academician already wears the laurel crown, and can do little more than add now and then a leaf to it. We need, therefore, enter into no criticism of his works. His loyalty to nature, especially in those picturesque retreats of hers where earth and ocean meet, is patent to all; and it is enough if we assure our readers that his sea is as briny as ever, and his shore as sweet—his fisherfolk, old and young, as joyous and healthy as their boats are stout and buoyant. 'Little to Earn and Many to Keep' (269)—a sturdy fisherman stooping down to pet baby, who is held towards him by a strapping young girl, with a glimpse of a fishing harbour beyond—is scarcely a happy name, because all who know anything of the fishing industries of these islands are well aware that the willing fisherfolk, since the railway system has been so extended, earn literally "lots of money;" 'Mushroom Gatherers' (275)—a boy and girl among the rocks; and 'Tanning Nets: Witches and Caldrons from the Macbeth Country' (493), showing comely Morayshire fisher lasses getting water from the stream, while a row of giant caldrons in which the cutch is prepared fills up the background: such are the names of Mr. Hook's three contributions this year, and each has its own excellencies.

R. BEAVIS has been more than ordinarily happy in his 'The End of the Day' (259), in which a peasant girl approaches, leading the four oxen which have been engaged in ploughing. The incident is simply yet forcibly set forth. In his 'Perils of the Road, 1710' (610), he sets his imagination to work, and so successfully, that the two mounted robbers who strike across the moorland to come up with a travelling carriage, seen in the distance, have as much *vraisemblance* about them—although the incident belongs to the early part of last century—as the quiet pastoral we have just described, and which possibly came under his observation last year, when the artist painted it. His third work is more ambitious than either of these, and reveals to us a gorgeous cavalcade of 'Pilgrims en route to Mecca' (656) descending a rocky valley. The grand central feature of the composition is the camel with a lady and child in each covered pannier, or litter, which is hung across the beast's back; and the background to this is the hot southern mist that envelops the barren hills. The bright glare of the light is doubtless perfectly consistent with nature, and Mr. Beavis had many opportunities of observing all kinds of atmospheric phenomena when travelling in the East.

Here we would draw attention to a couple of capital foreign landscapes, the one 'Morning on the Beach at Scheveningen' (241), by H. W. MESDAG, and the other (255) a snow-piece by L. MUNTJE. We regret that the author of an evening sea view (277), J. CASSIE, R.S.A., who has for many years been a contributor to the walls of the Academy, will contribute no more. His death is recorded in our Obituary column this month.

'Old Friends' (251), by H. S. MARKS, R.A. Elect, represents two old Greenwich pensioners strolling through a ship-breaker's yard, and finding "old friends" in the various figure-heads arranged there in a row. Honesty of work and truth of characterization, especially when carrying with it a touch of humour, are the properties of this picture in common with Mr. Marks's two other contributions. H. O'NEIL, A., in 'No sooner Wed than Parted' (256)—a young soldier shaking hands with his wife as he stands up in the boat in which he will presently be rowed to the transport—harks back not fruitlessly to the field in which the artist first won emphatic success. 'A Justice in 1500' (261)—a little boy-lord seated in state with his lady mother by his side, while a poacher kneels before him to receive judgment—has in it both humour and artistic merit. Its author is

CHESTER LOOMIS. 'A Squally Day on the Dutch Coast at Camperdown' (262), with its large rolling clouds, is full of that close observation and minute detail for which the pencil of E. W. COOKE, R.A., has been so long famous.

The picture, however, on this side the wall, of highest technical merit and achievement, is the warm, ivory-toned canvas by W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A., showing a gambler leaving the room in which he has been 'Hard Hit' (287). The floor is strewn with packs of cards, whose black and red spots on the white ground enter with due subservience into the general pearly scheme of colour pervading the room; and the human interest of the work lies in the subdued dramatic intensity with which the look and attitude of the three men at the card table, and of their departing victim at the door, are portrayed. In this respect it is by far the strongest work Mr. Orchardson has yet painted. The theme is by no means original, but its manner of treatment is so; and that is the only kind of originality which can now be claimed for the works even of the mightiest men.

In portraiture PHILIP H. CALDERON, R.A., has given a refined domestic look to the family group gathered round the table while the eldest girl of the house reads to her brothers and sisters 'A Voyage Round the World' (268), and the happy mother leans back in her chair sewing. A cheery homeliness also has been conveyed to the portraits of 'Mr. and Mrs. Jessop, of Endcliffe Grange' (281), by J. C. HORSLEY, R.A. The former is contentedly seated, cigar in hand, with a newspaper on his knee, while the wife of his bosom sits beamingly at her knitting. Indeed, they both beam, and one can see at a glance that a "Darby-and-Joan"-like tenderness subsists between the happy twain. We are surprised to find that 'Sir William Armstrong' (282), as depicted by G. F. WATTS, R.A., is so very lugubrious about the mouth. That a man so renowned for the production of death-dealing ordnance should have the look of a hard-worked city missionary, who keeps also the books of some neighbouring tradesman when he can snatch a leisure hour, compels us to the conclusion that Mr. Watts must have failed to decipher properly what nature had written on the countenance of his sitter. The artist gives us not a little of the perceptive powers of the face, but just stops short at that passage which makes it possible for the spectator to believe that he is standing in presence of the inventor of the Armstrong gun. JAMES ARCHER has in this room a fine portrait of a very graceful subject, 'Lady Giffard' (264), but his largest canvas will be found in the next room: it shows Mrs. W. Arbuthnot seated under a beech-tree reading 'An Interesting Story' (310) to her three delightful little girls. We must not leave the great room without calling attention to the portrait of 'The Rev. Thos. Stevens, Founder and Warden of Bradford College' (276), by E. J. GREGORY. The background is panelled, and of a reddish brown, and the reverend gentleman is seated on an oaken bench. Perhaps there is a slight tendency to hotness in the picture, but, with the exception of that, it is a masterpiece, and we would advise all those who claim special excellence in portraiture, and with justice, too, to look to their laurels; for here is an outsider, to whose merits we have frequently called the attention of our readers, who bids fair to excel them all.

Gallery No. IV. is the least satisfactory room in the whole exhibition, from the circumstance that its main feature, the large decorative work of E. J. POYNTER, R.A. representing 'Nausicaa and her Maidens playing at Ball' (307) in a rock-bordered mead by the lip of the sea, is not equal to the reputation of its author. The laws of perspective are not to be rigidly enforced in a large mural work like this, and the spectator is supposed to take the point of sight with him as he walks along the canvas; but here we think the artist has attempted to combine the scientific perspective of an easel picture with the necessarily panoramic freedom of a great wall decoration. Nor has he been more successful with some of his figures. The broad back of the girl about to throw the ball is draped in the most *déshabillé* manner; and we can see no adequate cause for the robes of the nymphs in blue and in pink being so fiercely blown about. Action more violent than theirs would scarcely throw the material of their

dress into these impossible curls and twists; and there is certainly no wind, for the robes of rich orange and pale green of the maidens in the foreground, whom we see busy in their *al fresco* laundry, remain as unruffled as the summer sea to the right under the kiss of Zephyr. Storm circles of geographic size, philosophers tell us, often enclose spaces of halcyon peace and rest; but we never heard of the possibility of stormy Boreas and gentle Zephyr being enclosed at one and the same time as they are here, within, as it were, the narrow boundaries of a teapot. To add that the drawing of those figures is far from faultless would be giving utterance to a remark applicable to the productions of the greatest masters: what we complain of here is that the spirit of drawing—the suggestion of truth and accuracy, and of well-balanced proportion—is absent. On the other hand, the figure of Nausicaa herself, as she rises on tiptoe, is very classical and chaste, if not very original, and the nude little urchin-girl, we presume, who runs across the picture and acts the part of connecting link between the not very well-related groups, is full of spirit and motion. Many passages in the composition, however, are admirable in colour; and if we have taken exception to other parts, and, looking on the picture as a whole, have pronounced it unequal to the artist's reputation, the reader must remember that such judgment is that only of an individual; but of an individual who is bound to speak when there comes before the public the work of one bearing a prominent name and filling a prominent place in directing the Art education of the country. Mr. Poynter has attempted a large and very beautiful thing; and if he has just fallen short of the success his boldness deserved, he is none the less Mr. Poynter; and our function is fulfilled if we have shown that, in this instance at least, he is not more than his own unequal self. The painter of that classic gem, 'Venus and Æsculapius,' which was lately in the Grosvenor Gallery, can well afford to put up with the momentary little murmur with which our carping may disturb his ear.

GEORGE H. BOUGHTON'S 'Resting-place' (330)—a group of peasants seated round a triple-stemmed tree, one of whom feeds a white bull-pup—is one of those rustic scenes to whose homeliness and realism the pencil of the artist has given a classic grace, and his tone and colour a soft Arcadian glamour. P. F. POOLE, R.A., another master of the idyllic, treats us to a bright sunny picture of two girls adorning their May Queen (295); and G. D. LESLIE, R.A., who is imbued with a like spirit, shows how insignificant an incident, when properly treated, may give rise to a delightful picture: a little girl in blue, holding 'Naughty Kitty' (336) in her arms, approaches her elder sister, who, in white attire, leans on the garden balustrade. This is all the human interest; but then it is blended so naturally and soothingly with the landscape that the simple incident becomes at once a picture. This faculty of making the commonplace pictorial is well shown in the two girls—the elder fair-haired, and the younger quite Italian in look—playing at 'Cat's Cradle' (353), by MARIA BROOKS, whose graceful pencil and pleasing colour we have frequently had occasion to praise; in the two 'Peasant Girls' (349), one of whom sits on the bundle of sticks she has thrown down in the wet rutty road, that she may free her foot of some annoying piece of grit, by ALICE HAVERS; in the old man examining 'Le Ducat' (306), by HENRIETTE BROWNE; in TITO CONTI'S two girls having 'A Little Music' (316); 'One too many' (343), by FERDINAND FAGERLIN; 'Frère et Sœur' (361), by EDOUARD FRERE; and especially in the three doctors standing before the fireplace holding 'A Consultation' (377), by C. GREEN; in 'The Private View' (305), by C. N. KENNEDY; and in the very touching picture of 'Withered' (372), by E. S. KENNEDY, in illustration of Desdemona's plaintive ditty—

"The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow."

Among the landscapes deserving mention in this room are T. HOPE M'LACHLAN'S 'Sands o' Dee' (364); the 'Borders of the Birklands' (375), by E. ELLIS; the lapwing 'Disturbed' (378), a study of twilight in the early spring, by J. W. OAKES, A.

Nor must we omit F. G. COTMAN'S young peasant whispering 'The Old, Old Story' (317), into the ear of his sweetheart as she crosses the little wooden bridge on her way to milk the cows; and 'Grey Swamp and Pools,' &c. (337), by FRANK WALTON.

The more important figure pictures in the room are the stabbing of Marat by Charlotte Corday (301), from the able pencil of EYRE CROWE, A., and the 'No Surrender' (324)—some French soldiers defending themselves in the hay-loft which they seem determined to hold to the death—by ANDREW C. GOW. There is perhaps a little dryness in Mr. Crowe's treatment; but both are remarkably able works, and we regret that want of space prevents our lingering over their excellences.

In portraiture we have nothing but emphatic approval in their several ways for 'Sheriff George Burt, of London and Middlesex' (346), by J. EDGAR WILLIAMS; 'The Duke of Connaught' (363), by L. DESANGES, who was never more successful than in this case; the two young ladies in 'The Laurel Walk' (331), by H. T. WELLS, R.A.; and the four fine healthy boys 'By the Seaside' (374), so capably portrayed by W. F. YEAMES, R.A.

On entering Gallery V. the first strong picture to strike the eye is that by ARTHUR HOPKINS representing an old fisherman and his lovely daughter watching eagerly, from the wooden platform of their sea-washed cottage, 'Signals of Distress' (385) from those in the stormy offing, whom they are powerless to save. The trouble in the sweet soft face of the fisher lass in her yellow-spotted blue dress, as she holds her hand to her head in the agony of distress, is tenderly depicted, and in fine contrast to the rugged, but no less sympathetic, visage of the old man. Intensity of expression characterizes each face alike, and it is the truly differentiating of this which makes the picture so dramatic. Another work which ranks with this, both in technical excellence and forcible presentment, is H. M. PAGET'S 'Enid and Geraint' (396). As in the preceding, the figures here are but two; but their relationship is so apt, and the sentiment so completely expressed, that the result is perfect pictorial unity. Geraint in his dreams has moved—

"And bared the knotted column of his throat,
The massive square of his heroic breast."

And Enid woke, and sat beside the couch,
Admiring him, and thought within herself,
'Was ever man so grandly made as he?'"

And there the auburn-haired, grey-robed Enid sits at the open casement, which commands a cheerful prospect closed in by purple hills, and, with an expression in which are blended admiration, love, and awe, she contemplates the sleeping hero. The difficulties in the way of drawing and modelling were greater here than in ordinary compositions, and the artist has addressed himself to them with honesty and perfect success. But greater than any technical stumbling-block was the risk of his missing the simplicity and purity of the sentiment so delicately conveyed in the melodious lines of the laureate; yet here, too, Mr. Paget rose equal to the occasion, and achieved a triumph. He is a young artist, we believe, and it may very safely be predicted of him that the road on which he has now entered—i.e. the road of perseverance, courage, and self-respect—will in due time lead him to what we allegorize as the Temple of Fame; and, in this country at least, the smiling occupant of

that gleaming abode is Dame Fortune, only there are some thoughtless men, both of the pencil and of the pen, who forget to kiss the lady's hand when they enter, and discover, when it is too late, that having reached the Palace of Fame has profited them nothing. These are the travellers on life's road who are own brothers to the five foolish virgins we know of, and are perpetually blazoning on their banners the sorry legend, "Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas."

Among the other figure subjects in this room on which the visitor will dwell with pleasure is FRANK W. W. TOPHAM'S 'Taming of the Shrew' (436), in which we see Petruchio with his arm round the waist of his bewildered and buxom bride, shouting to her in mock heroic strain—

"Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate:
I'll buckler thee against a million."

Then there are F. A. BRIDGMAN'S 'Royal Pastime in Nineveh' (441)—the King in the arena, backed by stalwart spearmen, shoots arrows at an approaching lion, while a crowded court watches the progress of the contest from the galleries; J. WATSON NICOL'S 'No Surrender' (454)—an armed cavalier in a burning house determined to die hard, and the 'Sermon-time' (427), of ARTHUR STOCKS, showing how varied the human ground is on which the seed of the Word falls.

Of the three contributions of VAL. C. PRINSEP, A., we prefer his 'Roum-i-Sultana' (409), whom we see leaning luxuriously on her pillowed couch, while her Hindoo slave, whose dark complexion heightens the fairness of her own face—for she was the Emperor Akbar's European queen—fans her assiduously. Considering that Mr. Prinsep has chosen to make red his key-note, or, to vary the metaphor, has chosen to play on one chromatic string, it is surprising what pleasing music he has evoked from the varied tints of one colour. While thus dealing with Eastern matters we would call attention to the 'Door of a Mosque' (389) in Lower Egypt, by CHARLES ROBERTSON. The melon and fruit sellers who gather round the entrance are just as characteristic in this picture as 'The Shoes of the Faithful' (954), and the three pussy cats which lie before the door of the mosque in the artist's other Eastern picture which hangs in the Lecture Room. Both these are realistic to a degree, without for a moment destroying the pleasures of the imagination. A combination of this kind is by no means common upon canvas.

SYDNEY P. HALL'S 'Dolly's Garden Party' (405) is a very happy way of introducing the portrait of Dorothy, daughter of Douglas Arden, Esq., for the family will thus possess a portrait and a picture within one frame. GAETANO CHIERICI'S ragged urchin, whom we see sitting on the doorstep of an outhouse making faces at pussy, which he keeps at a distance from the chickens and their food, thus 'Adding Insult to Injury' (434), is painted in a quiet, low tone, with due consideration for detail and a nice appreciation of the comical. LEXDEN L. POCKOCK has visibly improved in craftsmanship since he went to Rome, as his 'Claude Lorraine's Villa on the Tiber' (406) testifies. F. S. WALKER'S two girl 'Companions' (404) by a lily-covered pool is pictorial and pleasing; and ALFRED DE BRÉANSKI shows in his 'Waterhen's Haunt' (397) how true he can be to nature without doing injustice to the poetic bias within him.

(To be continued.)

ODIN.

SIR E. LANDSEER, R.A., Painter.

C. G. Lewis, Engraver.

THERE is not much to be said, and much need not be said, respecting the subject of this engraving, which represents the head of a famous hound that belonged to Mr. William Russell. The original picture, exhibited at the British Institution in 1836, was a full portrait of the animal, and is reported to have been painted in twelve hours at one sitting; certainly the head of the dog is as instinct with that life and intelligence which Landseer

was wont to give to his canine friends as any head he ever painted. The subject was so popular that it has been twice engraved; first, in 1839, by Thomas Landseer, A.R.A., and afterwards by Mr. W. H. Simmons: it is now engraved, for the third time, by Mr. C. G. Lewis, expressly for the *Art Journal*. Mr. Lewis has engraved a large number of plates from the works of Landseer, a few of which have been published in our work.



C. G. LEWIS SCULPT.

SIR E. LANDSEER, R.A. PINT.

ODIN.



THE FRENCH SALON OF 1879.

TO the bureau of the Minister of Fine Arts the total of works sent in for this year's exhibition was 9,153, of which were exhibited 3,040 paintings, 1,706 drawings, 672 sculptures, 477 architecture, &c., and 3,258 were rejected: in a word, close upon 1,000 works accepted beyond the catalogue contents of last year, viz. 4,959.

Need we say that it would be quite impossible for us to devote time or space to anything like a detailed scrutiny of this conglomerate, this, of a verity, *magnum opus*? We must be content to generalise its merits in its various compartments. There is unquestionably a curious predominance of mediocrity in the aggregate muster; but, on the other hand, competent consideration will discover therein a copious mixture of fine intellectually creative matter. Many of the familiar favourites of these walls have dropped away, making their ultimate public presentations at the vast saloons of the Champ de Mars in the year just gone by; but in their schools they have germinated with many emulative successors. In portraiture we have had a finer rivalry. Still Cabanel gives us two masterly works of the kind. But where is the Cabanel whose higher inspirations were so full of charm? His place is void. Bonnat's likeness of Victor Hugo, although rather coarse in handling, is yet vigorously characteristic. Mademoiselle Jacquemart sustains her credit by the firm, accomplished style of one noble figure. Duran's exuberant pencil still enforces a gaze, but fails to fascinate by refinement. The American Maynard must be warmly commended for his portrait of the *Daily News* and *New York Herald* correspondent. The eccentric individual here indicated—costume, physiognomy, and general action—is given throughout with a master hand. It would not, perhaps, be too much to place this in the number one of its class. The names of Bin, Vierling, Yvon, and Parrot may be here notified.

There are several subjects on sacred themes in the collection, with perhaps "two or one" tintured with genius. St. Jerome figures on more than one—alone, or in choice company—but seemingly to exemplify how elderly anchorites may be trained into a display of prodigiously roped muscle. There is more merit considerably in the remarkable canvas of Moreau de Tours, wherein a female of finest beauty of form is represented enduring the torture of an "ecstatic." A master palette has been here exhausted. The State has taken this artist's delicate picture of Blanche de Castile, 'L'Amour des Pauvres.' Amongst these sacred subjects one which will arrest the attention of the appreciator is a 'Christ in the Tomb,' by a Portuguese artist, Ribeiro. The 'Tryptique of St. Cuthbert,' by Duez, compels one to hold one's breath for awhile by its unequivocal, quaint drollery.

Amongst the historic works here displayed F. Flameng's 'Summons of the Girondins in the Prison of the Conciergerie' is very striking. It is a petrifying reality of horror—quite a companion to the Revolution *relique* in the Luxembourg. It has been purchased by the State. Perhaps the highest claim for pre-eminence in pictorial treatment may be adjudged to Morot, on his large canvas of 'The Battle of Sexiennies,' where the women defended their town against the Romans. Here masterly drawing is combined with singularly pure tone of colouring and effective composition. The names of Laurens, Melingue, and Delpérée may also be noted in this historic class. Under the vague, wide-ranging denomination of *genre*, the gathering on this occasion is very copious; its more piquant *élite* comes, however, with facility within our grasp. Conspicuous amongst them, Mr. Bridgman (American) takes his place with his poetically imagined 'Procession of the Bull Apis.' The scene is in full daylight, and glows with brilliancy. It emulates the great original of Alma-Tadema in its fidelity to every incident of fancied *dramatis personæ* and architectural detail—a picture to be remembered. The monk playing on a violoncello, by Moyse, is unique in its wonderful truth: beware how you touch or injure that favourite instrument. 'The Sword

1879.

Dance by the Russian Siemiradski' represents to the life a young girl passing through the wild evolutions of a Terpsichorean triumph. The scene is in sunlight, but under the chequered umbrage of trees, and is right well conceived. Vauquelin's Italian girl of the Campagna is indeed "rich and rare." Couture's 'Bagpiper,' "browner than the berry," is a most faithful seizure of a rugged model. Its harmonic treatment is admirable. The 'Dervises at Prayer at Cairo,' by Baugnies, a seated circle of singularities, is very happily given; in colour sparkling, and striking in its clear atmospheric effect. Similarly forcible in effect is Aublet's 'Lavabo des Réservistes,' or recruits washing *vis-à-vis* at one continuous reservoir of water. Here is much comedy, thorough fidelity to nature in a very humorous reunion. Prominent amongst these suggestions of fancy is M. Adrien Moreau's 'Silver Wedding.'

Touching on more general subjects, we must notice Bouguereau's 'Birth of Venus.' Everything artistic and refined has happily been thrown around this composition, and it has been with sound discretion appropriated by the State. The two female heads by Jules Gotpil, and an animated child's figure by Mademoiselle Meunier, take a forward place of development in the same school. The 'Jewish Marriage,' by Dehovecq, presents a canvas in which the most animated tints are admirably toned into a rich harmony. The amusing subject of the young bride's perplexities is clearly made out.

Perhaps it may here come in place to note, and congratulate the French public thereupon, that a singular amelioration has been obvious in this exhibition of the year 1879, in the banishment from its collection of those studio enormities wherein positive obscenity was the character, and a corrupting influence the result. It requires but the word of the Minister for Fine Arts to give a crushing obstruction to this abomination. In that quarter will all responsibility lie for the hereafter.

Fruit and flowers hold but insignificant positions of repute here compared with their predecessors on frequent occasions of the past. We must, however, notice M. Claude's conglomerate, "voluminous and vast," of strawberries and various et ceteras, in which it must be said that force, and not grace, predominates. On the other hand, a dish of lobsters by Attendu is a very marvel of Art. They are fresh from the cruel boiling bath, and in silent eloquence ejaculate, "Touch me not." M. Desgoffe's articles of *vertu* are simply beautiful.

Landscape and sea views may be said to have done credit to this exposition. Of the former a great portion have been rendered conspicuous by their woodland aspect, affording evidence that nature has been zealously studied in her bosky dells and amid the contrasted varieties of her arborescent forms and foliage. Of mountain prospects there have been but few specimens; amongst them, however, may be named Vayson's 'Sheep-walk' amid rocky acclivities of Provence; and F. Bonheur's cattle range on the wild mountains of the Col di Cabre, in which much beauty of heather tint is worked up into an over-enamelled hardness. An American artist, Dubois, deserves much credit for a masterly study of a noble oak in its October livery. Here is a spirit sympathetic with Hobbima.

We may not close our brief sketch of this unprecedentedly voluminous gathering of works of Art without a word to the individual who may be considered its most remarkable contributor, Gustave Paul Doré. From him we have one of his prodigious canvases, representing the tragic death of Orpheus from the hands and amid the circling Thessalian women, by whom he has been victimised. This is but another example, from a genuine master hand, of an ineffective creation.

There are some interesting drawings on the gallery wall on this occasion, and a cluster of spirited engravings and etchings. The garden is, as usual, charmingly laid out, and presents a copious display of statuary in its various forms, to which our space will not permit our present attention.

2 R

AMERICAN PAINTERS.—WINSLOW HOMER AND F. A. BRIDGMAN.

WINSLOW HOMER.



WINSLOW HOMER, born in Boston, February 24, 1836, where he lived until he was six years old, when his parents moved to Cambridge near by, has a great liking for country life—a liking which he thinks had its origin in the meadows, ponds, fishing, and beautiful surroundings of that suburban place. To this day there is no recreation that Mr. Homer prefers to an excursion into the country.

It was in 1859 that he came to New York. For two years he occupied a studio in Nassau Street, and lived in Sixteenth Street. Gradually he got acquainted with the artists, and in 1861 he moved to the University Building in Washington Square, where several of them had rooms. He attended the night school of the Academy of Design, then in Thirteenth Street, under Professor Cummings's tuition, and in 1861 determined to paint.

For a month, in the old Dodworth Building near Grace Church, he took lessons in painting of Rondel, an artist from Boston, who once a week, on Saturdays, taught him how to handle his pencil, set his palette, &c. The next summer he bought a tin box containing brushes, colours, oils, and various equipments, and started out into the country to paint from nature. Funds being scarce, he got an appointment from the Harpers as artist-correspondent at the seat of war, and went to Washington, where he drew sketches of Lincoln's inauguration, and afterwards to the front with the first batch of soldier-volunteers. Twice again he made a trip to the Army of the Potomac, these times independently of the publishers. His first oil paintings were pictures of war scenes; for example, 'Home, Sweet Home,' which represents homesick soldiers listening to the playing of a regimental band; 'The Last Goose at Yorktown,' now owned by Mr. Dean, of Waverley Place, New York; and 'Zouaves pitching Quoits.' In 1865 he painted his 'Prisoners to the Front,' recently in Mr. John Taylor Johnston's collection, a work which soon gave him



Water-melon Eaters.—From the Picture by W. Homer.

reputation as an original and indisputable artist. His 'Snap the Whip' and 'Village School' are owned by Mr. John H. Sherwood. One of his latest works is the 'Cotton Pickers,' two stalwart negro women in a cotton-field, which now has a home in London. His 'A Fair Wind' and 'Over the Hills' are in Mr. Charles Smith's gallery.

'Eating Water-melons' was in the National Academy Exhibition of 1878. Mr. Homer is not wholly a master of *technique*, but he understands the nature and the aims of Art; he can see and lay hold of the essentials of character, and he paints his own

thoughts—not other people's. It is not strange, therefore, that, almost from the outset of his career as a painter, his works have compelled the attention of the public, and have invested themselves with earnest admiration. The praise they have earned is honest praise. They reveal on the part of the artist an ability to grasp dominant characteristics and to reproduce specific expressions of scenes and sitters; and for this reason it is that no two of Mr. Homer's pictures look alike. Every canvas with his name attached bears the reflex of a distinct artistic impression. His style is large and free, realistic and straightforward, broad and

bold; and many of his finished works have somewhat of the charm of open-air sketches—were, indeed, painted outdoors in the sunlight, in the immediate presence of nature; while in the best of them may always be recognised a certain noble simplicity, quietude, and sobriety, that one feels grateful for in an age of gilded spread-eagleism, together with an abundance of free touches made in inspired unconsciousness of rules, and sometimes fine enough almost to atone for insufficiency of textures and feebleness of relation of colour to sentiment. His negro studies, brought from Virginia, are in several respects—in their total freedom from conventionalism and mannerism, in their strong look of life, and in their sensitive feeling for character—the most successful things of the kind that America has yet produced.

FREDERICK A. BRIDGMAN.

MR. FREDERICK A. BRIDGMAN studied Art in France during several years of late. He was born in Alabama, in 1847, and for

many years lived in Brooklyn, where, we believe, he still retains his citizenship, and where, about two years since, on the occasion of the successful Loan Exhibition under the direction of the Young People's Association of the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, twenty-four of his paintings were hung side by side in what was called the "Bridgman Gallery."

Having been for several years a pupil of the French painter, M. Gérôme, and his enthusiastic disciple, it is not strange that the influence of the latter should be visible in many of Mr. Bridgman's pictures. The work we have engraved does not, indeed, suggest Gérôme strikingly; but others, in subject, in composition, and in colouring, reveal very clearly the source of their inspiration. In the recent exhibition of the Society of American Artists, for example, Mr. Bridgman was represented by his 'Fête in the Palace of Rameses,' certain parts of which remind one of Gérôme's 'L'Almée' and 'Cléopâtre et César.'

The 'Pyrenees Peasants returning from the Harvest-field' was painted by Mr. Bridgman for the French Salon of 1872, and bought by Mr. A. A. Low, of Brooklyn, in whose gallery it now



Pyrenees Peasants returning from the Harvest-field.—From the Picture by F. A. Bridgman.

hangs. In the evening sunshine, and along a picturesquely winding and bordered road through a region of undulating country, a pair of oxen are drawing a waggon-load of garnered grain, upon which are seated two women, apparently much more weary than the faithful beasts in front of them, or the bright young fellow who leads the procession. By the side of the waggon another woman trudges on, her face wearing an impression of ill-humour and disrelish. She and her sisters, evidently, have been working harder than either the oxen or the driver. She is barefoot, too, while the man and the animals are shod. Beyond the shadows of the middle distance the hill slopes lie in brightest light, which glows also on the distant landscape and the horizon.

'The Burial of a Mummy' had the honour of bringing to the artist a third-class medal in the Salon of 1877, and of receiving from the French critics an award of praise altogether unusual for an American work. The novelty and richness of the incident, the freshness and boldness of the treatment, the opalescent lustre

of the sky, the relief and distinctive characterization of the principal figures, the decidedly scenic handling of the subject, the vigour of the invention, and the effectiveness of the composition are easy of discernment in this successful picture. It was hung in the American department of the late Paris International Exhibition, where it obtained highly favourable comment.

Mr. Bridgman's contribution to the Salon of 1878 was a representation of an Assyrian king killing lions in the amphitheatre. The monarch has just bent his bow, and is in the act of launching his shaft at a superb lion which has been released from one of the two clumsy wooden cages dimly visible in the background, and which, with extended tail and lip upcurled in a portentous snarl, is evidently meditating an attack. A dead lion lies on the ground. The artist's feeling is strong for the literary aspects of his subjects—for stories that tell themselves, and are interesting, if not startling, in the telling. His principal works thus far have been concerned with reproducing the customs and the types of the ancient Egyptians and the modern Turks.

OBITUARY.

JAMES CASSIE, R.S.A.

THE death of Mr. Cassie occurred in Edinburgh, where he had resided about ten years, on the 10th of May. He was elected a Member of the Royal Scotch Academy in February only, after being an Associate since 1869. Mr. Cassie's artistic powers were varied in their application: in his earlier years he devoted them to portraiture and animal painting; but latterly, and for several past years, landscapes, river scenery, and coast scenes chiefly had his attention. In the present year's exhibition of the Scottish Academy he showed several pictures, some of which were not overlooked in our short notice of the exhibition; and in the exhibition of our own Royal Academy is a picture by him, which we have referred to in its place. Mr. Cassie was an intimate friend of his fellow-countryman, the late John Phillip, R.S.A., of whom he painted a most excellent portrait. He is described by one of his countrymen as "a warm-hearted, cheery, honest man, and very much beloved."

THOMAS COUTURE.

Want of space alone has hitherto prevented a record in our columns of the decease of this distinguished French painter, whose death occurred on the 30th of March. He was born on December 5th, 1815, at Senlis, in the department of Oise, and studied first under Gros, and next under Paul Delaroche. In 1844 Couture received a third-class medal for his pictures, 'Jaconde' and 'L'Amour de l'Or,' paintings classed among those denominated "historical genre." For his most renowned work he received, in 1847, a first-class medal: this was an historical composition, called 'Les Romains de la Décadence,' founded upon the lines in Juvenal's fourth *Satire*—

"Nunc patitur longa pacis mala: sævior armis,
Luxuria incubuit, victumque ulciscitur orbem;"

and in the month of November in the following year he received the decoration of the Legion of Honour. Among Couture's earlier pictures are 'Jeune Vénétien après une Orgie,' 'Le Fauconnier,' 'Le Page au Faucon,' and later he painted 'Enrôlements Volontaires,' 'Baptême du Prince Impérial,' 'Le

Damoclès.' The only pictures by him seen in England are, so far as we have been able to ascertain, 'The Minstrel,' exhibited at the French Gallery, Pall Mall, in 1857; and in the same gallery, in the year next following, 'The Italian Shepherd' and 'The Disconsolate.' Some large works have been executed by him for the decorations of the chapel of the Virgin, in the Church of St. Eustache, Paris. M. Couture's studio has been attended by several artists who are making their names known in the Art circles of Paris.

JOHN NOBLE.

This veteran artist, one of the oldest members, and for many years treasurer, of the Society of British Artists, died on the 3rd of June, at the advanced age of eighty-two, but retaining his artistic powers in considerable vigour almost to the last. In fact, one of the best pictures, so far as our memory serves, is his 'Rembrandt painting his Father's Portrait,' exhibited in the Suffolk Street Gallery so recently as 1875. Mr. Noble was chiefly a painter of figure subjects of a *genre* character, but he occasionally produced landscapes, principally views of Italian scenery in and about the Roman States.

GOTTFRIED SEMPER.

On the 15th of May died, at Rome, Gottfried Semper, the famous German architect: he was born at Altona in 1803, and studied in Paris between the years 1826 and 1830. After a residence of four years in Greece and Italy, M. Semper was nominated Professor in the Dresden School of Art: in that city are his principal works—the theatre, the synagogue, a hospital for females, a "monumental fountain," and the Museum. On the political movement breaking out in 1848, he became implicated in it, and was forced to flee the country. After taking refuge for some time in Paris he came over to England, and found much employment at the Museum, South Kensington, where he did good service. In 1853 M. Semper was named Professor at the Polytechnic at Zurich, and afterwards he went to Vienna, where he helped in the construction of a magnificent museum.

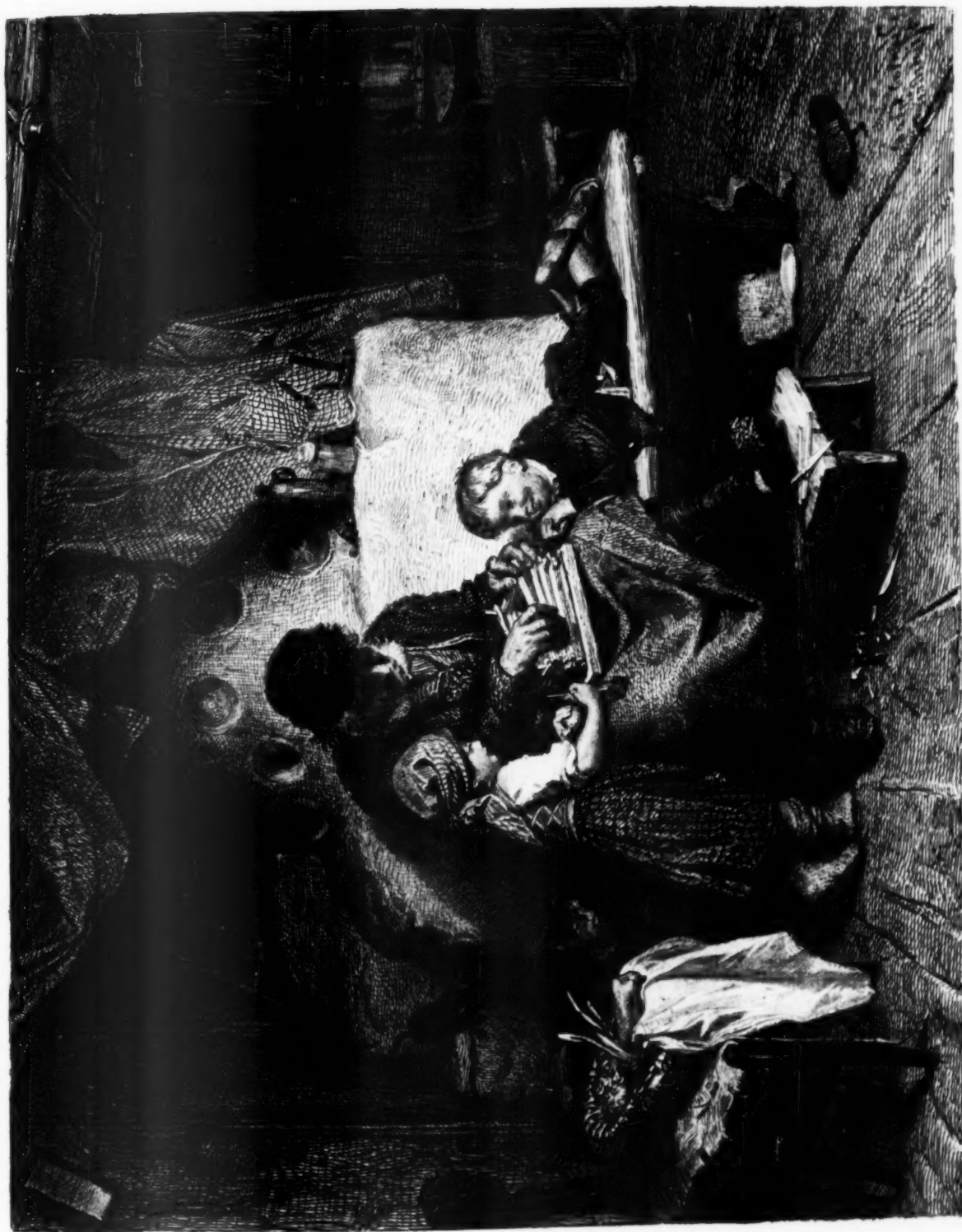
THE BIRD-TRAP.

Original Etching by KONRAD GROB.

THIS is the work of a German artist of whom little or nothing is known in England except that he belongs to the Munich school, which has of late years brought forward a rather numerous body of painters who, like many of the school of Düsseldorf, have obtained eminence by their successful practice of *genre* painting, which in both schools is of comparatively recent procedure. Writing some years since of the German works exhibited at the Paris International Exhibition in 1867, we remarked that "*genre* is in the ascendancy," and that in this department "there are at least a dozen men who have claim to distinction, while under the rank of history, and including battle-pieces, we have just managed to muster six names;" this refers to the Dresden school; while "the time-honoured school of Düsseldorf, identified with highest aspirations, the seat of the revival of Christian Art, presents herself by an array of creditable cabinet pictures, domestic and rustic in subject and character." And so of Munich, "Bavarian *genre* is without national traits; it might be produced and exhibited anywhere in Amsterdam, Düsseldorf, or Vienna." We see the same thing too in the

German pictures that find their way into this country, and are exhibited in the various foreign galleries here: they are of a kind, chiefly, which addresses itself to our popular taste; and hence they are fully appreciated.

Into this category certainly comes Herr Grob's composition, which represents a domestic interior, with an elderly man engaged in the manufacture of a bird-trap of, to us, a peculiar construction, as we know no such snare for the little feathered songsters. A young boy, who has thrown himself along the wooden bench; his sister, perhaps, who stands by watchfully; and a black cat, also near at hand, appear to be more or less interested in the progress of the work; while a kitten is descending the steps leading to the upper floor to join the family group. The arrangement of the three human figures is good, and the light is so disposed that they come well forward from the great oven, as we take it to be, which is essential to the comfort of the family *cuisine*. There are many other objects scattered about the rude but not miserable apartment, all of which are, no doubt, found useful in the domestic economy of the tenants.



K. GHOSE INVT. AND SCULPT.

THE BIRD TRAP.

W. G. & CO. LONDON.



ART AMONG THE BALLAD-MONGERS.*

By LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.



AMONG other matters of intense moment and interest to the historical student which are well illustrated by the woodcuts attached to our old ballads, garlands, and chap-books, are those which represent the various punishments that at one time or other, though now happily obsolete, were in vogue among us. The pillory, the stocks, and the hurdle, the brank, the thew, and the ducking-stool, are all, as well as burning, beheading, hanging, and whipping, in one way or other carefully illustrated by contemporary engravings; and they and the ballads they "adorn" thus become valuable aids to history and to archæology.

By their help we are better able to understand and see the uses of these curious modes of punishment, and the way in which they were inflicted, as we read of them in old writings, than can be done even by a careful examination of the few words that usually accompany the records of crime; and thus, by their means more than by any other, we are enabled to study more

closely, and to arrive at more correct estimates of, the state of society of the times to which they may be assigned.

Of the Pillory one ballad example will be sufficient, and I select (Fig. 57*) that which appears on a black-letter ballad of the year 1685, entitled "Dangerfield's Dance. Giving an Account of several Notorious Crimes by him Committed; viz. He pretended to be a Duke, and feigned Himself to be Monmouth, with several other Pranks; for which he was Sentenced to Stand in the Pillory, to be Whip'd," &c. It is one of the most bitter of the political ballads of the time, and full of valuable allusions. The career of "Captain" Dangerfield, as this victim of the pillory was generally called, from the time of his connection with the "Meal-Tub Plot," in 1679, to that of his ill-starred death (for which Robert Francis was hanged) a few years later, was one of restless political turmoil and plotting, and caused him to become a favourite subject for lampooning. His sentence at the last was, "that he should stand twice in the Pillory; that he should be whipt from Aldgate to Newgate



Figs. 43 and 44.—From Climsell's "The Joviall Broome Man."

on one day, and from Newgate to Tyburn on another; and should pay a fine of five hundred pounds;" and in this ballad it is said he was

and "Whipt and Scourg'd along the Streets,
Which seemd Soure Sauce after so many Sweets;"

"A Newgate-Bird thou may'st accounted be,
Highly deserving of a Pillory.

And so Duke Dangerfield I bid adieu.
A thousand Lashes I bequeath to you."

* Continued from page 72.

The pillory—

"The terror of the cheat and quean,
Whose heads it often held I ween"—

was one of our oldest punishments, dating at all events from Anglo-Saxon times, when it was called Healsfang, or a *catch-neck*, and continued in use until quite these later years. Originally instituted as a public means of degradation for dishonest bakers and others who cheated the poor man of his food, this "wooden cravat," as it has been facetiously called, was intended to bring shame on its victims by setting them up as fit objects for the finger of scorn to point at; but it afterwards degenerated

* Some of the cuts here referred to are unavoidably postponed to the next number.

into a political instrument, made powerful in the hands of factions and intolerant governments, and at last became a punishment for various misdemeanours, ranging from manslaughter down to "hedge-raking," and from vagrancy up to sedition, and was inflicted on both sexes alike. In the days to which

this ballad belongs free-speaking men, free-thinking politicians, free-writing authors, and free-acting publishers were doomed to bear its infliction. These, in many cases, found it to be but the stepping-stone from perhaps obscurity to heroism, and through it were looked upon as saints and martyrs by their political



Fig. 45.—A Knightly Audience.

adherents. To some poor starving authors and obscure publishers whose forte lay in the concocting and issuing of slanders, or of free-thought pamphlets and lampoons, the pillory was a real blessing; they were condemned to it poor and unknown, they stood in it an hour or two, and at the end of the appointed time stepped out of it national martyrs, whom hundreds de-

lighted to succour, honour, and almost worship. But not so with all. Some with sensitive minds died from very shame and mortification at having had this punishment inflicted on them; others died, or were lamed for life, through the brutal ill-usage they received from the mob, and thus the pillory, as well as the gallows or the axe, had its victims.



Fig. 46.—King Edward VI.

Whipping "at the cart's tail," a very common mode of punishment, is well illustrated in Fig. 58, from the same ballad, and may be taken as a fair representation of the whippings that, until our own times, took place on market days in many a provincial town. The whipping-post was also as much used, and is frequently alluded to in ballads. Often, in towns and



Fig. 47.—From Martin Parker's "New Medley."

villages, the stocks, the whipping-post, and the pillory formed one "piece of machinery," tier above tier, and must have had a very strange appearance when all in use, as possibly they occasionally might be, at the same time.

Of the Hurdle, the wretched affair on which culprits were dragged to the place of execution or other punishment, a re-

markably good and effective illustration occurs on Fig. 64, which is copied from a rare black-letter broadsheet ballad of 1678, entitled "The Plotter's Ballad: being Jack Ketch's Incomparable Receipt for the Cure of Trayterous Recusants: Or

Wholesome Physick for a Popish Contagion." It will be sufficiently understood by quoting from the head of the ballad itself. "The Explanation of the Cutt—Coleman drawn on a Sledge to the place of Execution, with the Pope's Pardon in his hand, speak-



Fig. 48.—From Martin Parker's "Fayre Warning."

ing these words out of his mouth, *I am Sick of a Trayterous Disease.* And Jack Ketch, with Hatchet in one Hand, and a Rope in the other hand, saying, *Here's your Cure, Sir."*

"It's in vain to spend many words,
We must rouz't by a Sledge and a Rope,"

or a "hempen cravat," as in another line it is called.

Of the Stocks some excellent illustrations occur in ballad cuts. Among others is the characteristic engraving copied on Fig. 59 from a black-letter broadsheet: it represents a wandering ballad singer fastened in the stocks by one leg, but who still continues her vocation of fiddling and singing while held in "durance vile," and receives refreshment from a boy.



Fig. 49.—From "Friendly Counsaile."

Illustrations of Hanging are far from uncommon among ballad cuts, and both of the main constructions of the old-fashioned gallows are shown. On a black-letter copy of the grand old ballad of the "Children in the Wood," entitled "The Norfolk



Fig. 50.—From "Death's loud Allarum."

Gentleman, his last Will and Testament: and how Hee committed the keeping of his children to his owne brother, who dealt most wickedly with them: and how God plagued him for it," the background of the cut of the combat between the "two

ruffians" bears a good representation of the gallows. In this instance it is, as was very usual, formed of two upright posts, with a cross beam from one to the other, in manner of a door-frame; and the same construction, with the addition of supports and tie-beams, occurs on a curious cut on the "New Medley" ballad of Martin Parker. Of the other form of construction—the single upright post with one arm, something like a reversed

letter L (Γ)—many examples occur on ballad cuts. Fig. 60, from "The Wofull Lamentation of William Purcas, who for murtherin his Mother at Thaxted in Essex, was executed at Chelmsford" in the time of Charles I., is a very good example; and others equally good occur on Martin Parker's "Well met, Neighbour," where the refrain of each verse is "Oh, such a rogue would be hangd," and on the ballad of "A cruell Murther

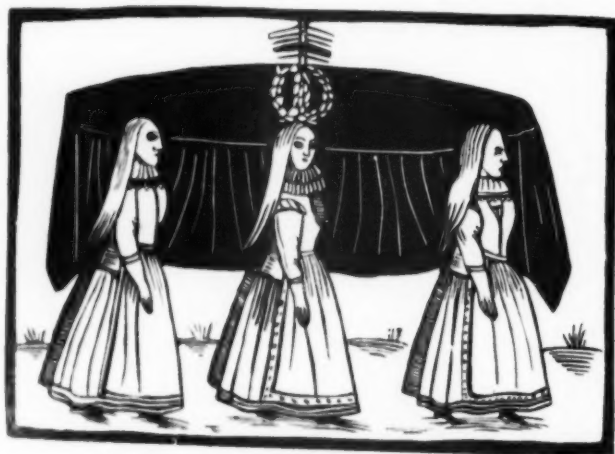


Fig. 51.—Nicholas Blount.

committed lately upon the body of Abraham Gearsy" in 1635, by Robert and Richard Reeve, which

"Robert was prest to death, because that hee
Would not be tride by God and the country.
Richard was hang'd by his own father's dore,
Which did torment and grieve his friends full sore."

The same woodcut (Fig. 60) that appears on the Purcas ballad is also on an earlier black-letter broadsheet ballad, "The godly end and wofull lamentation of one John Stevens, a youth that was hangd, drawn, and quartered, for High-treason at Salisbury in Wiltshire, upon Thursday, being the seventh day of March last, 1632, with the setting up of his quarters on the City Gates"



Figs. 52 and 53.—Funeral Garlands.

of Salisbury; and the whole process is described, from the drawing on the hurdle to the hanging, the quartering, the burning, and the setting up of the quarters on the city gates for "ravenous fowls" to feed upon. The "city gate" of Salisbury, with the quartered victim—a city apprentice boy—and the four ravens, is copied on Fig. 61.

Another, and perhaps more characteristic, cut of a gallows of this form occurs on the ballad recounting a murder and its results at Ware, in the reign of Charles I.; and yet another, equally as useful as an example, on that of "A True Relation of one Susan Higges," a "female highwayman," of Risborough, in Buckinghamshire.

THE MANUFACTURE OF BRONZES AND PORCELAIN IN JAPAN.

AMONG the bronze and porcelain manufactures of Japan, probably those of the famous old city of Kiôtô are held in the highest estimation in foreign countries, and a brief description, therefore, of the *modus operandi* adopted in their manufacture can hardly fail to interest admirers of the beautiful articles in question, which were so well represented at the Paris Exhibition of last year.

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Walking up to the far end of the room, which, in the Dudley, has always been thought the place of most honour, we find the

centre of the wall occupied by a remarkably fine drawing of the 'Holy Mother' (224), by Frederick Goodall, R.A., and facing it on the door screen, at this end of the gallery, is another drawing of like quality by the same eminent hand, representing 'Sarah and Isaac' (564). Magnificent, however, as both these undoubtedly are, we prefer to either Mr. Goodall's life-sized study of an 'Infant three weeks old' (250), and with it we would class his 'Study for the Infant Moses' (198). The modelling of the child's head and of the Moses is as dexterous and loving as any bit of manipulation in the whole gallery. Round the first-named

ruffians" bears a good representation of the gallows. In this instance it is, as was very usual, formed of two upright posts, with a cross beam from one to the other, in manner of a door-frame; and the same construction, with the addition of supports and tie-beams, occurs on a curious cut on the "New Medley" ballad of Martin Parker. Of the other form of construction—the single upright post with one arm, something like a reversed

letter L (Γ)—many examples occur on ballad cuts. Fig. 60, from "The Wofull Lamentation of William Purcas, who for murtherin his Mother at Thaxted in Essex, was executed at Chelmsford" in the time of Charles I., is a very good example; and others equally good occur on Martin Parker's "Well met, Neighbour," where the refrain of each verse is "Oh, such a rogue would be hangd," and on the ballad of "A cruell Murther

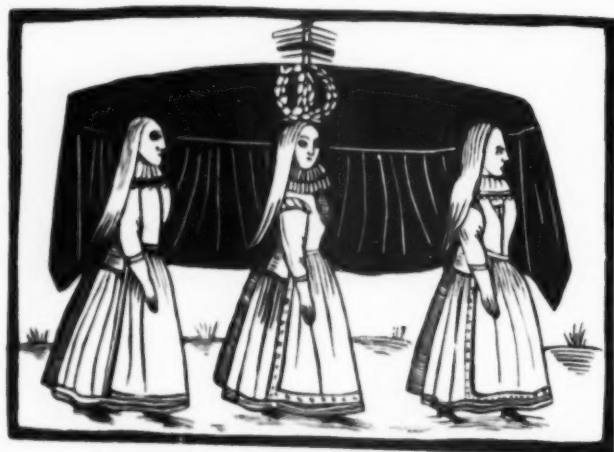


Fig. 51.—Nicholas Blount.

committed lately upon the body of Abraham Gearsy" in 1635, by Robert and Richard Reeve, which

"Robert was prest to death, because that hee
Would not be tride by God and the country.
Richard was hang'd by his own father's dore,
Which did torment and grieve his friends full sore."

The same woodcut (Fig. 60) that appears on the Purcas ballad is also on an earlier black-letter broadsheet ballad, "The godly end and wofull lamentation of one John Stevens, a youth that was hangd, drawn, and quartered, for High-treason at Salisbury in Wiltshire, upon Thursday, being the seventh day of March last, 1632, with the setting up of his quarters on the City Gates"



Figs. 52 and 53.—Funeral Garlands.

of Salisbury; and the whole process is described, from the drawing on the hurdle to the hanging, the quartering, the burning, and the setting up of the quarters on the city gates for "ravenous fowls" to feed upon. The "city gate" of Salisbury, with the quartered victim—a city apprentice boy—and the four ravens, is copied on Fig. 61.

Another, and perhaps more characteristic, cut of a gallows of this form occurs on the ballad recounting a murder and its results at Ware, in the reign of Charles I.; and yet another, equally as useful as an example, on that of "A True Relation of one Susan Higges," a "female highwayman," of Risborough, in Buckinghamshire.

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work are grouped several small studies of rare quality by E. J. Poynter, R.A., and Edward Burne Jones. The nude studies for the figure of Nausicaa, in the picture of 'Nausicaa and her Companions' (215), show how earnestly Mr. Poynter prepared himself for his great Academy canvas. The modelling of these figures is excellent; but their drawing, though better than that we see in the large Academy work, where the Nausicaa is draped, is by no means so near perfection as it might have been. With Mr. Poynter's other studies, both of drapery and of the nude, we are much better pleased. We find a man of like earnestness and gifts in Edward Burne Jones, who has several "Studies" in the same neighbourhood; and we would take this opportunity of calling upon our young students to note what an amount of preparatory labour such masters as Mr. Poynter and Mr. Burne Jones think necessary, when a composition of importance has to be undertaken. Before leaving this subject of the figure we would claim some share of the visitor's attention to C. W. Morgan's bold charcoal study of 'Andromeda' (505). We are not quite sure of the drawing, especially as regards the height of the figure, but the modelling is quite masterly.

In the place of honour on the left wall hangs the finest charcoal drawing in the whole exhibition. It is by Léon Lhermitte, and represents some men and women standing by a stall in 'The Fish Market of St. Malo' (96). There is great force in the figures, without sacrificing nature for a moment, and the chiaroscuro is most skilfully managed. Another impressive picture is 'Henry Irving as Hamlet' (100), with his elbow leaning on the chair, as he appears when giving utterance to the famous soliloquy. The artist is F. Wilfrid Lawson. The portrait of another famous actor, that of the late 'Samuel Phelps as Cardinal Wolsey' (62), will be found nearer the door. It is an admirable etching by C. P. Slocombe, after J. Forbes Robertson's picture, now in the Garrick Club. Near it hangs a very spirited drawing of 'Follow the Drum' (74), the property of the *Illustrated London News*, by G. A. Storey, A.R.A.; and somewhat nearer the entrance a very impressive design for the same journal, by Samuel Read, representing a mill on a lonely marsh under a wild sunset effect. Among other drawings worthy

of notice are 'Leaves from my Sketch Book' (40), by H. Pilleau; 'Lady on Horseback' (49), by Frederick Tayler; 'The Austrian Tyrol' (4), by H. Darvall; 'Happy Family' (426), an original drawing for the *Graphic*, by S. E. Waller; 'Lucky Dog' (8), another of the *Illustrated News* drawings, by Percy Macquoid, and 'Christmas Eve' (454), by J. A. Fitzgerald.

Among the more noticeable etchings are 'London, from the top of the Greenwich Observatory' (58), by Edwin Edwards; 'Phyllis on the New-made Hay' (101), by R. Macbeth; 'Putney Old Bridge' (326), by J. A. McNeill Whistler; 'Windsor' (81), by F. Seymour Haden; 'Un Pêcheur de Douarnenez' (123), by L. Le Couteux; 'Croquet' (155), by James Tissot; and 'Four Etchings of Cyprus' (144), by Tristram Ellis. We have also noted in our catalogue for approbation 'Perdita' (241)—a clever, careful pencil drawing by Mary Stewart Wortley; 'A Cynic' (270), by J. W. Waterhouse; 'A French Peasant' (282), by J. Cazin, both in sepia; delicate 'Study of Foliage' (397), in pen and ink, by J. B. Lefanu; 'Evening, Wimbledon' (349), by T. R. Macquoid; 'Route de Versailles à St. Cyr' (351), and 'Le Matin' (353), both by Achille Dien, and remarkable for their large manner and broad treatment. On the right-hand wall also hangs in the place of honour, facing Lhermitte's 'Fish Market,' a magnificent drawing of 'Ailsa Craig' (354), by Francis Powell. On one side of it hangs the 'Vicar's Daughter' (363), by G. D. Leslie, R.A., and 'Jack Frost' (361), by J. A. Fitzgerald, and on the other Rajon's fine etching of 'Alfred Tennyson' (337), and Van Marcke's 'Cows caressing' (335); and immediately above 'Ailsa Craig' Frank Dillon's large charcoal study of 'Lotus Pools, Japan' (355). On the opposite side hangs the 'Finishing Touch' (113), by H. S. Marks, R.A. Elect, full of his accustomed humour, but scarcely so easy and free in drawing as we could wish. It is rarely we have to complain of any lack of suavity on the part of Mr. Marks. We are much pleased with Richard Josey's engraving of Sir Frederick Leighton's 'Helen of Troy' (427); but we cannot help thinking that A. Lalauze shows a slight tendency to spottiness in his otherwise delightful etching of Hans Makart's noble decorative picture of the 'Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp.'

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SINCE the removal of this institution from the apartments in Great George Street—where it had its birth and was long located—to the South Kensington Museum, it has gradually assumed an importance and invited attentions to which it had not previously made any especial claim. And yet at Kensington it was found difficult to find suitable galleries for the numerous pictures which by degrees had been added from different sources to the collection; and when, last year, a vote in Parliament had been obtained, with the promise of governmental aid, for the removal of the portraits which had been for years hung almost out of sight in the British Museum, and those presented—a valuable collection of legal dignitaries—by the Honourable Society of Serjeants' Inn, it was considered expedient to rearrange the former galleries, and to provide additional apartments to accommodate the accession of pictorial wealth the National Portrait Gallery has received. This has now been done, and on Whit-Monday the public were admitted to see what Mr. Scharf, the intelligent and indefatigable "Keeper," had to show in the way of pictures and the disposition of them. He is still obliged to use the projecting screens, but a great improvement has been made by causing them to rest against the window side, and carrying them up to the ceiling; but those works hanging on the walls opposite the windows are yet seen to a great disadvantage. The arrangement of the six hundred por-

traits contained in the whole gallery is understood to be only provisional. The pictures, except in the large room, appear to stand in need of breathing space, consequently they are not seen to the best advantage; to effect this they require rooms such as those in the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square. Much certainly has been effected, but much more remains to be done. No catalogue of the portraits is yet ready, but Mr. Scharf is busy on the preparation of one; the want, however, is in some measure supplied by the inscriptions on the frames, or on written labels.

While writing about a matter associated with the South Kensington Museum, notice may be taken of the too general absence of "finger-posts," if such a term may be applied, giving directions as to the way of reaching the several departments, and of ingress and egress everywhere. The Museum has now become a perfect maze or labyrinth, and it is not an easy matter for visitors to move about without being compelled to ask their way of the police in attendance; and though these officers are, when found, most courteous and attentive, they are not always just in the very place where the visitor stands in need of their services, and so much time is lost, and patience is exhausted, for lack of a sufficient number of printed directions being posted up as would render verbal inquiry almost unnecessary. Complaints on this subject are very general.

ART NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

PARIS.—The French painters in water colours exist now, and at length, as a specially organized society. They have been for some time intent on such an association, partly from want of accommodation under the dispensations of the Minister of Fine Arts, and probably in no slight degree from the energetic emulation excited in them by the bright, particular cabinet in which the British water colourists made themselves so conspicuous in the Great Exhibition of the year gone by, when, amongst an *élite* of masterpieces therein displayed, the fascinating drawings of Walker, Lewis, and Wolf invited a lingering admiration.

Here, however, in their Rue Lafitte saloon, they muster seventeen in number and an array of one hundred and twenty-three works, led, strange, or perhaps more correctly, not strange, to say, by that universal genius, Gustave Doré, whose vast canvas of 'The Death of Orpheus' occupies almost an entire wall in one of the largest halls of the great Palais de l'Industrie Exhibition. He contributes several small works to the throng of pretty, golden-framed diminutives around him, but in one great instance towering above them all. This is indeed a noble work, of life size (!)—a dark and most powerfully wrought picture. The artist was in his happiest mood of invention when he made water colours complete such a triumph. It is entitled 'The Widow,' and may be taken for one who has seen her "golden wedding" fête, and then abruptly lost her old and cherished associate. She is seated, erect but not rigid, in a quaint, old-fashioned chair, her hands crossed upon her lap. Her sombre garment hangs lithely on her slender figure, and she looks forth in exquisitely eloquent simplicity of sadness—"a silent sorrow"—not to

be surpassed. We cannot doubt that this was a subject from the life, and from one whose singularly dark complexion was of the South. The power in which it has been painted in water colours, is marvellously strong, so much so, that it might compete with the oils of the Palais de l'Industrie. In a word, it is a masterpiece of, when the inspiration is upon him, an unequivocally first-class artist.

In this first review of the society's capabilities there is considerable sketchiness of character, a good deal of contrasted fancy, prevalent artistic handling, and indications of study from nature. M. J. Jacquemont is thoroughly vigorous and accomplished in combined architecture and landscape. M. Jourdain, in a river-side and boat scene, is delicate yet firm in his palpable fidelity to his theme. M. E. Delaillie is strong in military subjects. His vision of a cloud of Prussian conquerors floating freely away in the air, laden each one with convenient plunder, is truly droll, and of facile success in the difficult test of drawing to which these high-fliers subjected his pencil. M. L. E. Lambert is quite a master hand in cats and kittens, and such small game. He has no difficulty in giving action and expression of ludicrous fun to his dearly beloved domestics. His water-colour effects have much sweetness. Lami is very nice in figure drawing—man and horse—and promises a genuine good future. The names of Vibert, Leloir, are entitled to be named amongst the most promising supporters of this new-born association, which has also a very influential auxiliary in la Baronne Nathaniel de Rothschild, who contributes a brilliant scene from Pompeii to this initiatory exhibition.

PICTURES AT THE NEW CONTINENTAL GALLERIES.

MR. CHARLES SEDELMAYER, of Paris, is now the occupant of the well-known galleries, No. 168, New Bond Street, and has commenced his tenancy with an admirable collection of high-class pictures, mainly of the Austrian school, and by artists whose productions are rarely seen in this country. Among the sixty-six works forming the exhibition the four small cabinet pictures by Auguste Pettenkogen, of Vienna, are not the least remarkable. The 'Carriage with Hungarian Recruits' (34), tearing along the road amidst volumes of dust, is one of the most spirited compositions of modern times. The very air seems to ring again with the boisterous chorus of the joyously reckless recruits, and their wild mirth communicates itself to the driver, who speeds on with the velocity of Jehu. The figures are similar in size to those of Meissonier, and the treatment is in every respect equal to that great master in breadth as in detail. The picture is valued at three thousand guineas, and made, as it deserved to make, the reputation of the artist. He by no means, however, confines himself to figures in violent action. 'A Village in Hungary' (35), and 'The Gardener of the Monastery' (37), show that he can be equally at home in quiet landscape and in subjects which speak of peace. Another artist, more remarkable still, inasmuch as he is a youth of only eighteen and entirely self-taught, is Camille Muller, of Treport. Although born in France, his parents are Austrian: the 'Copper Pan and Fish' (58), which he painted when only fifteen years old, is a piece of realism perfectly astounding in its easy freedom and power. Flowers, fruit, game, landscapes, and even portraiture come to his hand with equal facility and success. Francis Rumpler, born in Tachau, in Bohemia, is also notable

for artistic power, and for the exceptional circumstances under which it manifested itself. He was bred a carpenter; but the artistic instinct was not to be restrained, much less suppressed, and we see in such pictures as 'The Five Sisters' (42), 'The Little Invalid' (46), and in 'The Portrait of his Mother' (45), what a loss he would have been to the Art world had he been compelled to stick to his plane and eschew the palette. Besides these, English Art lovers will be delighted to make the acquaintance of such men as Eugen Jettel, Vacslar Broxik, Otto von Thoren, and others, all Austrian artists.

The painter, however, who gives peculiar significance and value to this exhibition is the famous Hungarian, Michael Munkacsy, the author of 'Blind Milton dictating "Paradise Lost" to his Daughters' (27), which obtained the Great Medal of Honour at the Paris International Exhibition of last year. As we gave a full description of this in our review of that great Art gathering, we need not dwell on it here further than to say that the picture appears in our eyes now as perfect in power and unity as it did then. The general tendency to blackness which characterizes all this artist's work rather lends itself to such a picture as Milton; and, as the chiaroscuro is most admirably expressed, we never feel it as a fault. The portrait of Milton may not be satisfactory to some; but the *idea* of Blind Milton dictating his poem to his daughters must be felt by all beholders to have been most triumphantly realised. Besides this, the eminent painter has six other pictures, one of them, 'The Visit to the Baby' (33), being the last work he has executed; so that all those caring to satisfy themselves as to what manner of artist Munkacsy is will have opportunity of studying him in his works.

A BLIND SCULPTOR.

FRANCE has produced many able modellers of animals of all classes; the late Antoine Louis Barye, Auguste Cain, and Pierre Jules Mène have European reputations. Amongst the pupils of the famous Barye was one named Louis Navatel, known as Vidal in the world of Art. He was born at Nîmes in 1831, was on terms of intimacy with his master, and also with Pradier, and he was a most industrious and intelligent pupil and artist. At the age of twenty-one he suddenly became blind; the optic nerve was paralyzed, and, after much suffering, he was compelled to submit to the extraction of the iris. He was plunged into utter darkness. No words can picture the consternation which seized upon the unfortunate artist and his friends; but he found courage, and after a few weeks of painful labour he again went to work and succeeded. Vidal's sculptures are well known in the Art world of Paris; since 1855 he has exhibited his works almost without intermission at the *Salon*, and in 1861 and 1863 he received medals for them. Lions, panthers, tigers, wounded stags, goats, cows, horses, bulls, dogs, and cats are his favourite subjects. The Government has purchased several of his modellings sculptured in marble and bronze.

M. Vidal is not the first blind sculptor; there is record of one in ancient times, but he did not originate, but only copied the works of others; and a blind sculptor was presented to Anne of Brittany, when a piece of money being placed in his hand, he felt it and named the effigy which it bore, and the Princess rewarded him with a pension.

A correspondent of the *Moniteur des Arts* of Paris, who has taken great interest in those afflicted with blindness, records very touchingly in its columns a visit which he made to M. Vidal, and an abstract of the article in question will certainly interest the readers of the *Art Journal*.

Total as is the darkness in which M. Vidal is plunged, he is extremely fond of exercise, and walks rapidly, but he prefers the night-time, when the streets are quiet, and then he seems to feel intuitively his approach to any obstacle. The night is also his favourite time for working, probably on account of the absence of disturbing elements. On the occasion of the visit referred to above, M. Vidal had a fine greyhound which a friend had presented him with, and he studied the form of the animal while caressing it, and, being thoroughly acquainted with anatomy, he was able to produce the figure of the creature faithfully in the clay. The visitor could scarcely believe his senses as he saw the outlines of the dog developed in the clay, and then with dexterous and rapid fingers the skeleton and muscles; and finally, the whole physiognomy of the animal was admirably developed.

M. Vidal's work is not, however, always copied from nature; he frequently calls upon his imagination, aided, of course, by his sound anatomical training, and at the *Salon* of 1875 he exhibited a model of a lion the size of life. He visits the exhibition, judging critically of the sculpture, and his judgment is said to be excellent; he will say of one example, "There is thought in that;" and of another, in the slang of the Paris studio, "This is mere *chic*." Although generally applying himself to the modelling of animals, he is not confined to that; he has produced a capital medallion likeness of himself, and would probably furnish a good representation of any object which he could finger freely.

Vidal's chief amusement is the theatre, which he delights in, and declares that he can almost always distinguish the exact position of each performer on the stage, and judge of his merits or demerits; so curiously, so wonderfully does nature cause the remaining senses to compensate largely for the loss of one.

PAINTING ON CHINA BY LADY AMATEURS AND ARTISTS.

WHEN Messrs. Howell and James, of Regent Street, four years ago commenced their annual exhibitions of Art pottery, the works were mainly the products of students trained under Mr. Sparkes, of the Lambeth School of Art, and consisted of Doulton ware and Lambeth faience. What gave interest to that first pottery exhibition was the fact we have just stated, viz. that the artists were all British. The educated classes at large seemed to jump at the idea; their Art instincts were aroused, and when they really discovered that these could find adequate expression in more tangible and concrete form than on paper and canvas, that prizes were offered to encourage their efforts, and a ready market for whatever they might do almost assured to them, the enthusiasm for ceramic Art, whether in modelling or painting, reached such a pitch that Messrs. Howell and James had to build new galleries, and the works now on show equal in number those of the kindred arts exhibited at the Royal Academy. Mr. E. W. Cooke and Mr. Frederick Goodall, the eminent Academicians, continue their valuable labours as judges, but the exigencies of space prevent our doing more than record the names of the leading prizewinners. The gold medal presented by the Crown Princess of Germany was deservedly carried off by the Viscountess Hood: the "Princess Alice" prize by Miss Edith S. Hall; and the silver badge, designed and presented by the Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, by Miss Ada Beard. "The Countess of Warwick's prize" has been carried off by Lady Rawlinson; "the Lady Olive Guinness's prize" by Miss Everett Green; the first prize for "Heads and Landscape" by Percy Anderson, and the

second by Lady Nicholson. In "Ornaments, Birds, and Flowers" Madame Moreau comes first, and Miss Hartzorne second. Besides these, there are seven other amateur awards, and a long list of amateurs "very highly commended," "highly commended," and "commended," to whom diplomas have been given. In professional awards we find that Miss Ada Hanbury has carried off, for the second time, the special prize of ten guineas; Miss Linnie Watt, whose name from the beginning has been honourably associated with the faience products of the Messrs. Doulton, the silver medal presented by the Crown Princess of Germany; and Miss Florence Lewis the "Princess Alice" prize, a silver and enamelled badge, designed by her late Royal Highness, and presented by the Grand Duke of Hesse. The first prize for "Heads and Landscapes" was awarded to Miss Charlotte H. Spiers, for her 'Diana Vernon' (287); and the second to her partner, Miss Helen Welby, for her 'Head with Apple Blossoms' (309). For "Ornaments, Birds, and Flowers" Miss Charlotte H. Spiers is again the first prizewinner, and Miss Kate Hammond is the second; but the professional list of "commended," in its three several degrees, is properly much more limited than in the case of the amateurs. It is impossible to enter into anything like detailed criticism, but we may venture to name as specially imaginative Miss Edith Robinson's quaint little 'Puck' (201), Percy Anderson's 'Classical Head' (1); Miss Everett Green's 'Birds of a Feather' (14); 'Group of Sunflowers, Pansies,' &c. (288), by G. Leonce; 'Scenes in the Hay-field' (266), by P. Mallet; and many others not mentioned in the prize list, are worthy of our admiration.

MINOR TOPICS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The recent elections have been satisfactory—entirely so to the profession, and not less so to the public. Mr. Alma-Tadema is in all ways a valuable accession to the first rank, while the elections of Messrs. Herkomer and Boughton greatly strengthen the body. Our only regret is that other artists, who have perhaps as strong claims to the distinction, must wait—it may be a long time—before they can be promoted to the honours to which they have certainly made good their right. Meanwhile the excellent and accomplished President is coming to the front as regards many matters of vital moment to the institution. The evening reception on Wednesday, July 2nd, was a thorough success.

NATIONAL GALLERY.—In two rooms of the basement of this edifice a considerable number of small drawings and sketches by Turner have been hung for public exhibition: some are in oils, some in water colours, and some monochromes in sepia or bistre, the finished works consisting chiefly of pictures executed for the engravers' use for those well-known publications the "Rivers of England," "Rivers of France," "Ports of England," Rogers's "Italy," &c. The collection, as a whole, is most interesting and valuable to the Art student, and cannot fail to prove attractive to every lover of the great landscape painter's works, besides testifying to Turner's unwearied industry and unceasing labours.

IRELAND AND THOMAS MOORE.—Ireland has been excited into a display of affection for the greatest and best of her worthies—Thomas Moore. The poet was born in Dublin on the 28th of May, 1779, and on the 28th of May, 1879, a "Centenary" commemorated the event. One of the most eloquent of Irishmen, Lord O'Hagan, delivered an oration, and an ode, written by one of the best of living bards, was recited by the Rev. Chancellor Tisdall, while a concert of the "Melodies" attracted a large crowd; and the day was a general holiday, not only in Dublin, but in other cities and towns of the island. Thus a hundred years after his first birthday his country did something like justice to his memory; "something like," for there was "conspicuous absence" of great men, of the aristocracy of rank and letters, and the natural consequence was to give undue prominence to representatives of the second or third class; yet, on the whole, the occasion may be described as a triumph. A most genial gentleman, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, took the lead; some energetic members of the committee ably seconded him in his efforts to make the occasion brilliant, and although the Party-demon, always prominent in "Irish affairs," did much in advance, it was kept somewhat in order by the resolute good sense of the chief magistrate. If the centenary was not all that might have been hoped for and expected, it was, at all events, a marked triumph over the apathy with which the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own, has been regarded in his own country. One of the main objects was to remove the odious statue of Moore that occupies a prominent position beside Trinity College, Dublin, and place a better work in its stead. Whether this will ever be done is doubtful. It stands close to Foley's two most noble works, Goldsmith and Burke. It turns out to have been zinc, so that little will be gained by selling the old metal; and it will probably continue to discredit the country that has produced so many great sculptors, for patriotism will not find it easy to raise some £1,200 or £2,000 to honour the memory of one whom safe authorities pronounce to have been one of the very best of good men—good in all the relations of life, as husband, father, son, brother, neighbour, friend;* while as

a poet he ranks among the first half-a-dozen of the great men of the century.

STATUE OF WILLIAM TYNDALE.—A large and most influential committee has been formed to promote the erection, on the Thames Embankment, of a memorial statue of William Tyndale, the great reformer and martyr, and the earliest translator of the Bible. The total expense is estimated at from £3,000 to £4,000: subscriptions are invited from all persons, of whatever denomination they may chance to be, and may be paid at the Bible House, Queen Victoria Street.

THE GENERAL DE CESNOLA.—Few men have deserved better from his adopted country than the excellent and indefatigable "digger out" of the wealth of Cyprus. America owes to him a large debt, and it has been in part paid by a people ever ready to recognise desert. He has been unanimously elected Director of the Museum of New York. As Panizzi, the great organizer of the British Museum, was an Italian, so is he who will probably remodel that of the United States. The newspapers, with one accord, approve the choice of the Government—"the Trustees." It is fortunate for the New World to obtain the services of one who is so conversant with the Art treasures of the Old. It would have been impossible to have found another so eminently fitted for the due discharge of many onerous and important duties. If we are to congratulate the General on his appointment, we are surely bound to say it is no less fortunate for the country of his adoption. In all respects he is the right man in the right place.

THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY.—In the earlier progress of this society we took deep interest in, and did our utmost to promote, its success. For some time past we have obtained no evidence of its vitality. It is not, therefore, with satisfaction we copy the following passage from the *Athenæum*, which has also striven to uphold an important and valuable institution that one cannot conceive to be impaired by a position of weakness arising from old age:—"The annual report of the Arundel Society has been issued, and describes the position of the association as not materially changed since last year; £6,325 have been spent. There has been a continuous decline in the number of accessions to the society during the last four years."

DR. CHRISTOPHER DRESSER, whose name as a valued contributor to our Journal in years gone by must be familiar to many of our readers, has, conjointly with Mr. Charles Holme, of Bradford, opened a dépôt in the Farringdon Road for the exhibition and sale of decorative objects of all kinds imported from Japan, China, and India. Dr. Dresser has long been known as an authority in these matters; he has given much attention to them, especially to those of Japanese origin; and, somewhat recently, has travelled through the interior of the country, to make himself more perfectly acquainted with its Art manufactures, consisting mainly of porcelain, bronzes, lacquer-work, carpets, furniture, &c. We paid, by invitation, a visit to the warehouse prior to the opening, and found it well stocked with a large and most valuable collection of objects of the kind just mentioned, with many others that hitherto have not found their way commercially into England, and all most artistically displayed for the inspection of visitors in the different stories of the building, where, we should add, the business carried on will be strictly confined to the wholesale trade. We cordially wish Dr. Dresser and his coadjutor all success in their somewhat novel and enterprising speculation. They are eminently entitled to it, for the

* Among others who deposed to the high character of Thomas Moore was his friend, Mr. S. C. Hall, who knew him so long ago as 1821. Mr. Hall has published a pamphlet-book—at small cost, in order to obtain large circulation. "A Memory of Thomas Moore," by S. C. Hall, F.S.A., is issued at the price of one shilling. The view the writer has taken may be understood from the following introductory paragraph:—"In this pamphlet-book I have endeavoured to do justice to the

memory of Thomas Moore, whom I had the honour and happiness first to know in 1821—nearly sixty years ago. I have been personally acquainted with most of the great authors of the age: I regard Moore as the one of them all who reflects the highest credit on the profession of letters—as the one of them all who was most perfect in the several relations of life, as husband, father, son, brother, friend. I have endeavoured to show the grounds on which I base this high estimate of his character."

beneficial influence of their work will be felt by nearly all our manufacturers. There is no one of them, indeed, that may not be largely aided by this exhibition, and by the circulation of the suggestive models imported into Great Britain by so sound a critic and so experienced a judge as Dr. Dresser; moreover, he is aided by a gentleman whose reputation in that way is already established—Mr. Charles Holme. We shall return to this very fertile theme: the productions of Japan have, as our readers know, occupied much thought and corresponding space in this Journal. We make especial reference to the valuable papers by Sir Rutherford Alcock. We are in some danger of being swamped by imported Japanese works based upon or controlled by the dictation of English dealers, who are largely importing corrupted productions; and we trust that Dr. Dresser will protect us against so terrible an evil. But, as we intimate, we shall bring under the notice of our readers more minute details concerning this interesting dépôt—a very valuable addition to the Art instructors of the country.

CARPETS FROM OLD DESIGNS.—We have seen with great satisfaction a large number of carpets, the designs for which have been, for the most part, taken from examples produced in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the originals being often adapted from themes treated in pictures by the great old Art masters. They are of refined beauty in composition, exhibit great harmony of colours, and are singularly refreshing to the eye, seldom indulging in gaudy or startling tints, abjuring flowers indeed, and depending for effect on a judicious and artistic mixture of curved and straight lines. These carpets, in great variety, are shown by Messrs. Waugh and Son, of Goodge Street, a firm of upholsterers that has endured for upwards of a century,* always taking a lead in the introduction of good things in their art, combining the graceful and the useful, and not rendering it a necessity that the beautiful shall be costly. Messrs. Waugh and Son are general upholsterers, and at their establishment are shown admirable examples of excellence in the various branches of their trade; but of carpets they seem to have made a special study. Those to which we more immediately direct attention are certainly addressed to refined and educated tastes, and are not likely, as yet, to find appreciation with the million. Thus probably, in this particular department, Messrs. Waugh are in advance of their customers; but the manufacturer is, as he ought to be, a teacher—he leads where he may be followed. The selection of subjects such as these may be admitted as proof that sound judgment, matured taste, and Art love, as well as Art knowledge, influence more or less all the products of the establishment. If they produced—as surely they did—the best carpets a hundred years ago, they are not likely to fail in duty to their customers a hundred years after the commencement of their dealings; their reputation is not of yesterday; they are bound to hand it down to successors unimpaired.

D. ROBERTS'S "HOLY LAND" is about to be republished, and in monthly parts, by Messrs. Cassell & Co., who, it is understood, have purchased the copyright of the work, and are having the subjects redrawn from the original folio edition.

RESTORATION OF ANCIENT PICTURES.—There are many collectors, and a far larger number of persons whose Art stores are but few, who have pictures that, having suffered by time or accident, require judicious restoration. We say "judicious," because much too often they are subjected to utter ruin by being placed in the hands of "professional" bunglers. We may serve many by pointing out where restorations can without danger be effectually made. Signor del Soldato, of Parkside, Knightsbridge, has for some years been settled in England; his business has been chiefly that of an importer of gilt frames produced in

Florence. These are of a very high order, based, for the most part, on ancient models of pure design, richly gilt, and at cost little, if at all, greater than the common compo-work of the carver and gilder. His trade in that way is considerable, and for its introduction the British public are largely his debtor. It is, however, to a more important branch we desire to draw attention; his resources in Italy are extensive and of an exceedingly important character, experienced and skilful artists being at his command. He has thus been enabled to effect restorations on the soundest and safest basis, of Italian pictures more especially, and in some instances, where apparently obliterated, has brought back the work almost to its pristine condition; while in cases where injuries have been but partial, M. Soldato, by the help of careful hands and thoughtful minds, aided by knowledge, experience, and matured study, has restored the work to its original state. The gain is thus immense: there are few departments of the art in which such aids are more needed. We have reason to know that such delicate work may be intrusted to M. Soldato with entire confidence.

MRS. E. M. WARD.—It is gratifying to find among the recipients of the Crown pensions the name of this estimable lady. The pension is awarded to her on the ground of her husband's services to Art, but she has none the less earned it by her own. There are not many artists—far too few, indeed—who have obtained the distinction. The profession and the public will both indorse the act of the Prime Minister. In this case it cannot be indecorous to state that the award is highly satisfactory to her gracious Majesty the Queen.

'THE POOL OF BETHESDA,' BY EDWIN LONG, A.R.A.—This beautiful picture, so rich in colour and touching in sentiment, which Edwin Long, A.R.A., exhibited at the Royal Academy two seasons back, to the great enhancement of his reputation as an artist, and of which we spoke at the time in terms of no stinted praise, is now on view at Mr. Lucas's, Duke Street, Piccadilly. We may remind our readers that the general tone of the picture is rich and low, and that the pool itself is a stone-lined bath, or tank, in a dark, crypt-like building, to which the afflicted descended by a flight of steps. On the surface of the pool, immediately to the right, bubbles are already rising, as if in anticipation of the angel troubling the waters, and a young mother on her knees, clasping her sick child in her arms, turns her dark lustrous eyes heavenwards, as if praying that he would hasten his coming. The expression in this face of tenderness, devotion, love, is equal to the finest Madonna Murillo ever painted. It is worthy of notice that she wears such a robe as is still to be found in the neighbourhood of Bethlehem adorning young brides. The pool itself has long been dry, and out of the rubbish with which it is now filled flourishes a well-foliaged tree. On the left hand of the young mother lies helplessly on his back a black-haired, wan-faced man, still in his prime as to years, with one hand under his head and another lying listlessly on his flat, emaciated chest. His eyes also are turned imploringly heavenwards. On the young mother's right hand is seen a lame old man crawling eagerly towards the pool, while in the background two women may be descried carrying between them towards the healing water a lad of tender years. On the pillar at the foot of the steps are hung votive offerings of various kinds, such as representations of ears, hands, and especially eyes, which, as our readers are aware, are in the East peculiarly liable to disease. These, and the figures we have described, are all more or less reflected in the water, and the result is a composition wonderfully harmonious and impressive. As a religious work it does undoubted credit to British Art, and all Art lovers will rejoice at the opportunity of renewing their acquaintance with a picture which stands in the very forefront of Mr. Long's achievements. The Chevalier John Ballin, of Denmark, engraver to the Princess of Wales, has been very wisely retained for the reproduction of 'The Pool of Bethesda' in black and white, and we have no doubt this accomplished artist will produce a plate worthy his European fame.

* It is worthy of record in an Art Journal—as a very rare occurrence—that not long ago Messrs. Waugh and Son had a centenary celebration at their establishment in Goodge Street. The business has regularly descended from father to son, and in the same street, during the hundred years of its existence. Probably the interesting circumstance is not to be paralleled, for we are bound to assume that to have lasted so long under such circumstances, infers ability and integrity as well as the less obvious qualities that secure success.

ART PUBLICATIONS.

THE late Slade Professor of Art at the London University College, Mr. E. J. Poynter, R.A., is widely known, not only as an artist of no ordinary ability, but also as a learned instructor in those matters which are associated with the profession. We have now from his pen a small volume,* mainly the result of his addresses to the Art students of that college. The first of the ten lectures was written and delivered in London and elsewhere ten years ago, before Mr. Poynter was nominated to the post he occupied in Gower Street. Its subject is Decorative Art, one to which great and marked attention has of late years been paid in our national Art schools. But ten years have worked no insignificant changes in his views, leading him to the conviction that it is much easier to write about Art than to practise it. We cannot say a great deal experimentally concerning the latter, but we can say that it is not so easy a task as may be supposed to write about Art in such a way as to guide others to the conclusions at which we ourselves have arrived, or to induce them to adopt our views of what is right and good in Art. Most persons have already made up their minds on these points, and it is difficult to induce them to think otherwise than they do; and so Mr. Poynter lays down the pen of the writer, and takes up the pencil of the painter and the modelling clay of the sculptor, on the ground that "example is always better than precept, and that the more time he devotes in future to painting, and the less to public lecturing, the better it will be for his art and those who are interested in it." Another conviction has fastened itself on the author's mind, and it is that "the progress which has been made in Art during the last ten years has been so rapid, that much of what I said in my first lecture has become obsolete; the remarks I then made, on the English school of painting especially, though true enough then, are now, through the rise of a younger school of artists, and the influence they have had upon younger men, less applicable." Mr. Poynter has arrived at this conclusion from the general aspect of the Academy exhibition of the present year, which he considers shows "a more decided tendency towards a higher standard in Art, both as regards treatment of subject and execution."

The subjects of the remaining nine lectures in the volume are chiefly of an educational character, in which the writer propounds his own views of Art and artists, the latter almost strictly limited to the old masters. We had marked some passages for extract and comment, but can find no space for them in our page, and must leave our readers to consult the volume for themselves, with the assurance that, although they may differ from some of Mr. Poynter's views, as indeed we ourselves do, there is much, and in an attractive form, to be learned from it.

THIS excellent picture† was adequately noticed in these pages when it appeared on the walls of the Royal Academy. Such a subject must at all times be one of intense interest to all lovers of their kind—those who pity the criminal as well as blame him, and who in their heart of hearts agree with old John Baxter when he exclaimed, on seeing the sinner about to pay the forfeit demanded by his country, "There goes John Baxter but for the grace of God!" All workers who work according to their several "gifts" for the welfare of mankind are common benefactors—the Quaker, Elizabeth Fry, working in her way to benefit the poor prisoner, the painter by perpetuating the act by representation for after-time. The calm, set purpose in Elizabeth Fry's face is admirable, and the touching hand-clasp of sympathy and encouragement of the two women womanly and natural. The utter despair of the very juvenile criminal

is relieved by the jovial aspect of the "official" in undress who endeavours to comfort him, and suggests that even in the "hard" days when an Elizabeth Fry arose to save by kindness, genial hearts sometimes penetrated the stone walls and brought the prisoner the sunshine of a smile. The picture is most excellently engraved, and does full justice to the painter's style and treatment. Mrs. Ward has attained to high eminence in her profession. This work is certainly among the best of her productions, and the one that probably gave her most fame. It is dedicated to her gracious Majesty the Queen.

ABOUT a year ago there appeared in our Obituary columns a brief notice of the decease of Henry Merritt, known in the Art world as a skilful restorer of pictures, and by some as a not unskilful Art master. Among a certain class of literary men he had a good reputation for his writings, for which he would have been more widely known had they not been published anonymously. These writings have now been collected, and, with others which have not before been made public, and a sketch of the author's life, they have now made their appearance in two volumes.* Born in Oxford in 1822, Mr. Merritt was the fifth child, and was followed by four others, whose parents were in very humble, often in impoverished, circumstances. He raised himself by sheer industry, great tact, and a kind of untutored genius, to a good position in the world, and found firm and lasting friends in many persons associated with literature and Art. This portion of the volumes, which is termed "Recollections of Henry Merritt," is especially interesting, as showing the struggles he had to face in working his way upwards. Next comes a reprint of a little pamphlet published a few years since, entitled "Dirt and Pictures separated," and which was reviewed in our pages on its first appearance.

MESSRS. MANSELL & Co., from whose house in Oxford Street have issued many fine examples of photography, have recently produced a remarkable work in a new style, to which they give the name of "Platinotype." It is very effective, purely artistic, broad in character, somewhat appertaining to mezzotint. The portrait is that of a pretty girl. It supplies sufficient evidence that either as a picture or a likeness the style is such as to secure popularity, while probably even more desirable for book illustrations, or for printing accurate copies of drawings.

MESSRS. MARCUS WARD & Co. have published a large number of birthday cards. They are of great beauty, graceful and effective, while admirable specimens of good and true Art. They are varied as to subject, although most of them are floral. There are some of pure landscape; others are of figures, elaborate or simple in treatment; but all are excellent, and may be accepted as Art teachers. We can scarcely overpraise the productions of the firm in this especial style of chromo-lithography. They have triumphantly competed with continental producers of like issues, and made the press of Belfast renowned throughout the world.

THE painter, W. Oliver, and the engraver, L. Lowenstam, supply us with a very charming and attractive pair of boudoir prints, illustrating the old sayings, "How happy could I be with either," and "It is better to be off with the old love before you are on with the new."† The attitudes of the "interested parties" are natural, the ladies' faces *piquante*, and of that familiar and pleasant type especially English. The *amoroso* is sufficiently in earnest to be interesting, and yet certainly falls short, as he ought, of our ideal of a faithful lover. The engravings are most effective, and would make a charming gift for a morning-room or lady's sanctum, where all is supposed to be bright, in good taste, and pleasant in every way to sense and feeling.

* "Ten Lectures on Art." By Edward J. Poynter, R.A., Director for Art, Science and Art Department; late Slade Professor, University College. Published by Chapman and Hall.

† "Visit of Elizabeth Fry to Newgate." By Mrs. E. M. Ward. Engraved by T. L. Atkinson. Published by Edmund Hewson, Walbrook.

* "Henry Merritt, Art Criticism, and Romance." With Recollections, and Twenty-three Etchings, by Anna Lea Merritt. Two vols. Published by C. Kegan Paul & Co., Paternoster Square.

† Published by Lewis Brail and Son, Bloomsbury.

THE first part of a somewhat voluminous publication has been forwarded to us from Liverpool, which promises to reflect great credit on all who are concerned in its production.* This is a Dictionary of Architecture, including other cognate subjects useful to be known by all who make architecture their study. For example, in addition to the ordinary terms used in architecture, explanations are given of those referred to in sculpture and carved ornamentation; to painting in fresco, oil, *tempera*, &c.; to the decorative arts; Christian iconography and symbolism; costumes, both ancient and modern; in short, the plan of the work is exceedingly comprehensive, and it seems to be judiciously and carefully carried out in every way, the explanations given being proportioned in length to the importance of the term; and they are set forth in a clear and concise manner, with numerous illustrations, where necessary, from all styles of architecture, from the Egyptian to the Renaissance. We have long known Messrs. Audsley as diligent and able workers in the field of architecture and the decorative arts; but the task they have here undertaken exceeds in magnitude and importance almost everything to which they have heretofore given their attention. We wish them every success in their present labours, which can scarcely fail to be most serviceable to the large class having need of such a book of reference: it is printed in a bold and very clear type, and is in every way creditable to the press of Liverpool.

"SHAKESPEARE'S Debt to the Bible:"† such is the title of a work recently issued by an indefatigable labourer in fields where literature cannot fail to produce healthful fruit. A considerable number of passages are quoted in proof that the debt is a large one; but not the least valuable part of the excellent editor's task has been matter prefatory, where opinions are given as to the worth of Bible teaching by such men as Newton, Locke, Bacon, Milton, Scott, &c. The book is very beautifully got up, but that is its least merit; it is, of course, full of quotations, each of which inculcates some high moral axiom, teaches a holy lesson, and lays the foundation of virtue. It is impossible to over-estimate the debt which the great poet of all time owed to the Bible; it is brought palpably before us by the searchings of Mr. Bullock, who thus adds another to the many services he has rendered to all classes and orders of society.

'SUNSHINE and Shadow' is the title of a most touching and charming picture exhibited at the Royal Academy some time since by that idealizer of common things, Marcus Stone, A.R.A.‡ The wife brings the mid-day meal to her husband; before taking it from the arms of the tiny child that accompanies her, he snatches a kiss from a still younger born whom one can almost hear "crowing" with delight. Such are the figures in the foreground that seems bathed in sunshine and studded with flowers. In the distance, standing under shadowy trees, are the delicate form and sombre drapery of one evidently a widow, and, from the look of yearning sadness as she catches sight of the happy group, we may guess that she is childless. Marcus Stone tinges the every-day episodes of life with a halo of poetry. This is a most charming engraving of a very touching picture—an artist's teaching that

"'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humbler livers in content,
Than to be perked up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow."

We have not had many modern pictures better engraved; this, for its merit as a work of Art and its interest of subject, the latest production of Mr. Lucas, will be classed among the best acquisitions of those who desire to see in Art a source of enjoyment and instruction.

It is believed that we are all born with a genius for something, and certainly Mrs. Haweis§ must have a natural taste for dress. By dress, in this case, is meant the clothing of our

bodies in form and colour best suited to each individual's figure and complexion. Nine people out of ten are merely tools in the hands of the dressmaker and milliner—or rather "dummies"—and are clothed according to the prevailing fashion, whether it be becoming to them or not. There is no reason why a woman of very moderate means may not dress well if only she will take her particular figure and complexion into consultation, and, above all, avoid the *extreme* of any fashion. The art of dress has made great progress during the last few years, and the very plethora of ideas and combinations of colours, though by many thought to foster a taste for extravagant clothing, has the advantage, at any rate, of giving ample choice in the selection of a costume *en suite*; and thus no one need buy one unsuited to her appearance, except through malice prepense or innate vulgarity. Mrs. Haweis has handled the subject with the pen and pencil of an artist, and combines economy with elegance and common sense in all her advice. Her "three rules on dress" are admirable, but we fear that so long as ladies persist in being thought for, instead of thinking for themselves, they will hardly be followed as they ought to be. "That it shall not contradict the lines of the body," will be pain and grief to the fashion-monger. "That the proportions of dress shall obey the proportions of the body" will certainly limit the "styles" of costume; while the third, "That the dress shall reasonably express the character of the wearer," she explains as "appropriateness to habits and seasons," and, we imagine, station and society. Her remarks on dress for children are very good, though we do not quite agree with her in her advice to substitute "a smart dress for the nursery reward of a plum cake," or a "jacket inside out" in lieu of the "corner and bread and scrape." The taste for display comes soon enough into every child's mind, and dress ought to enter into the category of things that, if "worth doing at all, ought to be done properly." As we must clothe ourselves, let us do it as becomingly and suitably to our age, station, and means as we can.

The illustrations are excellent; but let no one think this little work a mere ladies' Art fashion book. It is full of information and quaint drawings of bygone dress and ornament, and not unworthy the perusal of those who find the "needful" wherewith to obtain that which, according to our *taste*, will make a woman a well-dressed person or a mere clothes-prop.

THE Committee of Council on Education has just issued "The Industrial Arts in Spain,"* by Señor J. Riaño, of Madrid, who arranged the catalogue of Art objects of Spanish production in the South Kensington Museum. This handbook includes objects of every kind which can lay claim to be Art productions, as gold and silver work, ironwork, arms, bronzes, furniture, pottery, porcelain, textile fabrics, &c., described chiefly, and illustrated, from the originals now existing at South Kensington, to which the little book is a learned and ample guide. It also refers to a very large number of works of industrial Art still to be found in the museums and other public buildings of Spain, with a chronological list of the principal Art manufacturers of past ages, almost down to the present time. Some of the illustrations show much refinement and beauty in the original designs: many of them are evidently of Moorish or Saracenic foundation.

WE give a cordial greeting to a publication of which the first number is before us; the *Etcher*† begins well, and promises to supply aid much needed in a department of Art that has too long been without an adequate representative. Yet the art is flourishing in England now more than it has done during the century. We have barely space this month to welcome a worthy contemporary, but hereafter may describe the good work more in detail. Number 1 contains etchings by R. W. Macbeth, J. P. Heseltine, and W. B. Scott. They are charming examples of the art. The subject is one that will require treatment at length, not only as regards this serial, but the many prints of the class that have been recently issued.

* "Dictionary of Architecture and the Allied Arts." By William James Audsley and George Ashdown Audsley. Vol. I. Published by the Authors, Liverpool.

† "Shakespeare's Debt to the Bible." By the Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D. With numerous illustrations. Published at the Hand and Heart Office.

‡ "Sunshine and Shadow." Painted by Marcus Stone, A.R.A. Engraved by George H. Every. Published by Francis Lucas.

§ "The Art of Dress." By Mrs. Haweis. Published by Chatto and Windus.

* "The Industrial Arts in Spain." By Juan F. Riaño. With numerous Woodcuts. Published by Chapman and Hall.

† *The Etcher*: a Magazine of the Etched Work of Artists. Published by Williams and Norgate.





THE LAND OF EGYPT.*

BY EDWARD THOMAS ROGERS, ESQ., LATE H.M. CONSUL AT CAIRO, AND HIS SISTER, MARY ELIZA ROGERS.

THE DRAWINGS BY GEORGE L. SEYMOUR.

CHAPTER IX.



THE city of Cairo has been much improved and enlarged during the last few years. New streets have been cut through the heart of the most densely populated quarters, suburbs have been added both towards the north-east and to the west, and the whole town is now lighted by gas and is well supplied with water. A tract of land between Cairo and the Nile, patches of which were here and there cultivated as market gardens, was about ten years ago laid out for a new quarter. The building lots were given gratuitously by the Khedive Ismail to any applicant,

on condition that a house of an approved design, and of a certain minimum value, should be constructed within a fixed period.

This quarter, which is called the Ismailiyeh, after the name of the ex-Khedive, has become the most fashionable part of the town. The houses, or rather villas, are mostly built in the Italian style, each in the midst of a garden. Here is a large hippodrome, capable of seating several thousands of spectators, but no longer used for its original purpose. Here, too, are the recently erected Anglican church, the German church and schools, and a French seminary. Indeed, we here see nothing but the Oriental costumes, and the complexion of their wearers, to remind us that we are no longer in Europe.

The Ezbekiyeh, formerly a picturesquely wild space where booths and cafés were erected under the shade of old sycamore and acacia trees, has been reduced to a more symmetrical form and enclosed with iron railings, surrounded by a number of handsome houses and public buildings, with colonnades over the pavement to protect foot-passengers from the heat of the sun (see page 146 *ante*).

The enclosed garden is well laid out and cultivated in flower beds, with a rich assortment of shrubs and trees. Besides sycamores and acacias, which are indigenous, we here find the banyan, with its pendent branches again striking root in the soil, and many well-grown eucalyptus-trees, which have already had a salutary effect by purifying the atmosphere; for it is an established fact that ophthalmia, a disease formerly very prevalent amongst children who frequented the garden, has sensibly diminished since the introduction of these trees.

On an artificial lake are a few specimens of aquatic birds,

swans, divers, &c. Here, too, has been constructed an artificial grotto, containing a waterfall, which gushes forth and forms a meandering rivulet for the supply of the lake. Rustic bridges are built over the stream. The outside of the grotto is planted with shrubs and trees, amongst which a tortuous path leads to a belvedere on the summit. In other parts of the garden are kiosks for military bands; a European orchestra for native music and singing; also an open-air theatre, which is much patronised in the summer evenings.

Overlooking the garden from the south-west corner is the New Hotel, a handsome edifice built by an English company, and subsequently purchased by the ex-Khedive. Opposite to it is



An Arab.

the large Opera House built by his Highness about ten years ago, and completed in five months, where for about six successive winter seasons some of the most talented vocal and instrumental artistes in Europe were engaged. The ballets were of the most gorgeous description. Here was represented for the first time the now celebrated opera of *Aida*, composed by Verdi expressly for the ex-Khedive, the plot founded on facts supplied by Mariette Bey from records of the ancient history of Egypt. The scenery and jewellery were copied from originals, or from

* Continued from page 148.



ancient Egyptian paintings or sculpture. Moreover, native Egyptian and Abyssinian troops played a conspicuous part on the stage, thus giving to the representation a reality which can never be obtained in Europe.

Near the Opera is the smaller theatre where French comedies and opéra bouffe were performed; but both houses are now closed. One peculiar feature in each of these theatres, as well as in the hippodrome, was that certain boxes destined for the ladies of the viceregal family were protected by sheet-zinc blinds, delicately perforated in imitation of lace curtains. Thus the inmates could see and hear without themselves being seen. The Egyptians did not much frequent these theatres, as they could neither understand the language nor appreciate the music, but they were amazed by the beauty of the scenery and the gorgeousness of the illuminations in the ballet.

Near the S.E. corner of the garden stands the palace called "Atabat-al-Khadra," or *green threshold*, where the Prince and Princess of Wales were entertained on their visit to Egypt in the spring of 1869. It is now used for the Courts of Justice. Opposite to it, in an open space, has since been erected a colossal equestrian statue, in bronze, of the late Ibrahim Pasha, grandfather of the present Khedive, Tewfik I.

From this square has been opened a fine wide street as far as the Citadel, but here, unfortunately, the regulations observed in the building of the houses round the Ezbekiyeh and in the Ismailiyeh quarter were not enforced. The new houses have been built without the slightest regard to uniformity, external beauty of design, or even durability. Each proprietor has built his house according to the shape and size of his plot of land, some of them wedge-shaped, all irregular, at different angles, and of different heights, and their construction is so defective that some are already in ruins. The same observations apply, though in a different degree, to the new street from the Ezbekiyeh through the Coptic quarter to the railway station, and to the two streets from opposite corners of the same square leading to the Abdin Palace. Thus one of the finest opportunities that ever occurred for the building of really handsome streets, worthy of the present century, has been unfortunately lost.

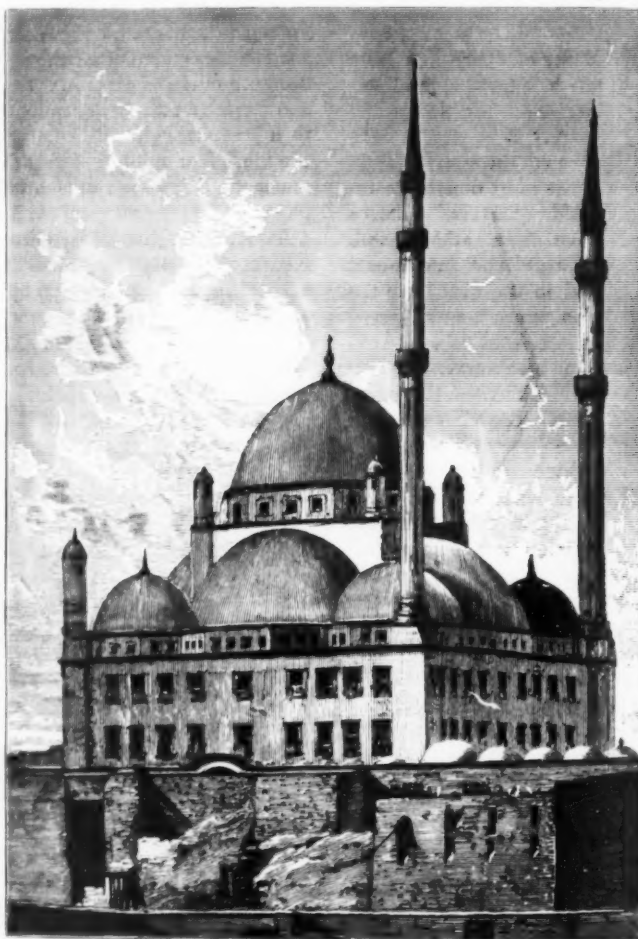
But we will leave the European quarter and visit some of the native parts of the town. Near the Palace of the Courts of Justice is the beginning of the old French street called the *Mûskv*. Various conjectures have been made by modern writers as to the origin of this word, yet it evidently echoes the name of the *Emir Ezz-ed-dîn Mûsik*, who, according to Al-Makrizy, built the bridge which here crosses the grand canal. Mûsik was related to Salâh-ed-dîn Yusuf ibn Ayûb; he died at Damascus A.H. 584. Proceeding along this street, in which we meet a most motley crowd of Europeans and Egyptians, we presently turn to the left, and soon reach the celebrated bazaar called Khân-al-Khalîly, a series of streets of shops under one roof. In the first few shops European cotton goods are sold, and then we come to some which are noted for the sale of Turkish embroi-

dery, Syrian silk, woollen, and embroidered cloaks, kerchiefs, silks, &c. A fine old courtyard with doors, the lintels of which are picturesquely sculptured, is occupied by carpet sellers, one of whom will offer his possible customer a seat and a small cup of coffee whilst displaying his wares from Smyrna, Baghdad, and Persia. Proceeding a little farther, we find men engraving, on brass trays and other utensils, delicate ornaments copied from ancient designs and unintelligible Arabic inscriptions, which, by inaccurate copying, have lost their original sense and meaning: these engravers are mostly Persians. Many of the other shops in this bazaar are also occupied by Persians, for at the extreme end it leads to the mosque of Hussein, containing the shrine which is more especially revered by the Shîai sect. Many of these are curiosity shops. Accepting the invitation of one of the shopkeepers, we take a seat on his stall, on which are flat glass cases filled with curiosities and objects of taste and

luxury, ancient and modern—amber mouthpieces, cigarette holders; saucers containing Greek, Roman, and Oriental coins, Egyptian scarabæi, amulets, statuettes, and beads; precious stones for jewellery, rubies, garnets, sapphires, carnelian signets ready for engraving, quaint ornaments in jade from India and China, embroidered slippers from Constantinople, inkstands, and a variety of other objects. Our host sits behind his cases on his carpet, and in the recess of his shop are displayed Oriental weapons, Persian, Indian, Chinese, and Japanese porcelain vases, bowls, and dishes, carved chests and coffers, and curiosities from Central Africa. He does not seem anxious to sell anything; he entertains us gracefully, and offers us some delicious tea in little glass tumblers, and a narghilé filled with fragrant Persian tumbak. He allows us to examine his wares at our leisure, without apparently taking much interest in the matter, though he is, in all probability, watching us and taking secret note of the articles in his heterogeneous collection which have attracted our attention. When we ask the price of an object we receive an answer that is exor-

bitant, and so we offer him a lower price, which he declines, for he says it cost him more, but he will make us a present of it. Thereupon we offer him a small reduction on his first price, as we do not wish, after having accepted his hospitality, to leave without buying something. This last offer is accepted with feigned reluctance, and the curiosity becomes ours at a price certainly above its local value; but we mentally deduct something for the pleasant hour spent in the bazaar and for the glass of excellent tea.

On certain days in each week an auction is held in this bazaar, the auctioneers carrying on their shoulders a motley assortment of discarded clothes, Oriental jackets, silk and satin kaftans, and even European garments; whilst in their hands and in their girdles they carry weapons of various kinds and a few pieces of jewellery. They walk up and down the bazaar calling out in loud voices the last offers made for certain articles. This business is all carried on in a most familiar and accom-



The Mosque of Mohammed Ali, within the Citadel—Cairo.

modating form: we may call the auctioneer to the stall at which we may be seated, and look through the wares, of which he will tell the last prices, and we may make an offer, as it matters not which article is sold first, for there are no catalogues.

Leaving the Khân-al-Khalily by the way we entered it, we cross the road and pass under one of the narrow low porches

ceed we find a perfect labyrinth of cross streets of shops all in the same style, though some are rather wider and more commodious. All the shops are occupied by working silversmiths and jewellers, some being fitted up with forge and bellows for melting the metals, others having anvils, punches, and a variety of implements for the different kinds of work, but all in the most primitive style. Each shop has its strong box in which the stock is kept, and in some we remark glass cases for the better display of the work. In other shops we find a



Mosque Window.

leading to the silversmiths' bazaar, and find ourselves in a dark alley of about eight feet wide, with small shops, or cupboards, of not more than six or eight feet square, raised about three feet from the pathway, the *mastabah*, or stone seat, in front of the shops being continuous, and projecting about two feet. As we pro-



Door of a House in the Coptic Quarter.

quantity of old silver bracelets, necklets, anklets, and rings, that have been sold by the peasantry to enable them to pay their taxes. The new work consists of plain gold wire bracelets, ornaments in filigree-work, bangles, necklets, and earrings made of gold or silver gilt, with pendants of ancient Egyptian coins. The few precious stones are of a very inferior colour and shape.

Again crossing the Músky, we reach the Ghauriyeh, a bazaar that takes its name from the mosque of Kansu-al-Ghaury—last but one of the Mamluke sultans—which is built on one side of the bazaar, whilst his tomb, with its grand portal, adorns the opposite side, both constructed in the beautiful style of the fifteenth century.

This is one of the busiest as well as one of the most picturesque bazaars of Cairo. Here is a greater variety of bright colours in the dresses of the merchants and in those of their customers. The shops contain every variety of the most useful and necessary articles both of dress and of food, almost every trade having at least one representative here. Some shops are for the sale of Manchester cotton goods and prints, which are neatly piled up against the inner walls, whilst some are also exposed on the projecting seat, or mastabah. Others are for the sale of silks of various kinds, tarboushes, and silk tassels. We even find a few grocers and a row of candle-makers, who arrange their wares in a fanciful and tasteful manner in front of their shops. All the shopkeepers here are Muslims, well-dressed, respectable, and often handsome men. Owing to their sedentary occupation and to their being seldom exposed to the rays of the sun, they are much more pale and of fairer complexion than any other class of the Egyptian population.

The Ghauriyeh is one of the most important thoroughfares in Cairo. It forms part of the continuous road through the town from north to south, and was until lately the best way of reaching the Citadel. Besides the mosque and tomb of Al-Ghaury, it contains another equally celebrated mosque built by the Mamluke Sultan, Malek-al-Muayyid, which is sometimes called Al-Mutawelli, after one of the names of the gate. The entrance to this mosque is up a flight of stone steps, under a lofty archway decorated with geometrical patterns in coloured marble, and two monogrammatic Cufic inscriptions in black and white.

The Citadel, a fortress of considerable extent, entirely dominating the town of Cairo, was built by Saláh-ed-dín in A.H. 572 = A.D. 1177, and by him joined to the town and enclosed within the city wall. It stands on a spur of the Mukattam range of hills. The most prominent building in the Citadel is the mosque containing the tomb of Mohammed Aly, the founder of the present dynasty. It is built of Oriental alabaster. Its large dome, and the Turkish minarets like very long candles with small extinguishers, are distinctive objects in the view of Cairo for miles around. Its proportions are grand, but the details are in bad taste. Indeed, it is surprising that any architect who had before him in Cairo so many magnificent specimens of mosque architecture could have produced such a design. During certain evenings in the month of Ramadhan this mosque is lighted up with thousands of lamps, and the effect is then very imposing.

The mosque built there by Malek-an-Naser-Muhammad-ibn-Kalaún in A.H. 718 = A.D. 1318, although now in ruins, still

shows evidence of its former magnificence as described by Al-Makrizy. Its minaret was formerly covered with encaustic tiles, some of which are still to be seen, and part of an inscription in the same material encircles it on a broad fillet.

The Citadel contains a large garrison and a considerable population. Here are the Ministry of War; a palace in which public receptions are occasionally held; the Mint; and some other Government offices.

Between the large mosque and the palace is an open court, the parapet of which is pointed out by the guides as the place from which one of the Mamluke Beys leaped with his horse, and thus effected his escape when all the rest of the Mamlukes were massacred in 1811. But another version of his escape, and one which is probably more correct, is to the effect that he was delayed in town, and only reached the Citadel just as the gate was being closed, and that, hearing the musketry, he set spurs to his horse and fled across the desert to Syria.

The view from this parapet is as beautiful as it is extensive. On the horizon are seen the pyramids of Sakkárah and of Gizeh,

on the arid desert beyond the range of irrigation. The Nile, visible for many miles, the extensive belt of cultivated fields, and the rich groves of palm-trees, form an effective background to this well-nigh bird's-eye view of Cairo.

Another remarkable object in the precincts of the Citadel is the deep well called Joseph's Well, which some authors say was excavated by Kara-Kosh, a eunuch of Yusuf-Saláh-ed-dín, and called after the name of his master. But, according to the account given by Al-Makrizy, it appears that Kara-Kosh, whilst digging for the foundations of some of the buildings to be constructed in the fortress, discovered this well filled with sand and *débris*, and that he caused it to be emptied and utilised. The style of the excavation tends to confirm Al-Makrizy's

version, for it indicates a more remote antiquity than that of Saláh-ed-dín. The work must have taken years to accomplish, and is evidently the result of the patient industry of a multitude of men, acting under skilled supervision, after the manner of the ancient Egyptians. It consists of a vertical shaft cut through the limestone rock to the depth of three hundred feet. About one hundred and fifty feet of this shaft is fifteen feet square, and the remainder, or lower half, is about ten feet square. A winding staircase of about six feet wide is also excavated in the rock, encircling the shaft at a distance of about two feet from it, and having windows opening into it at regular intervals. At the bottom of the wider part of the shaft—that is to say, at a depth of about one hundred and fifty feet—there is a water-wheel worked by mules or oxen, which draw up the water from the bottom to a reservoir constructed there, whilst other oxen working at another wheel at the top raise the water from this reservoir to the surface. The mules or oxen working the lower wheel are trained to go up and down the staircase, and are relieved every few hours.

(To be continued.)



Dromedary Saddle.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

FOURTH AND CONCLUDING NOTICE.



WE would also speak in laudatory terms of E. BYRNE DE SATUR'S nameless picture, numbered 430 in the catalogue, and having as a title a quotation from the poet Thomson. An artist should never send a picture to an exhibition without a proper title, if he wishes it to have a fair chance of being noticed. 'The Death: Recollection of a Kill with the Pytchley Hounds' (413) proves JOHN CHARLTON, its author, to be one of our best painters of sporting subjects. He evidently goes at his work with life and energy, and, above all, with a thorough liking of his theme; hence his success.

The finest landscapes in Gallery No. V., in the matter of colour, quality, force, and truth, are, in our opinion, CLARA MONTALBA'S 'Canal, Venice' (420), with round eel-trap-looking baskets floating in the water; KEELEY HALSWELLE'S 'Gathering Clouds, Medmenham' (401); 'The Seabirds' Resting-place' (447), by PETER GRAHAM, A.; JOSEPH KNIGHT'S 'The Rising Moon' (439); 'Dutch Pinks warping off Shore' (407), by EDWIN HAYES; and 'Their Only Harvest' (435), by COLIN HUNTER, which the Chantrey bequest has happily permitted the President and Council of the Royal Academy to purchase; it will no less happily enable the painter to take the high place in contemporary Art to which his industry and genius entitle him.

There are several portraits in this room by those who make this branch of Art a speciality, and whose reputation therein is deservedly popular; but they have all a merely honest, solid, and prosy look by the side of the triumphant drawing and joyous colouring which F. SANDYS has bestowed upon the portrait of 'Mrs. Temple Soanes' (429), whom—fair-haired, and richly robed in a dress which takes a deeper hue than the cerulean of her lovely eyes—we see before us plucking leisurely the rose-leaves whose aroma she means to conserve. In one or two passages of colour we may be struck with a feeling of forceful defiance on the part of the artist, but it is soothed again by the conviction that the defiance is but the playful *bravura* of the master. How one regrets that the artistic activity of a painter so consummate should be so fitful and limited! STANHOPE A. FORBES is a name new to us in portraiture, but his 'W. Francis Higgins, Esq.' (433), with a whip under his arm, is freely and cleverly limned.

The 'Sarah and Isaac' (440) and the 'Hagar and Ishmael' (446) of FREDERICK GOODALL, R.A., are both of them worthy of their author, without carrying his reputation to any higher level than that attained by him some years ago; and this remark applies to SIR JOHN GILBERT'S 'Return of the Victors' (403), which holds deservedly the place of honour in this room. In the rage for novelty, and amidst the onward rush of younger men—and several of them, too, of undoubted metal—it is no small thing to say of these two eminent Academicians that their right hand has not forgot its cunning, and that with it they can still hold their own.

In Gallery No. VI. we find in C. NAPIER HEMY'S 'Vespers' (468)—monks being ferried over a river—a tendency to a larger and a broader manner than we are accustomed to from this artist. The water sends back luminously the flush of departing day. D. W. WYNFIELD'S 'Ruth and Boaz' (478) is in its drawing at once suave and severe; and JOHN FAED'S 'Rivals' (467)—two gay cavaliers doing their best to secure the good graces of the young lady seated between them—is full of that easy, yet careful finish with which his pencil is associated. This quality of work is further, and perhaps more fully, illustrated by FRANCESCO VINEA'S 'Sad Dogs' (466)—two merry gallants trying to prevent a priest, whom they have persuaded to sit down at their table, from rescuing his eggs from the paws

of a playful dog which has upset the basket. See also his 'Salvator Rosa' (519), a short, square-built man, in red jacket, painting a battle scene.

Among the more important pictures in this room are CLAUDE CALTHROP'S 'Attempted Assassination of William the Silent, Prince of Orange' (516). The Prince is in the act of falling into the arms of his attendants, while the would-be assassin lies dead on the floor. The agitation and alarm, the movement and supreme importance of the moment, are set forth with intense effect, and the dead figure on the floor of the tapestried apartment is worthy of Gérôme. Mr. Calthrop has returned to his earlier and more careful manner, and the dramatic master we have just named is the only one with whom we would compare him. Another picture of importance hangs as a pendant to this on the other side of the door. It is by R. C. WOODVILLE, and represents Carlyle's Frederick riding into camp the night 'Before Leuthen' (511). The whole scene is extremely spirited, and it may be safely affirmed that in Mr. Woodville we have found another battle painter worthy of having his name associated with those of Elizabeth Butler and Ernest Crofts. S. E. WALLER'S 'Empty Saddle' (525) represents a riderless steed which a mounted cavalier has led home through the snow, and whose appearance before the mansion of its late master startles into grief and lamentation the family whom the sound of approaching hoofs has summoned to the balcony. The sentiment is excellently conveyed. To counteract the sad impression it leaves on the beholder, he cannot do better than turn to T. GRAHAM'S group of buxom fisher-lasses crowding merrily down the rocky stairs to meet the incoming boats. 'Oh! the Clang of the Wooden Shoon' (526) he calls it, and he might have added, the witching looks of their owners. The colour here is capital. Another cheerful subject is FRANK E. COX'S courtiers playing bowls in presence of the ladies 'At Hampton Court in the Olden Time' (541). The glimpse of the old palace peeping above the background is cleverly managed and very telling. To C. E. JOHNSON'S 'Swineherd, Gurth' (532), looking after his herd of black pigs, and to JOHN R. REID'S 'Toil and Pleasure' (540), two of the pictures purchased under the Chantrey bequest, we have already awarded our heartiest praise. Marked also for commendation are JOSEPH HENDERSON'S 'Haymaking in the Highlands' (485); R. HERDMAN'S illustration to 'Auld Robin Gray' (521), showing the young heroine in shepherd tartan plaid sitting on a bank, comely, intelligent, and sad; 'Distant Relatives' (527), a lady and children looking at some monkeys, by C. BURTON BARBER; EDGAR BARCLAY'S 'Mountain Path to a covered Spring' (556), showing some Arab-looking girls descending with their pitchers; 'A Secluded Spot' (555), by STUART LLOYD; 'The Wanderer' (474), by ALEX. JOHNSTON; 'The Return of the Penitent' (550), by C. AMYOT; and 'A Stranger in the Field' (502), a black pig exciting the attention of a group of cream-coloured cattle, by ROBERT MEYERHEIM.

The portraits which have attracted our notice in this room are LOUISA STARR'S 'Marguerite (Sissy), Daughter of W. R. Beverley, Esq.' (522); 'Mrs. Arthur Kennard' (531), by J. EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A.; 'The Countess of Norbury' (539), by JAMES ARCHER; and several more to which we have already referred when noticing other works of their authors in earlier rooms.

Gallery No. VII. is by no means the least notable room in the exhibition. It contains ELIZABETH BUTLER'S terribly striking canvas, showing Dr. Brydon reeling on his half-starved horse towards the gate of Jellalabad (582), literally all that remained of a British army of sixteen thousand men; and another war episode, no less grim and touching, from the pencil of ERNEST CROFTS, A., representing Napoleon hurrying bare-headed from his carriage, that he might pursue on horseback more swiftly his flight 'On the Evening of the Battle of Waterloo'

(613). A pleasing instance of the amenities incidental to war is shown in the French officer applying a flask to the lips of Sir Frederick Ponsonby (652) when carried by his frightened charger into the French ranks at the battle of Waterloo. F. PHILIPPOTEAUX did well in thus commemorating the humanity of his countryman, and one regrets that the hero must remain in the army of the nameless. Another picture which, on account of its warlike suggestiveness, we may class with those already named, is HERBERT JOHNSON'S large canvas in which we see the Prince of Wales sitting in his howdah watching a column of seven hundred elephants crossing the arm of the Sarda (572).

JOHN BRETT'S 'Stronghold of the Seison, and the Camp of the Kittywake' (643), can scarcely be called a battle picture; yet the Welsh town, surrounded with its strong battlements, carries the mind back to times of war and bloodshed, when Norman castles and fortifications did not always suffice to defend their owners from the avenging sword of the mountain patriots. But the peaceful yachts lying moored between us and the town, and the cultivated fields beyond it, running up to the foot of the swelling hills, across whose sunny face the warm cumuli roll, while the Kittywakes in the foreground sands pursue industriously their calling, all speak of happier times; and we see in this picture one of the best of Mr. Brett's pictorial achievements, because the subject is one which lends itself most readily to his pencil. Much pleased are we also with G. A. STOREY'S, A., lady in crimson-striped dress, seated with her open Chinese parasol, with a mass of 'Lilies, Oleanders, and the Pink' (575) for a background. Another canvas, important from its quality as a work of Art as well as from its size, is R. BARRETT BROWNING'S 'Stall in the Fishmarket, Antwerp' (612). The young fisher-girl bearing a basket of cod as she stands her height is a magnificent figure; and no less happy is the old wife leaning on the bench looking towards the spectator, and surrounded by many samples of the multitudinous harvest of the sea, each carefully delineated after its kind, from the mighty sturgeon to the tiny smelt. Similar subjects found great favour in the eyes of Flemish people a couple of centuries ago, and engaged the pencil of some of their best artists; but unless, as in Vollen's case, it is the stepping-stone to something higher and better, we would say to Mr. Barrett Browning, "Do not cultivate too much this kind of work, or, if you do, let what you have to say be expressed in smaller compass." R. HILLINGFORD'S 'Summons from the Invisible Judges' (628)—two red-hooded men holding out a dagger to a young gallant who has just left his seat at the festive board—is startlingly dramatic, and perhaps the finest picture the artist has yet painted. BOUVERIE GODDARD'S wolves fighting in the snow in 'The Struggle for Existence' (639), and the shepherd's 'To ho!' (634) to his two collies, by RICHARD ANSDALL, R.A., are excellent examples of animal painting and of pictorial composition. We would speak in terms of praise also of SIDNEY PAGET'S 'Morecambe Bay' (606); J. FARQUHARSON'S two reapers (608); 'John Hare, Comedian' (651), by VAL. C. PRINSEP, A.; and 'Sam' (662), by FRANK MILES.

Gallery No. VIII. is devoted to water colours; but as we meet most of their authors elsewhere—such artists, for example, as Wyke Bayliss, Hubert Herkomer, E. Clifford, E. S. Guinness, John Griffiths, Thomas Pyne, Henry Holiday, Linnie Watt, and Agnes E. MacWhirter—we need not linger before the present collection longer than to say that, in our opinion, it is one of the best we have seen for years, and would of itself take a series of articles to do it adequate justice.

The honours of the Lecture Room are given to H. FANTIN'S black strong picture of 'La Famille D.' (1030), showing a father and mother seated, with their two daughters standing; to J. D. WATSON'S 'Taking Home the Bride' (1039), whom we see on the pillion, clinging lovingly and confidently to the bridegroom, while the bridal party have all come out to the gate of the old home to wish them all manner of happiness—one of the most delightful canvases the painter ever covered; to VICAT COLE'S, A., capital view of 'Leith Hill, from Denbies' (1026); and to

H. HARDY'S 'Meg Merrilies and the Laird of Ellangowan' (1020); but the gipsy fails in dramatic dignity. Meg was a far grander character than is embodied here. We have also marked in our catalogue for hearty commendation C. T. GARLAND'S 'Little Bread-winner' (1024); F. B. BARWELL'S old man 'Resting' on a flat tombstone (1038); the 'Spanish Song' (1034), a pleasing picture by F. MOSCHELES, full of intelligent *technique*; and HOWARD HELMICK'S 'Theologians' (1031), two argumentative priests, showing how apt the artist is at seizing the humorous side of character. 'The Three Disgraces' (1062), by EDWIN DOUGLAS—three puppies playing in the huntsman's cap—is capital. LASLETT J. POTT'S two ladies 'Shopping' (1063), and being attended to by an old draper, is also very characteristic, and shows that the artist can deal successfully with a familiar every-day subject; but for all that Mr. Pott's genius has decidedly an heroic bent, and artistically he rises to a much higher level and paints with a much more spirited brush when he turns to a page in history. His 'Catherine Douglas barring the doors with her arm against the Assassins of James I. of Scotland in the Monastery of the Black Friars, Perth' (1395), is treated with power and breadth, the details at the same time receiving from the artist sufficient significance.

In landscape we would by no means omit mentioning ALBERT BIERSTADT'S 'Vernal Falls, Yosemite Valley' (979). He is *facile princeps* among American landscapists, and the sun-kissed bole of the pine on the rock-ledge, the valley below, and the two silvery waterfalls beyond are the leading features of a picture which aids us more than any writing to realise to ourselves the character of that remarkable region. Another fine landscape, and of the best English type, is J. W. INCHBOLD'S 'Rievaulx Abbey, in the Valley of Rye' (1053). GEORGE REID'S 'Norham' (936) is low in key, but very powerful in effect. JOHN FULLEYLOVE'S 'Liverpool' (1013), showing St. George's Hall, with crowds of people in front, is also a work of high quality, and will enhance the reputation of the artist considerably.

Among the portraits in this room we would name with special approbation 'Ferdinand Arkwright, Esq.' (931), by J. FORBES ROBERTSON; 'Edmund Yates, Esq.' (1065), by W. W. OULESS, A.; 'Robert Marnock, landscape gardener' (951), by T. BLAKE WIRGMAN; the beautiful 'Countess Brownlow' (977), by SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON; and 'Professor Lorimer' (959), by JOHN H. LORIMER.

Mr. E. LONG'S, A., magnificent picture of 'Vashti' (955), which is the chief attraction in this room, we have already noticed in terms of high admiration, and regret we have space only to name two or three others before leaving this part of the exhibition. Among these are the girl in 'The Property Room' (929), by ARTHUR HUGHES, remarkable for the delicacy of its colour, as W. E. LOCKHART'S 'Gil Blas and the Archbishop of Granada' (934) is notable for its strength. 'Flight from the Danes' (930), by A. B. DONALDSON; 'The Village of Aroch' (952), by COLIN HUNTER; and 'A Music Party' (1051), by F. D. HARDY, are all works of merit.

Entering Gallery X., we very soon discover that the chief attraction in the room is FRANK DICKSEE'S 'Evangeline' (1422), whom we see trying in vain by words and caresses to cheer the old man who sits amid his household gods, disconsolate on the dear shore which he is about to leave for ever. The luminosity of the waves, the masterly grouping, the wonderfully effective management of the light, and the thorough rendering of the sentiment, without the remotest suggestion of anything mawkish, will strike every beholder, and satisfy the critical mind that in Mr. Dicksee the country will find another of her great painters. With this picture must be classed FRANK W. W. TOPHAM'S most delightful canvas, showing the joy of Italian soldiers, 'Home! after Service' (1416); and as a pendant to this is a fine luminous work, 'A Sardine Fishery' (1430), by ROBT. W. MACBETH, showing a boat scudding out between the pier-heads. Then we have a vigorously painted 'Old Woman at Church' (1449), by J. VERHAERT; 'Happy

Days of Childhood' (1437), by HUGH CAMERON; and FRANK HOLL'S, A., 'Absconded' (1385), one of the most startlingly powerful individual figures in the whole exhibition.

In the immediate neighbourhood of this picture is Mrs. E. M. WARD'S 'Melody' (1394), a graceful young lady in white dress, standing against a background of golden embossed leather, playing the violin. She has just lifted her shoulder preparatory to playing, and is about to draw the bow across the fourth string in one long sweep. The attitude is at once elegant and natural, and the whole air and bearing of the fair performer distinguished, quiet, and modest. The picture is not so ambitious as some of Mrs. Ward's late performances; but we doubt if, technically speaking, and so far as it goes, she ever painted a better picture than this. CATHERINE A. SPARKES is also well represented in her picture of 'A Guerdon' (1431), and LOUISE

JOPLING in her portrait of 'The Hon. Mrs. Romilly' (1382). Also among the commendable portraits are LESLIE WARD'S 'Emily, Daughter of Tom Chappell, Esq.' (1444); 'The late Professor W. K. Clifford' (1413), by JOHN COLLIER; and 'The Rev. J. Percival' (1442), by G. F. WATTS, R.A. 'A Wet Moon' (1447), by CECIL LAWSON; 'The First of September' (1376), by STUART LLOYD; 'Circumstantial Evidence' (1374), by PERCY MACQUOID; 'Farrard—Away!' (1393), by W. H. HOPKINS; 'The Valley of Diamonds' (1391), by ALBERT GOODWIN; 'Mushroom Gatherers' (1383), by HORACE H. CAUTY; and FRED. BARNARD'S 'At the Pantomime' (1405), are all pictures worthy of appreciative criticism; but our space is already more than exhausted, and we must, however unwillingly, and however inadequate our notice, allow the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1879 to pass into history.

A NEW PROCESS FOR CLEANING PAINTINGS.

EVER since all things—religion included, in the progressive, critical spirit of the nineteenth century—have come to be submitted to the tests of science of one sort or other, to ascertain the precise degrees and quality of truth they contain, with the aim to purge them of all false and misleading elements, the "old masters" have received their full share of inquisitive attention. In general the public has viewed their outward appearance under one of two aspects, according to its own analytical or æsthetic propensities. The more imaginative persons have looked upon old pictures as veiled by time in a special material mysteriousness, caused chiefly by chemical changes in oils and colours, harmonizing, deepening, and toning them down to a certain luminous pitch, equalising all parts, greatly enhancing the general effect, and making them full of poetical suggestiveness to the reciprocating mind, just as a sun-penetrating mist frequently gives a fairy-like look to a landscape by obscuring its defects and blending its beauties into one super-delightful whole.

On the other hand, the harder and more positive mind looks upon the same works as having lost very much of their original clearness and brightness, and believes that the veiled mystery which gives so much pleasure to the more poetical mind is simply an illusion produced by repeated varnishes, discolourations of dirt, and the unhappy and needless restorations, such as have been in vogue everywhere until quite recently, to the serious detriment and darkening of the original painting.

Now it is perfectly clear that if time does generate certain delicate changes in oil colours, augmenting their æsthetic effects, as first supposed—for there is here no question as to *tempera* colours, which are unchangeable in this respect—there is no process by which they could be brought back to the same condition as when they were completed by their painters. We must, indeed, accept them in this event as age reveals or obscures their latent or obvious merits, and be grateful if, as with sound human characters, they improve and develop unsuspected beauties by their longer intercourse with the general world. Whatever may be the precise amount of fact in this view of the old masters, it is the popular one; and that their enjoyment is immeasurably enlarged by the mystery of which we speak, cannot for a moment be put in doubt. Nevertheless there is something to be urged in favour of the contrary opinion, which seeks to probe this mysteriousness to its bottom, to find out how far it is real or fictitious, with the scope of enabling a spectator to see an old picture in its primitive aspects without illusions of any kind, mental or material. Much indeed depends on the multiform methods of the masters themselves, and their individual aims and motives. After prolonged examination, I believe that with many, especially where there are subtle fusions of oil tints and successive glazings of surface colours, time does deepen their general tones, and produces that effective sense

of mystery arising partly from material and partly from psychological causes, which, in susceptible minds, culminates in the highest enjoyment painting can confer. Such works are best let alone.

There are, however, in all the public galleries, and most private ones, scores of old pictures whose finest qualities are hidden beneath layers of actual dirt and dirtier varnishes, which it would be advisable to remove, could there be employed any process which would stop with removing them only, and leave the real painting beneath in its rightful condition. Further, if it could likewise take off all repaintings, and leave to our view—be it more or less remaining—solely the veritable handiwork of the original painters, the intrinsic value of galleries would be greatly increased, even if in some instances the general æsthetic effect left something to be desired, as in the case of Leonardo's 'Mona Lisa' of the Louvre.

Every great gallery contains many specimens of mutilated paintings which it would be hazardous to touch, because no one can tell beforehand how much absolute injury lies concealed beneath the varnishes and repaintings; and yet the merits of the original work are so obvious that there is a pressing temptation, rising to a sense of duty, to run some risk in order to uncover them and expose their true condition to light. When restorations have been made in colours mixed in varnish, they are easily removed without harm to the painting underneath; but if the repainting was done in oil directly on to the original work, a solvent sufficiently strong to take off the former is liable to attack and injure the latter. Hence it is that the so-called cleaning of pictures by the ordinary alcoholic solvents, aided by the knife, has resulted in much damage to numberless old masters during the past three hundred years.

Still it is only of comparatively recent date that this species of injury has attracted the investigation it deserves, and attention been directed towards the discovery of safer methods of cleaning and more judicious systems of restoration.

Professor Pattenkofer, of Munich, is the author of the simple and facile alcoholic process which, by evaporation, only dissolves the old varnishes, and brings away with them the combined dirt and repaintings, when done in varnish, leaving the original surface comparatively clean and pure. For this discovery the professor was munificently rewarded by the King of Bavaria with a gift of one hundred thousand francs. It is not, however, sufficiently sure or complete to respond to all the requirements of a perfect process. Signor Mariano Luperini, of Pisa, now claims to have discovered one, and, as his system has just been put in trial by the Royal Gallery of Florence, is highly commended by Cav. Gotti, the Director, who says it is destined to make progress, and is exciting much surprise and controversy in Art circles generally, it is worth our while to take note of it.

A commission of artists and restorers appointed by the Government to report on its merits has given a mixed decision in three forms. The majority, including the distinguished painters Ussi, Ademollo, Gordigiani, Cassioli, and Mussini, warmly indorse it; two others recommend it in a qualified manner, stating it must be used with great precautions by experienced hands; whilst Professors Ciseri and Sorbi strongly condemn it, believing it has notably changed for the worse the beautiful painting on which it was chiefly tested.

The painting chosen was No. 265 of the Pitti Gallery, the favourite 'St. John the Baptist,' by Andrea del Sarto. Those of our readers who can recall this work will remember it was very dark, difficult to make out in detail, and literally could be said to have been conspicuously veiled in the mystery before described. Those who look on it now, since it has been in the hands of Signor Luperini, may scarcely recognise it under its new aspect. Its thick layers of dirt, varnishes, and repaintings have wholly disappeared, bringing out the hitherto invisible rocky background, fine contours and folds of the drapery, a carefully painted garment of fur, subtle and exquisite modelling of the torso and extremities, vivid animation of the features, luminosity of the eyes, and other characteristic technical details, all displaying a most carefully executed work in Andrea's best manner as to design, and doubtless colours, as they were before he gave them their final glazings. A master work stands revealed in all but its last harmonizing touches and tones. What has become of them?

The St. John, notwithstanding its wonderful merits, now has a cold, flayed look; is out of internal tone and harmony; its pure white is raw and chilly; and its colours, as a whole, more or less crude and positive in their relations to each other; in short, it is out of tune as a complete work. Comparing it with any other of the numerous Andreas in the gallery in its general aspect, although it is kept apart from them, few connoisseurs, I think, would give it the preference as an æsthetic whole. Indeed, many consider the painting to be completely skinned. Nevertheless the extreme advocates of the system claim that it has put the picture in precisely the condition that Andrea del Sarto left it; and if the entire Pitti pictures could be similarly treated, the world would see the old masters, to their great artistic gain, as they were when just finished, very clear, bright, and positive-looking. But taking the St. John as a sample specimen, for my own part I should devoutly exclaim, God forbid! If Andrea *left* this picture in its present condition, he never could have put in its last glazings and final manipulations. To my look it has every appearance of having been a highly finished work of his most subtle and delicate manner, but which has been in some past time subjected to one of those old-fashioned alcoholic scrubbing then practised by all restorers, which, in removing its fine glazings, made it cold and inharmonious, but doubtless very *clean*. To conceal the mischief he had done, or to extend his job, the restorer, in all probability, carelessly repainted parts, and darkened and obscured the entire surface with discolouring

varnishes, and thus covered up the subtlest artistic points in modelling and design. The powerful solvents used by Luperini doubtless have brought them again to light in taking off the old restorer's work, leaving the painting in the mutilated condition to which he had reduced Andrea's once perfect work under pretext of cleaning it. This is my impression. It has proved a bad choice in either category, whether as an unfinished or an injured work, as a supreme test of the Luperini process.

That his chemical soap *speedily* and effectually removes all dirt, varnishes, and foreign matters from a painting, other tests on inferior pictures emphatically show; but over nearly all there rests the suspicion that it is very liable to overdo its work. True it leaves darkened pictures in a scrupulously clean, exact, equalised state, deprived of all "mystery;" but with it depart likewise, in the cases I have seen, those delicate emphases of tint, shadow, and infinite subtlety of touch that thoroughly complete a picture in sentiment and execution, making of it a perfect unity. There are exceptions, especially as regards German and Dutch masters, I am told, which leave nothing to be desired. If so, its effects depend either on the peculiar individual methods of painting of the old artists themselves, or the care and delicacy with which it is applied, and it cannot be lightly intrusted to any one. But, on the other side, good judges, referring to the very same examples, affirm that they look, in their new guise, like recent copies all done by one hard, mechanical hand. Before any decisive judgment can be given, it should receive conclusive and exhaustive tests on pictures of no especial value in various conditions. Should it finally justify the claims of Luperini, a cheap, quick, and facile means of cleaning old masters and removing bad restorations will then be placed within the reach of museums and collections everywhere, and the old hazardous methods of necessity must disappear.

I must not, however, close this article without bearing testimony to a process I have seen recently in operation in the studio of Signor Mazzanti, of Florence, an artist expert of much experience and knowledge in these matters. The preparation was applied in my presence to valuable old pictures, both in *tempera* and oil, copiously laid on by brush. Softening immediately the varnishes and surface accumulations of foreign substances, it enabled them to be easily wiped off, leaving the original surface as clean, perfect in tone, and solid in pigment as when first painted, whilst retaining perfectly that indescribable luminous lustre and marks of untampered condition which the experienced eye so values in old masters, but which, once lost, can never be regained. Judging from the tests I witnessed, the Mazzanti process, if somewhat slower than the Luperini, seems safer and more satisfactory in its technical and æsthetic results, besides being so simple and innocuous that it could be intrusted to any professional restorer, or even experienced amateur, to use at discretion.

J. JACKSON JARVES.

Florence.

THE ASTROLOGER.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

SEYMOUR LUCAS, Painter.

J. DEMANNEZ, Engraver.

THE list of painters whose names have found a place in the catalogues of our various picture exhibitions within the present century includes several of the name of Lucas, the most widely known, perhaps, being that of John Lucas, a portrait painter of considerable repute, who died in the year 1874 at an advanced age. Whether Mr. Seymour Lucas is a relative of the deceased artist we know not, but judging from some pictures he has of late years shown, he is certainly in a fair way of earning as great popularity as the elder painter, though in a different way. The picture which will perhaps leave, of all Mr.

Lucas's works, the greatest impression on the memory, is his principal contribution this year to the Academy; he sends there five subjects, the largest and most important being 'The Gordon Riots,' which has raised its author far above the level of a very large number of his brother artists, and leads us to expect much from his hands hereafter.

'The Astrologer' shows a well-studied figure, which, with all the accessories, is painted with great care. The material of the whole composition has been utilised to good purpose, the whole being put together most effectively.



ALFRED

J. ZEMANNEK BOULEY

THE ANTHROLOGIST.

OF THE LITERATURE IN THE SCIENCE OF THE HUMAN MIND.

LONDON: LUTHER & CO. 1880.



SOME PORTRAITS AT LAMBETH PALACE.

THE visitor at the time-honoured residence of England's Archbishops, as he stands in the noble Guard-chamber, now used as the public Dining-hall, and contemplates the lineaments of that succession of more or less distinguished men who have risen to the primacy, should not forget that besides these there are in other parts of the Palace pictures of historical interest and value scarcely inferior to those which appear in this series. Here, indeed, are a genuine Holbein (Warham), a probable Piombo (Pole), an undoubted Van Dyke (Laud), a Kneller (Tillotson), a Hogarth (Herring) a Sir Joshua (Secker), a Dance (Cornwallis), a Romney (Moore), and others of later date. And, besides these, distributed over the private apartments are also a Gainsborough (Bishop Warren, of Bangor) a Beechey (Bishop Douglas, of Carlisle), a second by Sir Joshua (Bishop Newton, of Bristol), two more by Dance (Bishops Terrick, of London, and Thomas, of Winchester), and several more not unworthy of notice.

But here, again, are to be found other pictures, if of less value as works of Art, yet in no way devoid of historic interest, and it is to some of these we could now draw attention.

Over the mantelpiece in the further drawing-room hangs a painting which may undoubtedly claim precedence on the score of age. It represents the 'Four Fathers of the Western Church,' SS. Ambrose, Jerome, Augustine, and Gregory, grouped in pairs, occupying the foreground, while the dove in a halo of glory is descending and hovering over them, a thin, yet distinct thread of gold, like a ray of light, passing from the dove to the head of each of the four figures. It is painted on oak panel, which clearly marks it to be English work, though its style as clearly connects it with the Flemish school of Art of the fifteenth century. It no doubt originally formed the centre-piece of a triptych. The circumstances under which it first appeared at Lambeth are doubtful. This is one—the only one now remaining—of the three so-called "superstitious pictures" which furnished the ground for a charge of idolatry against Archbishop Laud.* In his defence he explained that he had had no hand in introducing the picture; he had found it in the gallery, where it was reported to have been placed by Cardinal Pole. Apparently on the strength of this statement, Ducarel, and those who have followed him, ascribe the original introduction of the picture to the Lambeth collection to the Cardinal, whereas the language of Laud may only mean that Pole had placed it himself in the gallery which he had recently erected over the cloisters,† not that it came then for the first time to Lambeth. Now it is worthy of notice that while the picture seems to bear an earlier date than the time of Pole, the subject of it would also suggest an earlier connection with the Palace. We read in Dr. Hook's "Life of Archbishop Chicheley" that after he had completed the building of All Souls College at Oxford, he consecrated its chapel to the memory of these four saints, or "Latin Fathers." Is it then unreasonable to conjecture—for of course it can be only conjecture—that this picture may have been placed within the walls of the Palace by Chicheley after he had reared the noble Tower (erroneously called the Lollards' Tower) which was undoubtedly his erection, and that thus this picture may possess

the additional and special interest of being another relic of his refined and pious liberality?

Another picture, which hangs in the private dining-room, also deserves notice, and is worthy of being made the subject of some little historical research; it is beautifully engraved and coloured in Herbert and Brayley's "Lambeth." It is traditionally reputed to be a portrait of Katherine Parr; Ducarel so notes it, but calls it "a singular picture." It is certainly very little like any of the recognised extant portraits of that Queen, either in face, figure, or dress. It is younger and more handsome; there is nothing *petite* about it, an epithet currently applied to Katherine Parr; then the head-dress, high peaked, made of cloth of gold, richly ornamented, seems to belong to the times of the earlier Queens of Henry, whereas Katherine Howard and Katherine Parr are always represented in low, round, close-fitting velvet hoods, or caps of state. All these points seem to suggest the question whether this portrait was ever meant to represent the twice-widowed matron (though only thirty years of age) who consented to be the sixth consort of Henry VIII.

But another question now arises: if not, of whom is it the probable portrait? Passing to the adjoining parish church of Lambeth, we find a brass (engraved in Allen's "Lambeth," p. 116) evidently belonging to the earlier portion of the sixteenth century, which, according to an inscription that formerly existed there, represented a *Katherine Howard*, daughter of Sir John Broughton, of Luddington, Beds, and wife of Lord William Howard, the eldest son of the great Duke, Thomas, of Norfolk, High Treasurer, &c., by his second wife, Agnes, daughter of Hugh Tilney, Esq. This Lord William was afterwards raised to the peerage as Lord Howard of Effingham. Now this brass, in features and head-dress, undoubtedly bears a striking resemblance to the picture in the Palace. This Katherine Howard died in 1535. Katherine Parr was not married to Henry VIII. till 1543, and the entire change in the character of the female head-dress took place during those intervening eight years.

Now this Lady Katherine Howard left an only daughter named Agnes. Lord William married again, and had a second family. When, in 1541-42, he and his wife were involved in the suspicion—which, however groundlessly, attached to every one who bore the name of Howard—of complicity with the misconduct of their ill-fated kinswoman, Lord William and his wife were disgraced and imprisoned for a time, leaving some infant children, four in number, no doubt including the daughter of the former wife. According to Miss Strickland, "the Council were greatly embarrassed what to do with them," as they were "thus rendered homeless," and at last consigned them to the care of Cranmer and others. The charge of one of these children being assigned to the Archbishop, the question suggests itself whether it was not the eldest, the child of the Lady Katherine; and if so, whether it was not more than probable that the portrait of her own mother should pass with the little orphan into Cranmer's charge, and that thus this picture was originally the likeness of the Lady Katherine; and that she, being a comparatively insignificant personage in history, might with the lapse of years have been confounded with a more famous Katherine, an active supporter of the Reformation, which fact suggests to Pennant a reason for the supposed likeness of Katherine Parr being in Lambeth Palace.

May it not be, then, that the reputed, but unlike, portrait of Katherine Parr was really the likeness of the Lady Katherine Howard, who was buried in Lambeth Church, and whose little daughter found a home in Lambeth Palace?

* The other two, as mentioned in the editorial foot-note by H. Wharton in the "History of the Troubles, &c., of Archbishop Laud," were the 'Ecce Homo,' Pilate leading forth Christ and presenting Him to the Jews; and an illustration of the Parable of St. John x. 1, 2, in which the Pope and a party of friars are represented as climbing up to get into the windows and over the walls of the sheepfold. The very spirit of this latter picture should, one would think, have carried its own refutation of the charge of any leaning to Papacy on the part of the Archbishop. Strange to say, all three pictures remained in the gallery, and escaped demolition at the hands of the regicides, Scott and Hardy; but these two have since disappeared, and all traces of them have been long lost.

† Cloisters and gallery were both taken down half a century ago.

HOGARTH AND LANDSEER.

I.—INTRODUCTORY.

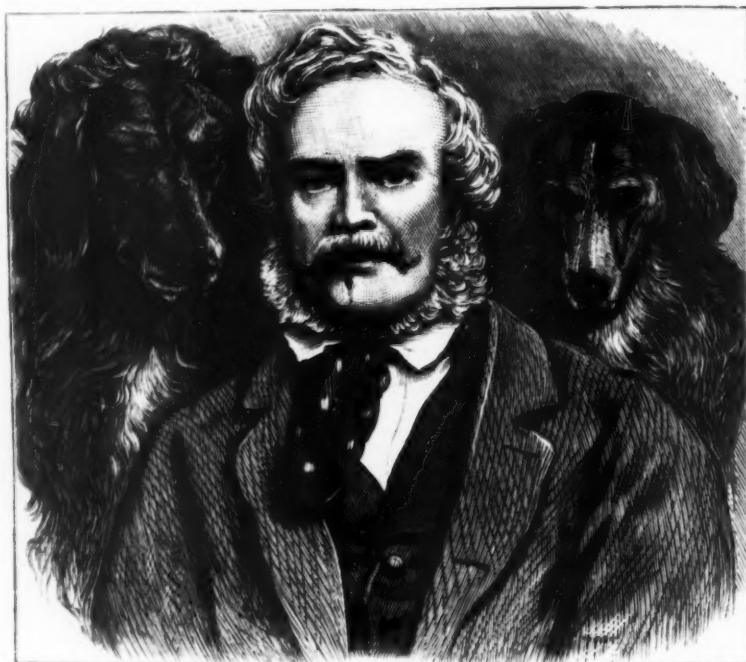


At first sight it may seem that there was little in common between these two celebrated artists, except their profession and their fame. The one painted mainly men, and them in a specially satirical manner; the latter animals, and these in a particularly genial spirit. The one was a satirist in grain, the other a sentimentalist. Nor if, instead of considering them as artists, we look upon them as social beings, does their resemblance appear to be more striking. Born rather more than a century apart—Hogarth in 1697, Landseer in 1802—they were separated in thought and habit by a great gulf, which was bridged by scarcely any community of taste except that of expressing their thoughts pictorially. Though they belonged by birth to the same class,* and both by force of genius achieved social as well as artistic success, Hogarth remained what he was from

the beginning to the end, a sturdy, unrefined Englishman, bent only on exposing the faults and follies of his generation, without respect of classes or public opinion; whereas Landseer's more pliable mind, without sinking into sycophancy, yielded to the influences of the aristocratic company in which he was so gladly received, and always laboured to please rather than to influence public opinion.

Yet, notwithstanding these essential differences between these two men and artists, a careful study of their works appears to me to yield strange signs of fundamental affinity, which are all the more interesting because unexpected. To trace out these is the object of the present papers.

Hints of resemblances, slight suggestions of affinity, are scattered throughout the works of both artists. No one who has studied Hogarth's 'March to Finchley' and Landseer's 'Drover's Departure' could fail to remember that the disturbing influ-



Portrait of Sir E. Landseer, by himself. (From 'The Connoisseurs'.)*

ence of the exodus in both cases extends even to the chickens, which are a notable feature in both compositions; nor could any one who narrowly examined Landseer's 'Be it never so humble, there is no place like home,' fail to be struck with the little snail in the foreground which carries his home on his back, a touch quite after the Hogarthian manner of enforcing the action of his more important figures or heightening the general impression of a scene by allegorical devices—witness the leashed dogs in the 'Marriage à la Mode,' or the spider's web over the poor-box in the 'Rake's Progress.' But such hints as these, numerous as they are, are too scattered and accidental to form any reasonable basis of comparison. To find this we must go to the root of their work and of themselves, and we can scarcely begin better than by looking well at the portraits of these artists, each one painted by the artist with his own hand. Two points of similarity are perceptible at once; both are looking straight out of the canvas, not so much at you as at the world, and neither is alone—one has a dog, the other

two dogs. Certain points of dissimilarity are also very patent, both in the men and the dogs. On the one hand we have Hogarth's sturdy, uncompromising, almost truculent face, looking with keen, unsympathetic eyes upon the world and its ways, without a care or a thought as to what that world may think of him—its critic and satirist; like an artistic surgeon, ready with his brush, as with a knife, to cut into the "proud flesh" of society, or, as with a probe, to sound its wounds to the very vitals; while Trump, born cynic as he is, regards the same scenes with melancholy contempt. They are two against the world. On the other, Sir Edwin's pleasant, genial face has evidently found somewhere in the world some attractive object, to draw which shall please or amuse without causing pain or vexation to anybody. His face, like Hogarth's, is frank and full of confidence, but its frankness is undefiant, and his confidence not of the combative kind—a confidence somewhat complacent, indeed, in his own rich ability and power of pleasing; but yet, in

* Hogarth was apprenticed to a silversmith, Landseer's grandfather was a jeweller, and both their fathers were authors.

* Our woodcut is taken, by the kind permission of Messrs. Graves, from their engraving of the celebrated picture of 'The Connoisseurs,' in which the artist has represented himself as sketching with a dog looking over each shoulder.

spite of his complacency, the artist is so conscious of the opinion of the world at his back, that he humorously represents himself as exposed to the criticism even of his own dogs. The brush of this man is evidently no edged weapon; it is soft, harmless camel's hair. And the dogs: they, like the dogs in all Hogarth's pictures and in all Landseer's, differ as their masters. Neither Landseer nor his dogs are against the world, but part of it. Unlike Trump, a kind of familiar spirit, sharing his master's opinions, sympathizing in his depreciatory views of the human race, almost capable, like Sidonia's black cat, of giving him a useful hint now and then, Landseer's collies, if familiar spirits in one sense, and perhaps devoted to him as their lord and master, have no implicit confidence in him, no bond of common character and purpose. Allies and friends, almost equals, they look upon him and themselves as belonging to the same world as the rest of created beings, all liable to error, which it is the especial duty of such intimate friends to point out.

Yet, despite these differences of character so traceable in the mere portraits of the men, there are also likenesses lying deeper even than the differences. Circumstances may have been, and, as I shall show presently, probably were, accountable for the great divergence of character shown by the two men on arriving

at manhood; but from the earliest time they had two properties of mind in common, which circumstances could never substantially alter, properties which are observable in their earliest as in their latest work, and clearly manifest (which is the present point) in these portraits of theirs. These are—1. Delight in humour; 2. Sympathy with animals.

Their humours, indeed, differed in temper as widely as they could, and were used for as different purposes. Hogarth's bitter, solitary, a scourge for the back; Landseer's kind and social, an incentive to laughter. The one so constant in its search for what was evil in the world, the other so on the alert for what was harmless, that the men (viewed in relation to their art only) may be distinguished, for sake of short antithesis, as an "ill-humorist" and a "good-humorist" respectively. Their love for animals was probably at first the natural love of children, but it afterwards, in relation to their art (of which more hereafter), differed as the poles. Nevertheless the initial resemblances are true, and though no man or woman who reads this needs to be informed that both these artists were humorists and fond of animals, few perhaps, in their regard for Hogarth, rate at its true value the intensity of his sympathy with dumb creatures, or in their estimation of Landseer his keen perception of the ridiculous in humanity. Here we must rest. So shifting



Hogarth and his Dog.

are the resemblances and differences between the two men, that it is difficult to find a point from which we can examine them with something like method and stability; but this is one—a small piece of ground indeed to stand upon and fix our instrument, but sufficient and firm—sympathy with animals and delight in humour. If we change humour into satire, or sympathy into love, we find Landseer so transcend Hogarth in fineness of sentiment, and Hogarth Landseer in intensity of ridicule, that comparison is impossible.

We must bear in mind one more fact, which may vitiate our deductions unless we make due allowance for it, viz. that Hogarth, in deadly earnest about everything he undertook, from satire to horse-play, emphasized his horror of cruelty to animals with far greater force than Landseer his ridicule of social absurdities; and then, taking the men as they were, one may fairly treat each as the complement of the other—the one a humorist with a strong sympathy for animals, the other an animal painter with a keen perception of humour.

We may either regard Hogarth from the Landseer point of view, or Landseer from the Hogarth. I propose to do both, giving the elder artist the precedence; and then, after considering Hogarth as an animal painter in relation to Landseer, look at Landseer as a humorist in relation to Hogarth. The use of two points of view will, I think, not only bring out with greater distinctness the somewhat delicate lights and shades of the comparison, but will also tend to remove any tinge of that odiousness which is supposed proverbially to belong to all comparisons. There is no standard of Art except Nature, and she will not show exactly the same face to any two of her admirers; we are, therefore, driven to perpetual attempts to form a standard by comparison between different artists, with results not always agreeable to both sides. If, however, each artist be viewed in turn in his most favourable light, any disadvantage to either is balanced as nearly as may be.

W. C. M.

THE TRIAL OF LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

SIR GEORGE HAYTER, Painter.

C. G. Lewis, Engraver.

THIS picture is the work of an artist who, in the early part of the present century, enjoyed a very large share of royal and aristocratic patronage as a portrait painter. It is in this character that he is most worthily known, though he painted a few historical works which, having been engraved on a large scale soon after their production, brought his name very extensively before the public. Of these pictures the most popular, perhaps, are 'The Coronation of Queen Victoria,' 'The Marriage of the Queen,' 'The Trial of Queen Caroline,' 'The Meeting of the First Reformed Parliament,' and the picture we have here reproduced on a smaller scale. Sir George Hayter was a favourite at court, and at the time of his painting this work held the appointment of Portrait and Miniature Painter to Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg, and was also a Member of the Academy of St. Luke in Rome, where he studied in his earlier days: the Academies of Parma, Florence, Bologna, and Venice, also elected him a member. He was never elected into our own Academy; possibly he never entered his name as a candidate. On the accession of her Majesty, Sir George was appointed Portrait Painter to the Queen, and in 1841 Historical Painter in Ordinary. He died in 1871; but the last time he appeared as an exhibitor at the Royal Academy showed a long interval between that occasion and his decease: his latest picture seen there was a 'Portrait of her Majesty seated on the Throne of the House of Lords,' executed for the City of London, and

exhibited in 1838. Sir George received the honour of knighthood in 1842.

The trial and execution of Lord William Russell, son of the Earl of Bedford, was one of the numerous acts of cruelty and tyranny that disgraced the reign of Charles II. He was tried at the Old Bailey on the charge of being concerned in what has been historically called the "Rye House Plot," was convicted on the most disreputable evidence, and beheaded on a scaffold erected in Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1683. Hayter appends to the title of his picture, as printed in the catalogue of the Academy, a passage from the "State Trials" as descriptive of his composition:—"He was assisted during his trial by his wife, Rachael, Lady Russell, and attended by many of his friends. The first two witnesses (seated in the centre of the picture) having been examined, Lord Howard of Escrick was sworn." This person, a man of very bad character, and one of the chief witnesses against Russell, was himself one of the actual conspirators, but turned king's evidence, and it was mainly on his statements that Russell was condemned. In the picture the prisoner is pointing to the two men who have already given their evidence, as if appealing to the bench against the truth of their assertions, while his devoted wife is seated underneath the "bar" taking notes. This admirable woman remained a widow during forty subsequent years, always mourning the death of her husband.

ART NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

PARIS.—The French Ministry of Fine Arts has recently issued a new regulation in respect to the prize of Rome, in connection with the great annual exhibition. Hitherto the fortunate student who obtained this passport to three years' sojourn in the "City of the Soul" had but to expend that precious period in continuous toil, in the study of imaginative composition, together with the accomplishment of the maulstick and the management of mysterious magilp. This unity of plan is henceforth to submit to a triple arrangement. The student proceeds in the first instance to Rome, where he pursues his vocation for one year; thence he makes for Madrid, associating for another year with the spirits of Velasquez and Murillo; and, for his concluding pilgrimage, draws nutriment from the rich reminiscences of Flanders and its Dutch vicinity. For each locality an appropriate task is assigned to him, viz. a *tableau*, in which historic recollections of the *locus in quo* connected with France and Frenchmen will be illustrated. These are to be transmitted each year to Paris. Thus *on change tout ça*.

Parisian Exhibition of Sketches by the Old Masters.—The great success of the collection of Old-Master Sketches in London has had the effect of stimulating an effort of the like kind in Paris. There did not, however, exist in regard to both cases a similar desideratum. In England a temporary void of the deepest interest had to be, for awhile, filled up. Our neighbours have, on the other hand, the permanent possession of that invaluable collection of such *reliques* as we allude to, crowning their Louvre treasures, and ever under their eyes. Where will the toiling student or fervid amateur be most surely found, but in lingering contemplation of those cabinet gems in retired saloons

where they are garnered? The Ministry of Fine Arts, however, gave a full concurrence to this proposed presentment of a most welcome surplussage, wherein was veritably realised the admirable result—without overflowing, full. A few leading collectors responded with free hands to the call made on this occasion, and close upon seven hundred sketches and finished drawings, illustrating the mastership of the great old schools, were consigned for exhibition to the *École des Beaux Arts*. Conspicuous amongst abundant Florentine contributions were the names of Michel Angelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Andrea del Sarto, and Fra Bartolommeo. Rome gave some twenty drawings of Raffaele and Giulio Romano; from Venice came Titian, Bellini, Paul Veronese, Canaletto, and Sebastian del Piombo; Lombardy contributed Correggio and Luini; Bologna sent Guercino, Annibale Carracci, and Primaticcio. From Spain appeared Murillo, Velasquez, and Zurbaran; Germany, Dürer and Holbein. From the older Flemish came Van Dyke, Rubens, Van Eyck, Memling, Teniers, and Goltzius; from Holland, Cuyp, Rembrandt, Wouvermans, Ruysdael, Hobbima, Paul Potter, Van de Velde. The French school had its Poussin, Claude, Boucher, Greuse, Fragonard, Prud'hon, and many others, closing with the last century. The names of Hobbima, Ruysdael, and Van de Velde were conspicuous for exquisitely finished water colours. For the finest part of this rich review of time-honoured Art Paris has reason to be grateful to the Duc d'Aumale. Our British Malcolm collection followed spiritedly, as did that of Mitchell. The prominent group was filled up with the names of De Chennevières, Armand, Dutuit, Dumenil, and other conspicuous amateurs. There is no doubt that the success of this exhibition will lead to others of a similar kind.

INTERNATIONAL ART AT THE UNIVERSAL EXPOSITION, PARIS.

PART III.—GERMANIA.*



IN our last paper upon International Art as exemplified in the great Paris Exposition (see page 213 of the previous volume of our Journal) we included under the head of "Scandinavia" Denmark, Sweden, and Norway; and now, under the title of "Germania," which may be called the second great branch of the Teutonic group of nations, we would embrace the Art of Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Germany proper, and the states thereto politically affiliated. Although Hungary has no ethnological connection with Germany, and belongs to the Finnic family of nations, still, from its close association with the Austrian Empire, and the undoubted fact that it owes to Germany its Art training, if not its Art instincts, we place it, for convenience' sake, under the general appellation which we have adopted for the heading of this article.

Beginning with our nearest neighbour, Belgium, whose school at Antwerp is second only to that in Paris, and perhaps on a level with it in the facilities which it affords for acquiring the *technique* of Art, we find the number of exhibits, including paintings, sculpture, and medal engraving, architecture, engraved and lithographic works, amounts to four hundred and sixty-four.

The brushwork, vigorous almost to coarseness, of Professor Charles Verlat, who is represented by fifteen works, many of them important both from their size and subject, is sure to attract the visitor on his first entering the Belgian section. He is equally at home with animals and with figure subjects, and in his practice he carries out a most unflinching realism. In one of his animal pictures we see on a yellow sandy desert a bison goring a lion—an incident not altogether unknown to travellers; in another we have a dog seizing a wolf just as the beast was laying its paw on a little boy. These are all life size, and painted with abundance of pigment. Few people will forget this artist's rendering of 'Crucify Him!' The robber and murderer, Barabas, raised on the shoulders of a ruffian as villainous-looking as himself, holds aloft the rope with which he was bound, and with which he ought to have been hanged, and answers the howling of the frantic crowd with his own triumphant shriek, while our Saviour stands calmly and meekly by. The scene leaves on the mind a feeling of revulsion, for it is most powerfully depicted, and the strong, black, draggy character of the artist's brushwork is in perfect keeping with the truculent type of humanity he depicts.

Gregory VII. receiving the submission of Henry IV. at Canossa on that cold January day when the Emperor, in the costume of a brown-hooded penitent, stood barefooted in the snow, with his crown and sceptre borne on a cushion behind him, and begged the haughty pontiff to lift from him his anathema and receive him once more into the bosom of the Church, is one of the best historic pictures in the Belgian Gallery. It is well grouped and well painted; but although its author, Alfred Cluysenaar, eschews the rough impasto of Professor Verlat, and gets rid of any tendency to coarseness, he is far from being imbued in any special way with a sense of beauty. The Countess Matilda of Tuscany and the other lady, who stand at the Pope's side, might have been rendered more comely without any violation of history, and the triumph of the moment might have been expressed in the air and attitude of Hildebrand with a trifle more of dramatic emphasis. He doubtless felt all this differently from what we do, and from his point of view, which after all is the right one, the work is a noble one.

Another historic painter of mark is Émile Wauters, and of his

three principal works the most pleasing to our eye was that representing 'Mary of Burgundy swearing to respect the Privileges of the City of Brussels.' A little more brilliancy might have been imparted to some of the rich fabrics worn by the various personages; but it is just possible that their apparent flatness and opacity arise from the sinking of the colours.

The Belgian Gallery was further enriched with that noble piece of life-sized *genre* painted by Charles Hermans, representing an honest workman and his family, on their way to their daily labours, gazing with mingled pity and surprise on a group of drunken Bacchanalians—a young man between two paramours—emerging from their noisy place of pleasure into the clear, quiet light of 'Early Morning.' 'L'Aube,' we may add, possesses a good deal both of the manner and the spirit of our own Fildes.

Besides these men there are important works by Constantin Meunier, Albrecht and Juliaan De Vriendt, J. B. Madou (lately deceased), Joseph Stallaert, and some noble portraits by Liévin de Winne. In our opening remarks we alluded to the rough brushwork of Professor Verlat, but Belgium is rich in examples of every kind of *technique*—Florent Willems, for example, whose ten pictures of seventeenth-century ladies variously employed is a perfect master of the sweet, smooth method. It may be called porcelainish; but to many eyes this quality is its highest recommendation. Then there are F. and J. Verhas, Alfred and Joseph Stevens, all *genre* painters of the highest class. For cattle painting we would point, among others, to the group of black and white bullocks in the far-stretching green meadows, painted by A. J. Verwée, and for marine subjects to P. J. Clays and T. Weber. Coomans, Coosemans, Hennebicq, Portael, Van Luppen, Verboeckhoven, with those already named, are only a few of the honoured names of Belgium; and when we turn to sculpture and the other sections, especially that of tapestry, we find her claims to recognition of the highest and most irresistible kind.

Entering the kindred region of Holland, we still feel ourselves in a land of artists, though more limited in number, but not on that account less important in quality. Altogether the works of the Low Countries scarcely exceed two hundred and fifty, but among their authors there are several who enjoy a European reputation.

In illustration of this we would point to the reedy waters of W. Roelofs, reflecting trees and summer clouds, and ask the beholder to note how consistent with nature the artist has made the various greens of the foliage and greys of the sky. Again, the rough seashore, with lots of fisher folk watching eagerly a boat going out to a vessel in distress, by H. W. Mesdag, is as rough as pigment can make it; but then of its kind this picture is perhaps the most perfect thing in the Exhibition. There is a tendency to blackness, perhaps, in his figures, but both in themselves and in their relation to the surrounding scene they are nature itself. M. Mesdag has three pictures of this high character in the present Exhibition, and he may be called, from these very pictures, with as much truth as can be applied to any one, a painter *par excellence* of weather.

Of Israels, another of the great Dutchmen, we need scarcely stay to speak, seeing that his works are so well known in this country. He was represented at the Exposition by four pictures, all of them lowly in subject as in key; but then his darkness is luminous, and his chiaroscuro perfect. Other artists who deal in the sober greys of nature are L. Apol and J. Maris. E. Vermeer lacks, perhaps, the decisive touch of Israels, but he possesses all his tenderness of feeling.

Besides these, the Dutch school had adequate representatives in C. Bisschop and in his English wife, once known to us as Miss Kate Swift, M. and J. Tenkate, J. and H. Koekkoek,

* This article was, as will be perceived, prepared for an earlier issue in the *Art Journal*, and may be considered as out of date; but it would be unjust to the artists of Germany to omit it altogether.

A. Artz, and many others, for the recording of whose names we have no space. Altogether the Dutch make an honourable appearance, and, as we have said, several of their artists are of the very highest order.

Considering the limited size and sparse population of the country, Switzerland is numerically strong. Including architecture, sculpture, painting, and engraving, the exhibits amount to something under three hundred, and of these, strange to say, about a third consists of architectural models and designs.

In the painting section landscape and *genre* naturally take the lead, but there are no painters in Switzerland with so wide a reputation as some of those belonging to Belgium and Holland. Still there are a few men of quality among them. L. P. Roberts's classic picture, 'The Evening Zephyrs,' running and floating about a wood-bordered dingle, playing fifes and cymbals, fiddles and tambourines, and all beneath a rose-tinted sky, is as pleasing as it is well painted, and well deserved the medal that was awarded. Lovely in treatment also are A. Potter's sketch of flat, far-reaching coast with pools, showing huts in the middle distance and a low sunlit sea horizon far away, and C. Patta's snow-field in front of a village under a leaden sky.

In *genre* we could scarcely point to anything more successful than E. Ravel's 'Il pleut,' in which we see two young ladies with alpenstocks and baggage all ready to start, but who are detained by the rain, at which one of their male companions looks up disgustedly, while the other takes to yawning most consumedly; and to S. Durand's 'Marriage at the Mayoralty,' showing a row of guests all seated behind the bride, who whiles away the supreme moments by adjusting daintily the edge of her bouquet. E. Stükelberg is another artist of whom Switzerland may be proud, although his colouring is rather black when compared with the sparkling tints of Durand. His most pleasing picture is that of gipsy children bathing in a wooded river and otherwise amusing themselves.

We have to commend also the works of F. Bocion, C. Bodmer, E. Girardet, F. Weber of Bâle, and E. Girardet. Nor must we hesitate to assign a high place to E. Burnand's 'Village Bakery,' or to the grand glacier painting of E. Loppé, whose treatment of the higher Alpine scenery is not altogether unknown to stay-at-home Londoners. Hearty approval must be awarded also to the manly and vigorous way in which C. Grob has rendered the heroic incident which turned at Sempach the tide of battle in favour of the devoted mountaineers, if critical historians of these modern times would not so cruelly interfere with our belief in all those legends which are brave and lovely. There are several other pictures deserving notice in the Swiss section, but, considering our limited space, we could not do better than stop at the canvas which represents so worthily the grand victory of Sempach.

Hungary belongs, as we have said, to the Germanic group only through certain political and educational accidents. Including architecture, sculpture, painting, medal-work, and engraving, its exhibits are only eighty-two in number; but among these are two or three of the most remarkable works in the whole Exhibition.

The moment, indeed, the visitor enters the Hungarian section he stands before the picture which has gained the highest prize the Commissioners had to bestow: we allude to Michael Munkácsy's noble work of 'Milton dictating "Paradise Lost" to his Daughter.' The composition consists of four figures: Milton, in broad white collar and black dress, sits thoughtfully in his chair with his head slightly bent, while his daughter, at the other end of the table, is writing to his dictation. Another girl stands with her hand on her father's chair, and a third sits embroidering. Like all Munkácsy's works, this picture is dark and black—not the soft low key of the Dutch Israels and his school, but a defiant, self-asserting chiaroscuro, such as characterized the *tenebrosi* of Naples in the first half of the seventeenth century, but into which Munkácsy has imported a clearness and a vividness all his own. It is this absolute knowledge of how to treat light and dark which gives such force to his figures, and enables him to make them live and move in a veritable atmosphere. With almost equal mastery he represents for us an

'Artist's Studio,' in which we see the painter in a grey suit sitting jauntily on a table contemplating the work of his hand, along with a lady visitor attired in blue, while a female child model sits behind the canvas. His third picture is 'The Conscripts,' whom we see with national rosettes of red, white, and green on their breasts seated round a table, in front of which two lovers hold tender and sorrowful converse. More rough and daring still in treatment, without being quite so black, is Louis Ebner's two ragamuffins seated on a bench.

If Munkácsy is triumphant in rendering chiaroscuro, Jules, or Gyula, Benczur is equally supreme in giving brilliancy to texture. 'The Baptism of St. Stephen of Hungary' is a perfect *tour de force* of colour and fabric. The robes of the barbaric chief who kneels bare-shouldered before the white marble font, and of the stately ecclesiastic who administers the sacrament, are realised with unmatched bravery, and the whole scene, with its accessional wealth, is projected on the canvas with all the pomp and *bravura* which are associated in our minds with the heroic in history.

If this picture is impressive and grand, the next is touching and tender in no ordinary degree. We allude to Theodore Flesch's 'Adieu pour jamais.' An old man and his two daughters are seen at the foot of a white bed taking a sad farewell of her whom they all love so dearly. With a fine sense of what is fit and becoming, the artist leaves the figure of the dead wife and mother out of the picture. Other works of mark are Adolf Pichler's grand design in black and white of 'The Death of Jacob,' and F. X. Weber's 'Last Moments of Szigethvar,' in which the red-robed heroine, with a dagger at her side, holds threateningly a red smouldering piece of tow in a cleft stick over an open barrel of gunpowder as some armed Turks descend the steps.

In animal painting nothing could be stronger than Adalbert Pállick's 'Sheepfold,' or more charming in landscape than Árpád Feszty's 'Mid-day Repose,' or more solemn than the effect of the orange moon seen through the avenue of leafless trees. The name of the author of this last work has, we regret to say, quite escaped us. F. Ingomar, B. Székely, L. Bruck, G. Mészöly, J. Paczka, are all artists of repute; nor, while thus enumerating a few of the names of those who do honour to their country, must we forget Leopold Horovitz, who is quite a master in portraiture.

Austria, like Hungary, depends for her artistic fame on the works of two or three most notable and capable men. Her total exhibits number two hundred and thirty, and her two greatest masters are Hans Makart and Jan Matejko. The latter is professor at Cracow, where he was born, and the most important work of the three which he has sent to the Exhibition represents the 'Union concluded at Lublin, in 1569, between Lithuania and Poland.' Three civic fathers kneel and swear on the Gospels, and a richly furred functionary holds aloft an ivory crucifix, while a venerable cardinal stretches out his tremulous hand in blessing. The picture is rich in colour; there is a generous use of pigment, yet not so much as to conceal altogether the texture of the canvas; space and atmosphere abound; and the ladies and citizens on the benches on each side all look towards the central ceremony, and help to oneness of effect and to the making of the whole scene realisable.

The glorious pageant, on the other hand, of 'Charles V. entering Antwerp,' taxes historic credulity at the first flush. The young Emperor, in black plumed hat and bright fluted armour, rides on a dun-coloured war-horse, accompanied by spearmen, cross-bowmen, and banner bearers, while immediately preceding walk five lovely girls, whose figures, in colour and contour, are palpably felt through white robes of the most diaphanous texture. One of these strews the way with flowers, and we catch above the spear points, the crowded windows and balconies, and the quaint outline of the houses, glimpses of the sky's green blue. The large space occupied in front with flesh tint and white modifies considerably the tone of the picture throughout. Here it falls into rich purples and black, and there glows with tawny russets and red; but all are brought into pleasing harmony by the daring and dexterous use of white. In

some parts of the picture the brush travels in broad, flat, and thin sweeps, but where necessary the artist hesitates not to pile up the pigment, and he never does so without the most telling effect. Makart is Art Professor at Vienna, and was a pupil of Gallait, whom our readers may remember as the painter of Count Egmonts and Horn in the second International Exhibition of London; but his great exemplar is doubtless Paul Veronese. His art is therefore purely decorative, but in so delightfully fascinating a way that one never thinks, when before his creations, under what technical head they may be classed.

For an example of the soberer manner of historic painting we would point to W. Koller's same 'Charles V. at the house of Anthony Fugger,' whom we see in the act of burning the Emperor's bonds, and thus destroying all record of his indebtedness to the quondam weaver of Augsburg. One of the impressive pictures of the Austrian section is assuredly J. Cermak's white-haired Montenegrin being borne wounded on a litter down a rocky pass, which is lined by his grateful countrywomen, who pray for him as he is being carried past.

As clever exponents of *genre* we would point to the works of E. Kurzbauer, F. Defregger, G. Gaul, C. Karger, and J. Fux. Chevalier Berres, Baron Ransonnnet-Ville, Hugo Charlemont, Robert Russ, Alois Schönn, and Chevalier Otto de Thoren are only a few of Austria's honoured names. We must not, however, close our remarks on this section without calling special attention to the large spirited canvas of Norbert Schrödl, representing the forcible abduction of some ladies by armed men, nor to the many admirable portraits by Professor de Angeli. Among the latter are those of the Deans of Windsor and Westminster, of Lords Sidney and Beaconsfield. Angeli, by the way, was born in Hungary, and has a similar connection with the courts of Europe, our own among the number, to that formerly enjoyed by Winterhalter. In sculpture, too, Austria made a brave show. The combat of the 'Lapithæ and Centaurs,' worked in *repoussé* on a shield, reflects infinite credit on its author, Josef Tautenhayn, as does also the bronze statue of Beethoven on the plastic genius of Kaspar Zumbusch.

Entering the great square saloon at the extreme end of that part of the building devoted to the Fine Arts, and in which are arranged the Art products of the new German Empire, we are struck by two things: first, by the very limited number of large works exhibited; and secondly, by the fact that there is a greater proportion of merit among the small works than is to be found perhaps in any of the other galleries. Another thing impressed itself upon us, and that, too, painfully. It was the miserable fact that of all the many kingdoms and countries which had sent contributions to the great world's fair, Germany was the only one which had not a French version of its catalogue.

Including sculpture, of which there are only twenty-four examples, the number of exhibits, exclusive of illustrated books, of which there are over a score, amounts to a hundred and eighty-three, a very inadequate exemplification, so far as quantity goes, of the Art genius of Northern Germany.

One of the gems of the gallery is E. Petersen's lady mother and two daughters attending to their devotions in church. The mother clasps her hands devotionally, and one of the daughters looks on her hymn-book, while the sunlight plays round the mouth and chin and neck of the other. The figures are life size. The work is in panel, and painted thinly, but with consummate mastery.

A. Achenbach paints a little after the manner of Bonington. His moon over a red-tiled village on a blowy evening, with lots of figures on the foreground sands, is a masterly work. O. Achenbach is also a landscapist who seeks out nature. W. Diez is bright and sparkling in his rendering of the old lumbering coach in which "his Excellency travels," and which we see surrounded by a bevy of importunate beggars.

C. von Piloty—the same artist whose 'Nero surveying the Burning of Rome' attracted so much notice at the London International Exhibition—has a very impressive picture of Wallenstein in a mule litter looking thoughtfully at an open grave as he passes with his guards at the fall of evening. In pleasing contrast to

this is C. Becker's 'Ulrich de Hutten receiving the Poetic Crown from the Emperor Maximilian.' A lovely lady in blue and white holds a rich cushion towards the Emperor, from which, in presence of a fat cardinal and a number of monks, he takes the wreath he destines for the poet's brow. That is also a noble picture of W. Riefstahl's, representing a priest and acolytes with a number of peasants waiting for a funeral procession which is seen coming up the hill, while the distant snow peaks are bathed in bright sunshine. Wonderfully impressive and touching likewise is G. Spangenberg's 'Death' at the head of an endless procession, rich and poor, old and young, which we see coming across a gloaming-lit moor, preceded by two little children. Death, who rings a bell as he goes, wears a short-hooded cloak, and his white dress clings to his fleshless bones. By the roadside a gallant lover bids a last adieu to his sweetheart, and a blooming bride approaches to join the procession, while an aged widow sits and implores in vain, with clasped hands, the weirdly fantastic leader of the motley band to take her along with them too. Much of the mediæval way of looking at life and death is palpable in this picture, but the treatment is entirely the artist's own. Exceedingly sweet and tender also is the picture by Gabriel Max, representing 'Our Saviour at the Bedside of Jairus's Daughter.'

We must not omit to mention that Menzel, the famous illustrator of "Frederick the Great," is represented by half-a-dozen works here; but they are scarcely equal to the reputation of the master. The talent of F. Lenbach, on the other hand, may be adequately gauged by his four admirable portraits. Kaulbach, Knaus, Meynheim, Hoff, Gussow, Gentz, Gebhardt, Baisch, and several others have works here deserving deliberate criticism; but our limited space permits only of our exercising the humble function of indicator. Among the successful sculptors we would name C. and R. Begas, C. Cauer, Hartzer, Hildebrand, Sussmann-Hellborn, and M. Wagnmüller. Of all the Art centres in Germany Munich seems to be the most active, and to have assimilated most successfully the various leading European styles without entirely sacrificing her own individuality.

And here we must draw our remarks to a conclusion with the bare enumeration of the remaining sections. The British school fairly holds its own, but the assimilative power of our American cousins is scarcely so fully represented as we could have wished. At the same time such men as Hamilton, Bridgman, Gedney Bunce, Richards, Vedder, Shirlaw, Eastman, Johnson, Dana, Bellows, and Brown are all artists of high repute, whose works would have received detailed criticism had our space permitted. The eager hunger of Russia for recognition by those states whose culture is more advanced than her own is made very palpable in the present Exhibition, and, like America, her powers of assimilation are great, as the splendid work of 'The Living Torches of Nero,' by Siemiradski, amply testifies. Portugal, so slight are her contributions, can scarcely be said to be in the competition; but Spain, with Fortuny, the Madrazos, Ribera, Gonzalez, Domínguez, Plasencia, and others, more than makes up for the shortcomings of her neighbour. Greece is evidently struggling to the front in Art as in politics. In painting she has no mean master in Pantazis, and he is well supported by such men as Lytras, Rizo, and Gyzis; while sculpture is worthily represented by Drossio, Vrontos, and Kossos. In plastic art, however, it is to Italy we turn; and it is gratifying to find that the inheritrix of Greek culture maintains her proud place by the works of such men as Barcaglia, Braga, D'Orsi, Jerace, Papini, Monteverde, Berghi, and Pagleocitti. In painting Italy can boast of Joris, De Nittis, Vertumni, and others.

We opened this series of papers with France, whom, all in all, we regard as the greatest expounder of modern Art, the heiress of all its traditions, and the bringer together of the greatest display of things æsthetically precious the world within historic memory has ever seen. We close with Italy, which first touched Western Europe with a coal from off the altar of Art, which she, through all the dim ages, had alone kept burning, and woke the fettered nations to a sense of intellectual freedom.

OBITUARY.

FREDERICK RICHARD LEE, R.A.

THE obituary list of the *Times* of the 8th of July announced the decease of this veteran painter at the age of eighty-one. He died on June 5th in a far-off country, at a place called Vleesch Bank Farm, Cape Colony: at the same place died, on May 10th, Frederick M. Exton Lee, whom we may assume to have been some relation, but in what degree we know not, to the artist. The latter was a native of Barnstaple, Devonshire, where he was born in 1799, and, when quite a young man, entered the army, having obtained a commission in the 56th Infantry, and he served a campaign in the Netherlands. Ill-health, however, compelled him to resign his commission, when he resolved to turn his attention to landscape painting. In 1818 he was admitted as a student at the Royal Academy, and began to attract attention as an artist by his pictures at the British Institution: from the Directors of this gallery he once received a prize of £50 for a painting he contributed. In 1824 he commenced exhibiting at the Royal Academy, was elected an Associate in 1834, and Academician four years later. For very many years his pencil was busy in delineating the scenery of his native county, its open moors, shady lanes, avenues of trees; but he by no means limited his labours to Devonshire, for the landscapes of other counties and portions of Scottish scenes occasionally had his attention. Among his most successful works may be enumerated 'The Silvan Pool,' 'The Fisherman's Haunt,' 'The Ford,' 'The Watering-place,' 'The Ploughed Field,' 'The Broken Bridge,' 'A Village Green,' 'A Harvest Field.' In the Vernon Collection are two of his works, 'The Cover Side,' the dogs and game sketched in by Sir Edwin Landseer; and 'Morning on the Sea Coast:' both pictures are engraved in the *Art Journal* for 1851. Among the Sheepshanks Collection are Mr. Lee's 'View near Redleaf,' 'Gathering Seaweed,' and 'A Distant View of Windsor.' The only foreign scenes we remember to have seen from his hand are 'The Bay of Biscay,' exhibited at the Academy in 1857, and 'Gibraltar,' at the Academy in 1861, both of them pictures which, by their extreme naturalism and somewhat original treatment, added greatly to the painter's reputation. The too general fault of his pictures is that in his attempt to gain freshness he lost atmosphere: his trees are too green, and his roads and earth banks too chalky, to be quite agreeable to the eye. Several of his latest pictures were painted in conjunction with his brother artist, Mr. T. S. Cooper, R.A., who "put in" the cattle.

The last time Mr. Lee appeared at the Academy as an exhibitor was in 1870, when he sent no fewer than five pictures; two years afterwards he took his name off the list of Academicians, and it was placed on that of the "Retired" list.

HENRY NOEL HUMPHREYS.

The death of this gentleman, whose claim to a notice in our *Journal* rests chiefly on his works relating to the art of illumination, occurred, after a short illness, at his residence in Westbourne Terrace, on the 10th of June. Mr. Humphreys was born at Birmingham in 1810, and was educated partly in King Edward's Grammar School, in that town, and subsequently on the continent: he was the son of Mr. James Humphreys, of Birmingham. After spending some time in Rome he returned to England, and published his first work, "Literary Sketches," with plates by W. B. Cooke; it has reference to Rome and its surrounding scenery. In 1840 appeared "British Butterflies and their Transformations," the joint production of Mr. Humphreys and Mr. J. O. Westwood. In the following year was published his "Illuminated Illustrations of Froissart's Chronicles," in two volumes; and in 1846 "The Parables of our Lord," illuminated. Three years later he produced a large folio volume, with plates, entitled "The Illuminated Books of the Middle Ages." Other works by Mr. Humphreys are "Coins of England," illustrated with fac-similes of coins, printed in gold, silver, and copper (8vo, 1847); "The Art of Illumination" (1849); "British Moths" (1851); "Ancient Coins and Medals," illustrated with fac-similes of Greek and Roman Coins in relief (1850); "The Collector's Manual" (2 vols. 1853); "The Coinage of the British Empire" (1854)—later editions of this work appeared in 1858 and 1861; "The History of the Art of Writing from the Hieroglyphic to the Alphabetic Period," with thirty plates of letters in fac-simile (1853)—a second edition followed in 1855, to which succeeded a "History of the Art of Printing," with one hundred plates; "Stories of an Archaeologist and his Friend" (2 vols. 1856); "Holbein's 'Dance of Death,'" besides numerous minor publications of a varied and interesting character. In all these works conjointly Mr. Humphreys established his claim to be considered a diligent and accomplished antiquary, a skilled draughtsman, and a learned naturalist.

JUDITH.

Engraved by G. STODART, from the Statue by JULES CONSTANT DESTREEZ.

THIS figure personifies a woman of the Hebrew tribe of Reuben, who is celebrated, in the book of the Apocrypha which bears her name, for having delivered her country from the hands of the Assyrians by killing Holofernes, their general, at the siege of Bethulia. Judith was a widow, "of a goodly countenance and very beautiful to behold;" Holofernes invited her into his tent, and "Judith was left alone in the tent, and Holofernes lying along upon his bed; for he was filled with wine. . . . Then Judith approached to his bed, and laid hold of the hair of his head, and said, Strengthen me, O Lord God of Israel, this day. And she smote twice upon his neck with all her might, and she took away his head from him." She has possessed herself of Holofernes's "fauchion" from the head of his couch, and holds it in her left hand, while, with her right lifted up to

heaven, she sends forth her prayer for strength "to execute mine enterprise to the destruction of the enemies which are risen against us."

The sculptor is a French artist who studied under M. de Trequiti, and to the Paris International Exhibition of 1855 contributed two busts. What works he has since produced, beyond that here engraved, we have no means of rightly ascertaining; it is certain, however, from this statue, that he has reached a degree of excellence that entitles him to be classed among the leading sculptors of his country. His statue of 'Judith' was exhibited at the Paris *Salon* of 1874: it is elegant in design, the action is spirited and appropriate, and the face "beautiful," as described in the narrative, yet resolute and determined, as befits the terrible act she is about to execute.



JUDITH

REPRODUCED BY G. BENTLEY FROM THE STATUE BY W. C. BENTLEY

-LONDON: T. FISKE & CO. LTD.



ART AMONG THE BALLAD-MONGERS.*

BY LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.



HEADINGS, too, are here and there represented on ballad cuts, and with more or less pictorial or "stage" effect. A singularly good illustration, showing the "scaffold," the block, the masked headsman with axe, the armed guard, and the populace, occurs on the ballad of the "English Merchant," which, above all, illustrates in an admirable and marked manner the singular custom of a criminal, condemned to death, being saved from execution by being "begged" for marriage by some one willing thus to rescue him. This ballad (1594) recounts how, in a quarrel, the merchant had killed a man at Emden, for which he was "judg'd to lose his head." For his execution "A scaffold builded was," and all prepared, when

"Ten goodly maids did proffer him
For love to beg his life."

Having declined all these—

... "another Damsell cry'd
'Sweet Headsman, hold thy hand!'"

and proceeded to address her "plaint" to the merchant, declaring she will live and die with him.

"Then beg my life," quoth hee,
'And I will be thine owne!'"

and they were at once married, and came home to England.

The choice between death and marrying—or, in the words of another writer, "between hanging and wiving;" or, still better, between halter and altar—has been the subject of many not very gallant allusions with our old poets; thus:—

"Of life and death nowe chuse thee—
There's the woman, here the gallows tree."

"Of bothe choyce, hard is the parte—
The woman is the worse—Drive on the carte!"

But enough of obsolete and other modes of punishment as illustrated by ballads. I now pass on to another very different class of "cuts"—those that are traceable to the very early engravers, and indeed may have possibly been previously used in some of the very scarcest of our black-letter books, and those that illustrate some of the manners and customs of the people.

Fig. 47 is peculiarly interesting, both in the costume of the guests, in the arrangement of the table, and in the oddity of the hunchbacked servitor. It occurs on one of Martin Parker's ballads ("A New Medley; or, A Messe of All-together"), but is evidently very considerably older in point of date than his time. The same remark will apply to Fig. 45, from a black-letter ballad, "The Discontented Married Man." The ballad is of the time of Charles I., but the cut is probably a century older than that time. The cut Fig. 48, again, is admirable as



Fig. 54.—King Charles I.

showing how much we owe to the ballad-mongers for the preservation of long-past illustrations. The two signs of the Zodiac, Aries and Aquarius, tell their own tale, and the whole of the accessories are good: it is from the ballad "A Fayre Warning."

Numerous other instances of the use of very early woodcuts being brought into later use, a couple of centuries back, on the black-letter ballads of the time, occur; but it is not necessary



Fig. 55.—"Plotting Table."



Fig. 56.—From "The Triumphal Show" of Percy, Earl of Northumberland.

to burden this chapter with more examples. They are of intense interest, not only to the student of mediæval literature,

but to all who study the costumes, manners, customs, and home appliances of those times. Other cuts have a peculiar charm and value from the fact of their giving representations of

* Concluded from page 160.

customs now fallen into desuetude, but concerning which we come across so many pleasant records. The sport of dancing round the maypole several times occurs, and other games are far from unusual.

Funerals, with their attendant ceremonies, are now and then carefully depicted, and are extremely important as supplying links of knowledge to what we already possess as to "funeral garlands" and other pleasant observances. Fig. 52 has the

coffin of a virgin borne by maids in white, and on the pall is placed a funeral garland, emblematical of the purity and faithfulness of the deceased. The cut is taken from an early black-letter copy of "The Bride's Buriall," which recounts how a "lovely bride," attired "like Flora in her pride," died, through a sudden chill, on the morning of her nuptials.

This pathetic ballad is a valuable illustration of the custom of carrying or placing on the coffin funeral garlands.



Fig. 57.—Captain Dangerfield in the Pillory.

"A Garland, fresh and faire,
of Lillies there was made,
In signe of her Virginity,
and on her Coffin laid."

The same cut occurs on another pathetically warning old ballad—"Two Unfortunate Lovers; or, A true Relation of the



Fig. 59.—The Stocks.

lamentable end of John True and Susan Mease," of Coventry, in Warwickshire, where again, as was usual,

"Six maids in white, as custome is,
did bring her to the grave;"

also on "The True Lover's Lamentation; or, The Damosel's Last Farewell."



Fig. 58.—"Whipping at the Cart's Tail."

Another very characteristic example occurs on the woodcut Fig. 53, where the pall is powdered with garlands. It is copied from "The Obsequy of faire Phillida," of nearly three centuries back. It occurs also, but without the grave-digger, on "The



Fig. 60.—Ancient Gallows.

Unconstant Lover's Cruelty: or, The Dying Dampsell's dreadful Destiny;" and on an equally curious one, "The Young Man's Complaint: or Answer to the Damosel's Tragedy," referred to above, and quaintly described in the ballad itself—"a more killinger story" than the writer had ever before heard.

Examples of "funeral garlands"—the real garlands that

were once carried at the burial of village maidens—remain even yet in some of our rural churches, where, after the funeral, they have been suspended, and fortunately permitted to remain. Those who are curious in such matters will find engravings of some of these examples in *The Reliquary*, vol. i., where I have given a lengthy paper on the subject. How well Fig. 52 illustrates the lines from "The Maid's Tragedy" of 1610—

"Lay a garland on my hearse of the dismal yew;
Maidens, Willow-branches wear; say I died trow;
My Love was false, but I was firm from my hour of birth;
Upon my buried body lie lightly, gentle earth;"

and Shakspeare's words in *Hamlet*—

"Here she is allowed her virgin crants,*
Her maiden-strewnents, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial."

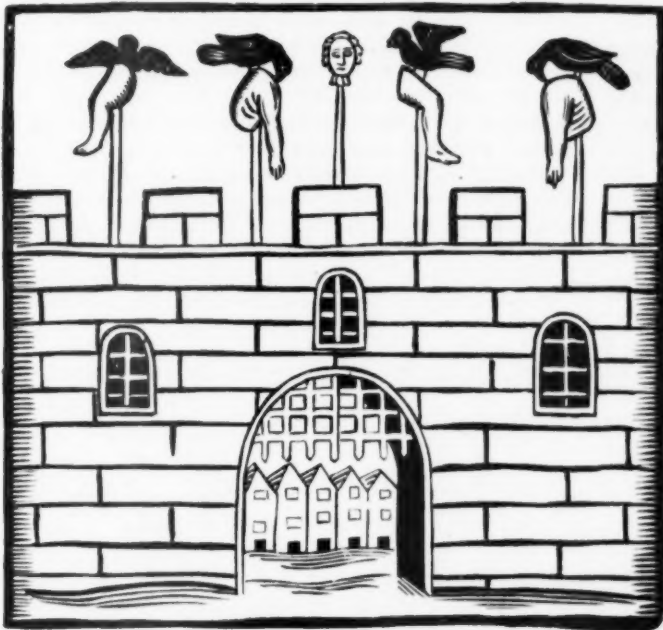


Fig. 61.—Beheading and Quartering.



Fig. 62.—The Bagpipes.

Representations of various trades and occupations, sometimes very curious and always interesting, are to be found on ballad cuts. Thus on some we have the old-fashioned wooden printing press, worthy of Caxton or of Wynkyn de Worde, with the pair of balls for inking with, and all the formal and clumsy arrangements of the office in which the printers and their "P.D.'s" worked two and a half centuries ago; the barber and perru-

quier, with razor, shaving basin, wigs, and all; the typefounder, with his hand metal-pan, moulds, and tiny furnace; the shoemaker, "sticking to his last," seated on his bench with lapstone and hammer, "St. Hughe's bones" and leather, "tatchin ends," awls, and "cobbler's wax;" † the tinker, with his wallet of tools, his brazier, and a load of "kettles to mend;" the tailor—not one of the three famous Tooley Street worthies—cross-legged



Fig. 63.—Mother Shipton "Prophesying."



Fig. 65.—"The Pig-faced Lady."

on his shop-board, with needle, cloth, and shears, and the inevitable roll of "cabbage." These and other trades have been, thanks to the care of the old "wood cutter," admirably and strikingly represented on ballad cuts, and are eminently worthy of careful examination.

Beggars—the professional mendicant in those days being, if possible, almost as sturdy and dangerous a fellow as his modern prototype—form also the subject of many of the cuts, and some

of them are of very early date. On Fig. 41—from "Money is

* *Crant* is a garland, crown of flowers, or wreath, such as we see represented laid on the coffin in this woodcut. Many ridiculous errors have been committed by various Shaksperian commentators regarding this simple word *crants*—Warburton absurdly substituting "chants," and others even "grants" and "pants!"

† "Hearke you, Shoemaker! haue you all your tooles?—a good rubbing pin, a good stopper, a good dresser, your foure sorts of aules, and your two balles of waxe, your pareing knife, your hand and thumb-leathers, and good Saint Hughes bones to smoothe vp your worke."—*Shoemaker's Holiday*, 1600.

Master," and "A New Ballad showing the great misery sustained by a poore Man in Essex, his wife and children, with other strange things done by the Devil"—as Mr. Ebsworth says, the beggar "holds a large purse for small mercies." Another remarkable example is Fig. 51, of the year 1567. It is a double representation of Nicolas Blount in different attires. The first of the two figures shows him "when he goeth wyth the trunchion of a staffe, which staffe they call a Filtchman; this man is of so much authority, that meeting with any of his profession, he may cal them to accompt, and comaund a share or snap vnto himselfe of al that they haue gained by their trade in one moneth; and if he doo them wrong, they haue no remedy agaynst hym, no though he beate them, as hee vseth comonly to doo. . . . He hath ye chiefe place at any market walke and other assemblies, and is not of any to be controled." The other figure shows this same Nicolas Blount (who, I believe, was an offshoot of a very celebrated family of that name) dressed up as a professional "sick-man," a "counterfeit cranke" passing under the name of Nicolas Genynges, and made up with swathes, bandages, and cordings, to excite sympathy and gain unmerited alms.

Conjurers, mountebanks, "prophecyers" or "prognosticators," adepts in feats of legerdemain, fortune-tellers, and other disciples

of the occult sciences, jesters, "Tom-a-bedlams," and other strange characters, as well as monstrosities of every conceivable kind—each and all came in for a share of fame under the engraver's hands, and find food for us for deep thought and for comparison at the present hour. Fig. 63 shows "Mother Shipton," the famous fortune-teller and "prognosticator," plying her vocation.

On another ballad, in the Bagford collection, are three small woodcuts side by side, which convey in a humorous manner some "sly hits" at the astrologers and "wise men" of the day. The ballad is entitled "The Country-Man's Kalender, or, His Astrological Predictions for the ensuing year 1692." It has a verse of simple truisms devoted to each month, and is a take-off of the "Prophetic Messengers" of that time.

Then again, for representations of the musical instruments in use two or three centuries back, one readily turns to ballad cuts, and there finds better and more reliable figures of their forms and the modes of playing upon them than any other series of engravings presents. The pipe, such as the *Damons* and other "gentle shepherds" and "rural swains" played upon to their sweethearts and flocks; the bagpipes of the stroller; the fiddle of the street and the alehouse; the guitar of the female ballad singer; the lute of the enamoured swain; the drum of the "nine



Fig. 64.—Edward Coleman drawn on the Hurdle to Execution, 1678.

days' wonder" men and of the military; the trumpet of the civic functionary, or of the soldiery; the hand bells of the cloister; indeed, almost every musical instrument of the day that one has been accustomed to read of in the productions of the old writers, has its representation in one form or other in ballad cuts, and thus to them one is indebted for almost priceless knowledge on the subject of their history.

Nay, it is not too much to say, in conclusion, that there is scarcely a subject in the whole range of inquiry into the habits, the manners, the customs, the costumes, the sentiments, the home life, or the surroundings of the people of our own country, during the periods over which ballad lore extends, that they, and the cuts with which they are "adorned," do not in some way or other tend to illustrate.

In many instances the woodcuts have evidently, and with remarkable fidelity, been specially made to illustrate real events or allusions contained in the verses with which they are printed, but in a much larger number they have not even the remotest

connection with the matter of the ballad. The old-fashioned printer, with his lumbering wooden press and his ink-balls, kept by him a more or less extensive store of woodcuts, got together from any source, and many of them cracked, broken, and worm-eaten with age, and he placed these hap-hazard at the head of the "broadsheet," or on the title-page of the "garland," simply to add to the beauty and attractiveness of his productions, and to insure for them a readier and more extended sale; and to this it is that we owe the preservation of impressions of very many "blocks" that had previously been used in the very earliest of our printed books, and which, but for the care of the ballad-monger, would have been for ever lost to us.

And so, in principle, it is in our own day. The cuts done specially for one publication do duty for another, and even, after a time, find their way into the offices of a modern "Catnach," or a "Pitt of Seven Dials," and are used—especially portraits—for anything or anybody that is wanted.

MINOR TOPICS.

THE INSTITUTE OF ART.—This new association has been established, we understand, for the purpose of encouraging Art work of every kind executed by ladies, and for facilitating the sale thereof. With this view an exhibition of such work has been held, and we are glad to say with no small amount of success, at the Conduit Street galleries. The contributions included paintings, drawings, engravings, sculpture, wood carving, and paintings and drawings on china, terra-cotta, velvet, silk, and other like materials. Indeed, by far the most interesting portion of the exhibition was that showing how charmingly Art can be applied to all manner of textiles. Examples of lace, embroidery, tapestry, crewel-work, crochet, fancy knitting, &c., formed, accordingly, the main attraction, not only on ordinary visitors' days, but on the occasion also of the *soirée* with which the season was very successfully closed.

On the 29th of July the Art treasures of Hertford House, Manchester Square, the town residence of Sir Richard Wallace, were thrown open to the members of the Society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts and their friends. This is the first time the completed collection has been seen by any large section of the public. The hundreds who visited it on the day named were all more or less intimately associated with the Arts, and familiar with European galleries; and the general conclusion at which they arrived was that, taking into account its variety and extent—for there are articles of *virtu* of every kind, arms and armour, porcelain, cabinets, glass, miniatures and works in oil, mainly of the French and Flemish schools, although other nationalities, including the English, are by no means without adequate representation—the Hertford House galleries contain the finest private Art collection in Europe.

PROPOSED ECCLESIASTICAL ART EXHIBITION.—During the May and June of next year it is proposed to hold in the Royal Albert Hall an exhibition, which shall be open to British and foreign Art, of all things pertaining to church use and decoration. There will be models of churches, fonts, and altars, and due consideration will be given to funeral reform, both in its religious and sanitary aspects. Mosaics, stained glass, cartoons, pictures, sculpture, carving, embroidery, tapestry, missals, music, sacred symbolism, and bells—whatever, in short, belongs to a Christian place of worship—will be included in the exhibition. We regard the proposition with the heartiest goodwill, and the movement altogether as most opportune. Thirty years ago such an exhibition could scarcely have been held: first, because, with the exception of Pugin and a few earnest men, nobody knew anything about ecclesiastical Art; and secondly, because the general public were not sufficiently interested to learn. During the present generation, however, ecclesiastical Art has been the subject of patient study and research, and familiar knowledge thereof has been brought to the very doors, we might say, of the humblest. When, therefore, the contemplated exhibition takes place, it will be subject to an intelligent and appreciative general criticism, and we may be well assured that nothing will be accepted or approved by those who take an interest in such matters which is not based on the soundest Art principles. The first division will consist of a loan collection of mediæval and ecclesiastical Art; the second will be devoted to architects, artists, and others who exhibit original works; and the third to works of manufacturers. There is little doubt the exhibition will be a marked success, and it will spread still more widely among the people the desire to see, as of old, the house of the Lord made "beautiful exceedingly."

THE ANGLO-ITALIAN GALLERY, NEW BOND STREET, has always on its walls some pictures worthy of a visit. At present, besides capital works by such men as Frank Cox, R. P. Staples, Musin, and Belguin, there are on show two very excellent pictures, one by M. Guerra, President of the Royal Academy at

Naples, and the other by Richard Elmore. The former represents mass being performed, at low tide, in the Grotto of Sols-paco, with numbers of peasants kneeling reverently. The lofty archway of this great natural sea cavern and its darkling recesses lend solemnity and grandeur to the scene, and the artist has not allowed his work to suffer for lack of forcible and harmonious colour. Mr. Richard Elmore's work is a view of a sandy seashore, with a pool the immediate foreground reflecting the inky darkness of the passing 'Storm Cloud.' In the centre distance the sea is bright with emerald green, and even through the dark clouds to the right we catch a glimpse of a rainbow, while across the foreground runs the low white fringe of the breaking waves. The picture is well painted in rather a smooth, sweet key, without any straining after dash and effect. In contrast to this mode of handling, we would point to the very vigorous brushwork of A. Ludovici, jun., in his portrait of Mr. Knight Aston accompanying himself on the mandolin in the part of Piquillo in Offenbach's *Perichole*. The figure is full of rich and telling colour, harmonizing well with the broad and effective manner in which it is treated. This is the same artist who painted 'Monsieur Coulon's Dancing Class'—a row of charming young ladies in the ankle-revealing costume of the close of last century, all in the "third position," which the famous ballet-master of the Grand Opéra of Paris is in the act of showing them—that adorned this year's Suffolk Street Gallery, and which is certainly one of the most interesting pictures in the whole exhibition. Such a subject would tell admirably in black and white, and no doubt it will yet be engraved.

THE OLD BRITISH GALLERY, PALL MALL.—Several important additions have been lately made to this popular gallery, and among these not the least interesting is George Vincent's 'View of St. Paul's from the Surrey Side' of the river, just by the foot of Waterloo Bridge. The artist was one of the most successful of Old Crome's pupils, and this magnificent canvas shows how worthy Vincent is of the high place late criticism has assigned to him in the Norwich school. A picture of greater importance still, perhaps, is Sir Edwin Landseer's 'Wounded Lion.' It is a portrait of the beast known in the days of Exeter Change as "Sir William Wallace," noted for the success with which it fought four trained bull-dogs, while its companion lion, Nero, was as quiet as a lamb, and refused to touch them. Sir Edwin never parted with this picture, and it is, perhaps, more like the animal painting of Rubens than any of his other works. Besides the two we have mentioned, there are P. F. Poole's famous 'Lion in the Path,' and the late William Linton's 'Positano, Gulf of Salerno,' with its convent-crowned rock; not to mention very pleasing examples of B. W. Leader, R. S. Bond, F. W. W. Topham, G. H. Boughton, A.R.A., and F. Goodall, R.A.

ALFRED SCHOECK'S WORKS have, since we last saw them, received considerable additions, and the whole been removed from Buckingham Palace Road to the commodious gallery in Piccadilly, some of the rooms of which are occupied by Sarah Bernhardt's exhibition. Such additions consist of the view of 'The Lake of Lucerne,' as seen from the artist's studio; 'Moonrise in High Sea'; 'The Sea Eagle,' rising with a large fish in his beak, with the midnight sun lying low on the horizon; and 'Snowing in Dowerfield,' a Norwegian landscape, and the last work painted by the artist. Mr. Schoeck was a pupil of Deday, the famous landscapist of the Geneva school. Besides the pictures we have named, there will be found very interesting transcripts from various other regions, extending from the Danube, in the east, to Nova Scotia in the west.

CHARLES MERYON'S ETCHED WORKS.—There has just been translated into English by Mr. Marcus B. Huish, to whom we are indebted for several Art *brochures* of an interesting and

instructive kind, Mr. Philip Burty's fresh catalogue of the etched works of the gifted and eccentric Charles Meryon. This prince of modern etchers, whose views of Paris and of the sea Victor Hugo describes as being not so much pictures as "visions," so completely did the "breath of the infinite traverse his works," was, though born in Paris, of English origin. When a young man he served as an officer in the French navy, but feeling that he had not the strength for command, either physically or morally, he retired from the service and allowed his natural bent for Art to have full play. In painting he failed, but in black and white he became the greatest of modern masters. He devoted his etching-needle mainly to the recording and preserving of whatever was picturesque or historical in old Paris; and in those etched plates of his will be found many a poetic spot which the imperialism of these latter days has swept away. Whatever was peculiarly suggestive about a locality he gave forcibly and truthfully—the very genius of the place was, as it were, fixed by his etching-needle—and he always was careful of the introduction of some quaint device or other to show how entirely he sympathized with the gloomy and the mysterious. In thus giving way to the workings of a morbid imagination he greatly resembled our own Blake. His genius failed to attract the attention of his countrymen, and in a fit of despair he destroyed the copper plates of his matchless work, and ended his melancholy career in the madhouse of Charenton. Since Mr. Burty's first treatise, which appeared in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* in 1865, many new facts as to the life and labours of Charles Meryon have come to light. All these are carefully embodied in the new work, and the whole prefaced with a memoir. It will bear the same relation to Charles Meryon's etchings as the well-known work of Bartsch does to those of Rembrandt.

THE UNIVERSAL FINE ART SOCIETY, EGYPTIAN HALL.—This society has been established for the reproduction of oil paintings, whether portraits, subject pictures, or landscapes, by poikilography, a process which we explained to the readers of this Journal last year. The result of the process is a permanent fac-simile, even to the very texture of the canvas, of the original, whether that original be some boisterous scene at a Flemish fair, or the divine face of an Italian Madonna. The gallery is up-stairs in the same building where the "Dudley" holds its exhibitions, and is a large square saloon, in which the various works are fairly well seen, but would look to still better advantage if the light, on one side at least, were more fully and freely distributed. The pictures themselves form quite a gallery of the old masters, and *chefs-d'œuvre* of Michael Angelo, Titian, Ruysdael, Rubens, Vanduyke, Murillo, Rembrandt, Holbein, Terburgh, Wouvermans, and many others adorn the walls. As was remarked in our former article, the distribution of works like these, which have received the *imprimatur* of centuries, and by the general consensus of educated men are regarded as masterpieces, must do much in educating the eye and elevating the taste. There is no occasion for any hesitation on the part of provincial schools or institutions in possessing themselves of such fac-similes; for a work by the poikilographic process is as near the original painting as the plaster cast is near the original model in a piece of sculpture.

'A DREAM OF ANCIENT ROME,' BY ANDREW MACCALLUM.—To the thousand and odd works in painting and sculpture which adorn the galleries of the Royal Albert Hall, and to which, when first exhibited, we devoted some considerable space, there is now added a large and important canvas by Mr. A. MacCallum entitled 'A Dream of Ancient Rome.' In treatment and in colour this picture reminds us of Turner's third manner, without suggesting for a moment anything imitative: Mr. MacCallum throws into his poetry too much of what is objective and coherent for any slavish idea of this kind. We look upon the Forum, on the pavement of which, to the left, are seen crowds of wailing women and children, in whose ranks death has already been busy; to the right, in front of some fluted Corinthian pillars, behind which are a few stone pines, we behold a regiment of Bacchanalian women dancing wildly before

Nero, who, harp in hand, turns his grim visage towards the burning city, as he advances at the head of his helmeted guards. A martyr-like procession of Christian virgins proceeds meekly towards the centre foreground, across the path of the advancing Emperor, and one of his Bacchanalian troupe arrests their progress and points to the Emperor, as if asking them to renounce their faith and follow pagan pleasures. The blazing palaces reflected on the pavement of the Forum, the strange blending of mirth and mourning, exultation and despair, all help to make the picture impressive in no ordinary sense.

'BURNHAM BEECHES,' BY VERNON HEATH.—Now that the famous beeches, by the spirited interposition of the Corporation of the City of London, are preserved to us, we can look with all the greater pleasure on the marvellous photographs of them produced by Mr. Vernon Heath, and which he has enlarged to dimensions fitting them for drawing-room adornments. He shows the venerable trees under the various aspects of the four seasons, and for anything more beautifully pronounced and defined we must go to the objects themselves, and then we shall have tangible form and palpable colour. The charm, however, of Mr. Vernon Heath's work—and in every case he himself is the operator—is that he suggests so forcibly both modelling and colour. In this landscape art of his Mr. Heath occupies, in one sense, the same relation to this end of the island as Mr. Wilson, of Aberdeen, does to the other, only that both rove at will from John o' Groat's House to the Land's End. All the famous glens and hills, both of Scotland and Wales, are personally familiar to Mr. Vernon Heath, and he is equally at home on the slopes of Windsor or within the shadow of Dunvegan Castle, in the Isle of Skye. As a truly marvellous example of fidelity in rendering details, we would point to the scared faces of the hills which dominate the Trossachs Glen.

MR. THOMAS STEVENS, of Coventry, has issued his cards for the season. They are in great variety, and for the most part good; some of them, indeed, are of great excellence, and thoroughly "up to the mark" as regards these graceful and often admirable Art instructors, as well as season reminders, of which some thousands find their way to our tables when Christmas approaches, and greetings of a New Year hail us in the not far-off distance. Mr. Stevens obtained fame as producer of the well-known and deservedly popular book-markers—the work of a loom. In that branch of Art he has had no rival, nor, as far as we know, even an imitator: in the cards of the season he competes, and by no means unsuccessfully, with the best makers of the metropolis. The Art is good; the letterpress might be better. These butterflies of winter surely would lose nothing of their value if they had

"Worthier poets to sing them."

Unhappily the poets employed by Mr. Stevens wrote doggerel.

WE understand that Mr. J. R. Dicksee is a competitor for the appointment of custodian to the Art treasures belonging to the Corporation of the City of London. We are glad to hear that the Corporation has created such an office, and we are sure it would give the Art world general satisfaction if the appointment were given to the accomplished and practically qualified gentleman we have named.

WORKS OF WILLIAM HUNT AND SAMUEL PROUT.—Mr. Ruskin has suggested to the Fine Art Society of New Bond Street the desirability of forming an exhibition of the works of William Hunt and Samuel Prout in November, and during the two or three following months. The desire of the society being to render the collection as perfect as possible, and a fitting sequel to that of the Turner drawings held last year, they ask the assistance of collectors possessing fine examples of those masters. The selection of such works will be made by Mr. Ruskin, or by a committee named by him, and he himself will contribute his own collection of Hunt and Prout drawings. We wish most heartily every success to the contemplated exhibition.

It is stated that Maclise's large picture of the 'Marriage of Strongbow,' recently sold at Messrs. Christie and Manson's for

£750, has been presented by the purchaser, a distinguished patron of the Arts, to the National Gallery of Ireland.

AMONG CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES there will be at least one: it issues from Belfast, the firm of William Strain and Sons, of that energetic and prosperous town of Ireland. It consists of cards printed on slips of gelatine: the effect is exceedingly pleasing, striking as well as new. We cannot doubt that the very agreeable novelty will find its way to public favour, and that specimens will be purchased wherever they are seen. This is not their only recommendation; they are good, though generally simple, specimens of Art. As another example of Irish Art industry they are welcome to our table. They harbinger a near-coming season. If they be welcome to us, they will surely be so to many others. Our fear is for the proprietors—that pirates will trench upon their well-occupied ground.

MESSRS. WILLIS, the long-renowned firm of card-makers, have sent us a variety of their "season" playing cards. They are of several styles and orders of design, and are in nearly all cases very charming specimens of Art; some of them are produced specially for regiments or clubs. Japan has, of course, supplied suggestions. Flowers naturally come in for a large share of subjects, while classic forms have not been neglected. In fact, a good artist has been employed to furnish the designs. The cards may refine the taste of players while contributing to amusement and enjoyment.

FORGERIES OF PICTURES.—A case has been tried at Bury St. Edmunds that may be taken as another instructive warning against buying pictures by modern artists, although the name and date of a painter may be very legible on the canvas. A curiosity dealer, who occasionally dealt in pictures, sold one: it was alleged on the one side, but denied on the other, that it was painted by Sidney Cooper. Mr. Cooper swore that it was not by him, and that it was a wretched affair worth about half-a-crown: the jury gave a verdict for the defendant, no guarantee having been proved. Although reference was made to the *Art Journal* so far back as 1840, it bore in no way on the transaction. Our readers need not be told that

then, and during many subsequent years, we gave repeated warnings to picture buyers to ascertain, *before they paid for pictures*, that they were not frauds. Our advice has been very generally taken. It is not often that so glaring a case as this comes before the courts. Mr. Cooper stated that the picture was not painted by him, nor any part of it. He gave the plaintiff a certificate to that effect, which he verified, and which contained this statement—*that out of one hundred and fifty-three pictures submitted to him for examination only eleven were genuine, and one hundred and forty-two were not so*, among which was the one in question. The value of it was about that of the canvas, for no respectable dealer would have such a thing in his possession, and its worth, as already stated, was about 2s. 6d. In cross-examination he said that was his conscientious opinion. It was rubbish worth nothing. It did not matter where it came from. "It is a dreadful thing. It is an insult to ascribe it to me."

MESSRS. EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE have issued their Christmas cards early; a large number of them are on our table: with us they must stay awhile before distribution, for the "merry season" is yet some distance off. The eminent publishers of these graceful things have large resources; in their "trade" they hold the foremost place; it would be doubly discreditable in them to be content with mediocrity. They have employed good artists, such as draw as well as design, and who resort to fancy no less than knowledge to produce results that may teach as well as delight the senders of such cards (no doubt to be counted by millions) when the old year, 1879, is about to give place to the new year, 1880. The issues of Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode will be chiefly of figures, each one of which tells a pleasant and pretty story. They are not all apt to the season, but they are pretty, and in many instances excellent specimens of Art, that may be of value to those who either send or receive them. There are landscapes also in this extensive collection of very great merit; there are half-a-dozen, more especially, of pictures of Glengariff and Killarney, with characteristic and descriptive verses. Certainly these forerunners of the Christmas cards give great encouragement to hope and expectation.

ART PUBLICATIONS.

BRITISH Art is largely indebted to Messrs. Goupil, of Paris and London, not only for a grand supply of first-class French pictures, annually exhibited, but for the issue of many engravings of great interest and value. They have thus, as well as by their exhibitions, aided much to make the artists of France known and estimated in England, giving healthful teachings to our painters, and supplying to them valuable suggestions both by pictures and prints. Of the latter several are before us: that which leads in importance is an incident of the war—"Franco-Prussian." The scene described with so much power by the painter, De Neuville, is but a photograph, or rather an example of Goupil's new style entitled "Photogravure," yet it has the effect and nearly all the value of a fine engraving. The Germans permitted the French to bring out their wounded from a church to which eight officers had retired, but which they defended with vigour and indomitable courage until they were all dead or wounded—a course honourable to both parties in the frightful war. A group of German soldiers are standing by, while their disabled enemies are carried out of the sacred edifice. It is a noble print, and appeals to the higher sympathies of humanity. War has many such true glories to record; this is one of the most touching of them. Of a very opposite order is a print in the same style—"The Rocks of Mouettes"—a grandly wild coast scene, a very serviceable subject to the painter: over and about are wild sea birds dashing in amid the sea spray. The artist is M. Courant. We have rarely seen a sea theme better treated, although a Frenchman, and not an Englishman,

has done the work. We are losing our supremacy as rulers of the waves—in Art. Other examples of the published works of M. Goupil are the well-known and very lovely picture by Velasquez of the Infanta Marguarete Therese; another is of the yet more famous portrait of Mona Lisa, from the immortal pencil of Leonardo da Vinci: but these are engravings, the first from the burin of C. A. Waltner, the other from that of Jules Jacquemart. There is another, a bold etching of a Bohémienne, by Couteux, after Frank Hals; an etching by Greux, after a rich sunset by Rousseau; and two most pleasant prints, both illustrative of Cupid's pranks, the one engraved by Levasseur, after Bouguereau, the other by Aubert, after Jules Jaquet: these are true engravings of a high order. Thus there are several very valuable contributions to the portfolio of collectors: each and all may greatly augment their Art stores, while unquestionably the additions are of deep interest as well as much worth.

A LARGE number of woodcuts and photographs illustrate a book of considerable value, "An Account of the Roman Catacombs," by two learned dignitaries of the Roman Church.* The book demands larger space than we can accord to it; indeed, we can say of it little more than that it is admirably printed and

* "Roma. Sotterranea; or, An Account of the Roman Catacombs, especially of the Cemetery of St. Callistus." Compiled from the works of Commendatore de Rossi, with the consent of the author. New Edition, rewritten and greatly enlarged. By the Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, D.D., and the Rev. W. K. Brownlow, M.A. Canons of Birmingham and Plymouth. Published by Longman & Co.

very beautifully embellished with engravings, some of which are partially coloured, to convey ideas of the sacred originals in those catacombs that were sanctuaries of the early Christians. There are altogether no fewer than one hundred and forty illustrations. The charming and attractive volume is a history of early Christian Art. The title conveys but a limited idea of the contents; let us supply a few of the headings of the chapters:—"The Antiquity of Early Christian Art," "The Relations of Christian and Pagan Art," "Symbolical Character of Early Christian Art," "Symbolical Paintings," "Biblical Paintings," "Early Christian Sculpture," "Objects found in the Catacombs," &c. It will thus be seen that the deeply important subject has been thoroughly investigated and exhaustively dealt with. To all biblical writers the work supplies a rich fund of information; a prodigious storehouse of knowledge it is to the historian and the antiquary; while to the general reader it is full of exciting and instructive matter. The style is solidly yet gracefully English, eloquent occasionally, and always clear and comprehensive. It is not probable that much of this merit can be attributed to De' Rossi. The two ecclesiastics who acknowledge their debt to him are able writers as well as learned men.

THE life of Edward Matthew Ward was a more full life than that of most artists;* he had been much abroad, in Italy, Germany, and France, and had studied somewhat in several continental schools. But he was essentially an English artist, in style, sentiment, and feeling, although many of his subjects were suggested by characters, incidents, and events that were in no way British. He was an honour to the profession of which he was a distinguished ornament; estimable in all the relations of life, as son, husband, father, friend; and few men of our time who quitted earth so early have left a better reputation, either as an artist or a man. Mr. Dafforne has done ample justice to his theme. Aided by twelve fine engravings of Ward's principal works, and a portrait of him in his prime, the author has produced a volume of much interest and value—an acquisition of importance to every Art library. The details concerning the pictures are sensible and judicious; there is not much criticism, but it was not needed. The life does not occupy large space, but it is sufficient.

THE Autotype Company has issued a companion print to one we noticed some months ago from a painting by Leonardo Cattermole, the son of the distinguished artist, George Cattermole, and himself a painter of very considerable ability. Wisely the son has adopted a different style from that of the father, so well known and so largely appreciated, which brought him honours not only at home, but abroad, for he received the *Grande Médaille d'Honneur* at Paris in 1855. Leonardo Cattermole is doing for the horse much that resembles what Landseer did for the dog—making the animal semi-human; he has been an apt student in stables, in the field, at hunts, and at races; he treats the horse as if the noble animal were endowed with reason—which in a sense he is. 'The Amazon's Team' is his latest publication; 'The Houyhnhnms' is another; that we have reviewed is 'Helter Skelter.' The titles convey some idea of the subjects, and the treatment may remind one (but by no means unfavourably) of the Greek friezes. The horses are represented in various attitudes—usually playful; they have never been better painted or more accurately portrayed. But the excellent artist has given to them a poetic character that greatly enhances the value of the picture.

A SMALL volume has been sent to us by the publishers,† which, if it does nothing else, shows that the principles and objects of Art are made the subject of learned discussion in other quarters than those of the professional critic or the erudite amateur. The clergy have long been among the classes who have employed the pen to advocate the views they may entertain on the deve-

lopment of Art in its various departments, and the result to which all Art is tending, or should tend. Mr. Goldie proposes to discuss briefly in his little treatise the Idealism of Art in reference to Sculpture, Painting, Music, and Colour; and he assumes to do this more in a general than an abstract manner. The leading idea that runs through the whole of his arguments is that, in the present day, there is a grand struggle for the mastery in Art, as in all else, between the spiritual and the material; and the conclusion at which he arrives is, that "whether the Idealism of Art is recognised or not, Art has wonderfully progressed in several respects of late years. But one thing is certain, that if it is *not* realised sooner or later, Materialism will blast it and scorch it up like the east wind, and we shall sink into a worse state than we have ever yet experienced." In Mr. Goldie's opinion, and he works out his views boldly yet briefly, all Art, whether Painting, Sculpture, or Music, of the highest order, is a combination of the æsthetic and the intellectual, having Religion as its base.

"OUR NATIVE LAND," a serial, of which Parts I. and II. are before us, will not add to the reputation of Marcus Ward & Co. It professes to describe the Thames,* but instead of being "bright and clear," like the glorious river it assumes to honour, it is as dull as one of the standing pools that, here and there, deface its borders. A heavy and unreadable collection of facts—which, moreover, are well known, being merely historic, biographic, or drearily descriptive—makes up the letterpress. The writer is not stirred up to a spirit of enthusiasm when at "regal" Windsor, and the loveliest of English scenery awakes no corresponding fervour in his mind, or at all events never moves him to language that might show his heart is in his work. We know of no publication so insufferably dull. Neither are the illustrations good; if Mr. Pritchett himself made the drawings on the wood, he has been unfortunate in his engraver. They are among the poorest of their class, while the "chromo views" are very little better. Messrs. Ward have given to the world much that is excellent in this way; they can perhaps afford to issue a bad thing, but it is a fine opportunity utterly lost.

ART students of all classes and ages owe a large debt to Messrs. Rowney & Co., the eminent printers of works in lithography and chromolithography. The publication before us will rank among their best of many.† We have here a most useful series of sketches in colours, principally of trees and foliage, with such accessories as cottages and carts. They are simple facts, not made into pictures, but so designed that the learner shall make pictures of them "out of his own head." More suggestive "Art bits" it would be difficult to find; there exist none so simple and comprehensive, so far as they go, none more certain to lead the pupil or student right. If we are, therefore, to thank the good publishers, we are surely bound to thank the excellent artist: few men have been more useful to their generation. Messrs. Rowney have also issued several admirable sea and river sketches in sepia from the pencil of Mr. Syer.

MESSRS. MARCUS WARD have added another to their long list of excellent books for the young.‡ It is a difficult and somewhat hazardous subject to deal with, but it is well done; the fair author has discharged her task ably and skilfully, interesting, while instructing, little readers, and in no way exciting doubts by inducing questions that cannot easily be answered so as to satisfy unformed minds. The graceful volume is well illustrated by chromolithographs and wood engravings. Of the latter there are no fewer than forty-seven: if not of the first order, they are all good, and will certainly teach to little Art lovers nothing that can lead them wrong.

* "Our Native Land: its Scenery and Associations." Described by W. Davenport Adams. Each Part is illustrated with numerous Woodcuts drawn by R. T. Pritchett, F.S.A., and two Chromo Views by various artists. Published by Marcus Ward & Co.

† "Leaves from T. L. Bowbotham's Sketch Book." Part II. Printed and published by George Rowney & Co.

‡ "The Child's Life of our Lord." By Sarah Geraldine Scott. With Illustrations. Published by Marcus Ward & Co., London and Belfast.

* "The Life and Works of Edward Matthew Ward, R.A." By James Dafforne. Published by Virtue & Co. (Limited).

† "The Idealism of Art." By the Rev. A. R. Goldie, M.A., Vicar of Elvaston. Published by Pickering & Co.



THE WORKS OF JOHN WRIGHT OAKES, A.R.A.



LANDSCAPE painting continues to maintain its superiority in England, though other countries, and especially France, are making great efforts to overtake us, and have within the last few years made vast strides in that direction, yet with a realistic rather than a poetic tendency.

It is only within the last few years comparatively that the glorious scenery of our native country has received full justice at the hands of British artists, though our leading early painters, Gainsborough, Wilson, Constable, and others, confined their practice mainly to home subjects. One reason may have largely contributed to this result—the difficulty of travelling in foreign lands a century or more ago compared with the facility with which even the most distant countries are reached now, and have been for many past years. On the other hand, this facility of travelling abroad, and its very general adoption by almost all classes, have led to a demand for pictures of foreign scenery which our painters, unmindful of, or indifferent to, the incomparable pictorial matter we possess at home,

have not been slow to supply. Creswick, the late F. R. Lee, the Linnells, father and sons, G. and Vicat Cole, &c., have remained for the most part true to their country. Turner, with his vast creative power, found suitable themes for the exercise of his varied pencil wherever his foot chanced to tread; and England had, even beyond all other European lands, the largest share of his attention, as it deserved to have. He, perhaps before all other painters, taught his countrymen to appreciate, or at least directed their thoughts to, the magnificent landscape combination existing in our Lake district; for till his time the scenery of Cumberland and Westmoreland had been left almost neglected by our artists for that of the chafing Zuyder Zee, the muddy locality of Dort, and the rocky and castellated banks of the Rhine. And yet he was not inspired by the unsurpassed scenery of the lakes with any emotion that led him beyond a few comparatively insignificant sketches; but he showed other painters the way to it, and especially the late J. B. Pyne, whose "British Lake Scenery," published more than a quarter of a century ago, developed the beauties of the locality in a most



Drawn and Engraved by]

Morning—Lowestoft Beach.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

attractive form. We willingly admit the awful grandeur of the scenery of the Alps, the loveliness of the Jungfrau when she lifts her veil of clouds, or "the terrors of the Shreckhorn when he shakes the moisture from his soaking mantle." Those Alps, with all their sublimities, with all the sorceries of their many-tinted evening lights, yet fall short of the pictorial combinations often found at home, because in the north of England, and

particularly in those districts to which we are specially alluding, we have rarely no mountains without water, and no water without mountains; and as for sylvan attractiveness, those varieties of foliage which characterize the vicinity of Windermere, &c., more, far more, than compensate for the everlasting and uniform masses of pines that neither individually nor collectively can present a line of beauty like that seen on the banks of the



Derwent and in the romantic gorge of Borrowdale. There are, it is true, the Lakes of Geneva and of Como, with others, that afford charming passages of scenery, some of which do not fall far short of those to which reference has been made, either in calm beauty or

"When stormy winds
Are working the broad bosom of the lake
Into a thousand thousand sparkling waves,
Rocking the trees, or driving cloud on cloud
Along the sharp edge of yon lofty crags."

Allusion is made, as the reader will perceive by our remarks, to one particular phase of British landscape; but other aspects might readily be shown to support the view we have taken of its fitness in every way for the pencil of the most gifted painter.

Speaking of modern landscape painting, and comparing it with that of earlier times, Sir Charles Eastlake says, in one of his published Essays, that "it has been reserved entirely for modern times to cultivate its useful applications without endangering its more tasteful pretensions. The topographical

department of landscape painting, to give it the humblest name that has been applied to it, can hardly be traced beyond the early part of the last century. Not only the great landscape painters, but even the earliest Italian and Flemish artists, with all their timidity and accuracy, seem studiously to have avoided the representation of real scenes, and sometimes appear to have been but little anxious even to preserve an air of probability: this is seen in the backgrounds to some of Leonardo da Vinci's works—borrowed, perhaps, from similar inventions of the contemporaries of Memling and Van Eyck. . . . It may be here remarked as a singular fact, that the style of landscape painting in Italy was, to a comparatively late period, if not from first to last, derived from the northern schools. The account given by Titian's biographers of his having taken certain German landscape painters into his house, to learn their style, is confirmed by the fact that the forms of his common buildings are always German, and such as are not to be met with in the Italian Alps." Coming down to Claude and other disciples of the French school—as Watteau, Lancret, Boucher, Natoire, and



Drawn and Engraved by]

The Border Country.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

others, who, perhaps, may be more correctly classed with the painters of *genre* subjects rather than with the landscapists, yet have their works generally so much of landscape as to entitle them to a place in any writing professing to deal with that department of Art—we find a similar ideality in their compositions, rather than a decided reference to nature, for there may be readily traced in them representations of objects "transported from the ruins of Rome, and the pictures of Leghorn and Genoa, blended with those of Tivoli." But "the information which the arts now communicate will hardly be disputed," says the same learned authority, "by the most zealous advocate of the taste of the sixteenth century. In general that taste was Taste as *distinguished from Utility*; its humbler applications were only humbler decoration. The arabesques of the Roman villas—the frescoes in the extensive buildings of Florence—the paintings on the Urbino earthenware—the frescoes in the open air of Friuli—were all graceful redundancies of the arts of elegance; in landscape, however, it was reserved for modern times to attempt to satisfy the naturalist and botanist

without departing from the grand or delicious impressions of general nature." And thus our greatest landscape painters—few and far between as they may be, yet much less so now than they were half a century ago—bring the powers of association, sentiment, and poetic feeling to bear upon their representations of nature, as did Constable when he painted the morning dew-drops sparkling upon blades of grass, and Turner when he presented his scenes clothed in storm or sunshine, flood and fire, "mists and exhalations."

The above remarks will scarcely be considered out of place as introductory to a brief notice of a landscape painter so favourably known to the public as is Mr. JOHN WRIGHT OAKES, A.R.A., who was born in 1822, at Sproston House, Sproston, near the town of Middlewich, in the county of Cheshire. Having been sent early in life to Liverpool, he there studied the rudiments of drawing and painting under Mr. W. J. Bishop, drawing-master of the Liverpool College; and this appears to be the only Art education Mr. Oakes ever received, except what he learned by the study of Nature, the best master a young artist

can resort to, but only when he knows how to use profitably the examples she sets before him, otherwise he will flounder about in the quagmires of ignorance for want of a suitable guide to show him the right way, and how to avoid the mistakes and errors into which he is only too liable to fall without some able and friendly counsellor. Genius, even of the highest order, requires cultivation and advice.

At the age of about twenty-four Mr. Oakes had attained to such proficiency that he considered he might, with every prospect of successful acceptance, send some of his works to the British Institution, at that time a most valuable channel by which young artists were enabled, without running much chance of refusal, to place their pictures before the public. Mr. Oakes continued to send his works annually to that gallery from 1847 until it closed in 1867, his contributions being scenes chiefly in various parts of Great Britain, with occasionally an example of foreign landscape. The earliest of these which gained our attention was 'Floating up Wrecks with the Tide—a Scene on

the Lune, below Lancaster,' exhibited in 1851: in this view the spectator looks directly up the river. Portions of the work—as the sky, the distance, and the right bank—possess much sweetness of colour, and are made out with great firmness of execution: it is a picture giving good promise of a future now realised. Another work sent by Mr. Oakes to the British Institution was a 'View of the Old Pier, Bridlington Quay, Yorkshire,' sent in 1854, a composition containing a variety of capital material that tells most effectively on the canvas. The feeling of the picture is not unlike that of the French school, as seen in the works of our countryman, R. P. Bonington.

Mr. Oakes was still residing in Liverpool when, in 1848, he sent the first contribution to the Royal Academy; it was a view 'On the Greta, near Keswick.' The next year he was well represented in the same gallery by a picture of Welsh scenery, 'Moel-gronw from Cwm-y-Glo, Carnarvonshire;' and in the year immediately following by two other Welsh landscapes, one 'A Wet Day on Cwm Eigian Moor,' and the other 'The



Drawn and Engraved by]

The Fallow Field.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

River Duly, Carnarvonshire.' In 1851 Mr. Oakes sent another Welsh view in the same county to the Academy, 'Near the Summit of Carnedd Dafydd,' which contains many passages very carefully painted; in fact, he seems to have made Carnarvonshire his especial sketching-ground about this period of his career, for two out of the three works he exhibited at the Academy in 1852 were sketched in that county. In 1854 his only contribution was a marine view, the first we remember to have seen from his pencil; it had for a title 'A Fresh Breeze—Fishing Luggers leaving Peel Harbour;' and in 1855 we found only a single picture with Mr. Oakes's name attached to it: this was another of his Carnarvonshire subjects, 'Twill-du—the Devil's Kitchen:—'

"Craggs, knolls, and mounds confusedly hurl'd,
The fragments of an earlier world."

The scene is a rocky basin, enclosing a deep and dark pool of water, treated throughout with much grandeur: it would have added to its solemnity if the beautiful rainbow, whose iridescent

colours are brought down into the very depths of the chasm, had been omitted.

Among later pictures painted by Mr. Oakes are the three engraved here, which may be accepted as good specimens of his usual style of composition and of his general treatment. The first, 'MORNING—LOWESTOFT BEACH,' shows but a small gathering of materials, the main interest of the picture resting with the sky and the expanse of sea; the clouds, as they roll away before the rising sun, catch its bright beams on their nearer edges, and the waves of the sea on their crests as they break quietly on the wet, sandy beach, on which a fisherman's cottage, boat, and other objects throw long and dark shadows. The artist frequently adopts the plan of introducing a quotation from some poetical writer as supplying a clue to what he has proposed to represent: thus, in our second engraving, 'THE BORDER COUNTRY,' from a picture exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1877, we find appended to the title in the catalogue a line from one of Scott's poems:—

"Where Cheviot's ridges swell to meet the sky."

The composition shows a vast expanse of moorland, occasionally intersected by streams flowing from the extensive mountain ridge known as the Cheviot Hills, which traverse almost the whole breadth of South Scotland. The entire district, especially towards the south, presents to the eye a large number of green hills, differing in form, and enclosing numerous deep, narrow, and sequestered valleys. Such is the "countrie" Mr. Oakes's pencil has presented to us with such fidelity and picturesque beauty: the dark, heavy clouds resting on the heads of the Cheviots, and in some parts concealing them, portend a heavy storm. The third engraving is from a picture, 'THE FALLOW FIELD,' contributed to the Academy in 1875; it had for an introductory motto—

"The building rook 'ill caw from the windy tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea."

The comments we made upon it when in the gallery may well serve our purpose in referring to it again. After speaking of a work, clever, but dull and sad as a subject, it was said, "Let us get into the open, and breathe a less tainted atmosphere. Here we are, happily, in 'The Fallow Field' of J. W. Oakes, one of the best landscapes he ever painted, and one of the best,

too, in the present exhibition. The fallow field runs down to a piece of water in the middle distance, which is dominated in the distance by low, pleasant hills." There is no clue to the locality of the scene, but it bears a strong resemblance to some of those Welsh or north-country landscapes where the painter found so many subjects. "The freshness of the spring-time was never better expressed on canvas, and the lines the artist illustrates give, in their turn, a gloss to the picture which saves a world of trouble in the way of description. The pretty couplet, notwithstanding its halting manner, runs thus:—'The building rook,' &c. Mr. Oakes is all brightness and crispness."

The number of pictures painted by this artist for the British Institution, and annually, with one exception, for the Academy, from 1848 to the present time, is very considerable, and includes scenery both inland and on the coast; he did not, however, leave Liverpool to take up his residence in London till 1856 or 1857. In 1876 Mr. Oakes was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, an honour to which his numerous, well-studied, and faithful landscapes fairly entitled him: I have a list of nearly fifty of the principal of them lying before me as I write, and this is but a small proportion of the whole.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

ART NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

PARIS.—The month of July, 1879, was distinguished by an incident of deepest interest, not alone to Paris, but to the wide circle influenced by Fine Art, viz. the completion and revelation to public contemplation of M. Cabanel's panelled picture of the series of decorations by which the great church of St. Geneviève—the Panthéon—is destined to be wholly metamorphosed. Its protecting scaffolding and hoarding were then removed, and assuredly the noble work of a true master hand was disclosed and realised—an unequivocal sanction of the vast experiment of which it forms a part. In this effort of genius it cannot be doubted that all the finer faculties and qualities by which what may be designated the Cabanel school has been characterized and honoured, are felicitously combined and displayed. It occupies an entire lateral wall of one of the transepts, or *Bras de la Croix*, of the structure, and takes the form of a *triptyque*, composed of a great centre and two wings, the first and third illustrating single incidents, the centre uniting in one great scene, and, with due acquiescence of poetic license, several distinct themes. On the first wing we have the Queen, Blanche of Castile, fondly engaged, aided by learned ecclesiastics, in imparting education to the heaven-gifted boy who occupies a small chair of state at her knee. The grouping of the scene is admirable: the artistic eye will mark with special approval a figure in the foreground, which bends deeply down in examination of a folio volume—it lives in every projection and without intrusion. The sweetness and fervour of the mother, and her grace of attitude, are of Cabanel essentially.

The contrasted subject on the right wing brings us to a very different scene in the Holy Land. The young king, a prisoner after a disastrous crusade, is sought for by some Saracen insurgents, who, having murdered their sultan, offer his throne to their Christian foe. On the one hand we have these rude soldiers, in full Oriental panoply, stubbornly urging their suit; on the other, the young king, the victim of ill fortune and broken health, yet, sustained by his faithful friends at his tent entrance, giving audience in cold, majestic calm. Here, too, the painter's fine sense of expression is touchingly obvious.

The central scene here depicted—quadruple the wings in extent—reveals the various currents of the royal occupations which made Louis the benefactor of his country and sanctified his name. "High on his throne," and with a full range of councillors to advise and aid him, he dispenses civilising laws,

suppresses appeals to fiery ordeals, reorganizes municipal institutions, welcomes home the blind victims of crusading, and dispenses a merciful award to the repentant criminal. Great judgment in grouping, drawing to correspond, and a rich, mellow harmony of colour, to complete this panoramic conception, will win the prolonged attention of the spectator. It should be noted that, to occupy fully the transept wall to which this delineation is applied, it is crowned with a processional frieze, after the manner of, but with more force of tint than, that of Flandrin in the church of St. Vincent de Paul.

This fine work of one of France's greatest artists is of high import, from the success which it may be said to assure of the daring project of painting the vast walls of the Panthéon. Verily it gives a great light. It is only unfortunate that it did not make its appearance somewhat sooner than it has done; for this simple reason, that it might have presented a salutary example of what the nature of the task in hand required; and it might further have caused to be withheld another picture which has now also taken possession of a large space in the nave, representing the pastoral infancy of St. Geneviève. Here, sad to say, the pervading poverty of design is associated with a melancholy feebleness of colour. There are, however, some names on the list of contributors to the undertaking which, it is to be hoped and trusted, will be found worthy to sustain that of Alexandre Cabanel.

The jury of the Academy have made their report respecting the competition for the *Grand Prix de Rome* in the section of sculpture: the first prize is awarded to M. Léon Fagel, of Valenciennes, pupil of M. Cavelier; the second to M. Mombur, of Eunezat, Puy-de-Dôme, pupil of MM. Dumont and Bonassieux; and the third to M. Édouard Pepin, of Paris, another of M. Cavelier's pupils.

CHINON.—The Rabelais fête, announced to take place this year at Chinon, is postponed to the next, the block of marble required for the intended statue not having been delivered to the sculptor in time for the due execution of the work.

DÜSSELDORF.—A statue, in bronze, of the distinguished painter, Peter Cornelius, who was born here in 1787, will shortly be inaugurated: it stands at the extremity of the street known as the Königsallee, which henceforth is to bear the name of Cornelius.

THE RELIGIOUS MOTIVE IN ART.



HERE is a characteristic feature of the literary and pictorial Art of the present day which affords, so far as we are able to judge, a very pointed contrast to the leading motives of the Art of the noblest periods in the past. In the drama and in the sculpture of Greece; in the painting and architecture of Italy on the revival of letters and of culture; in the monuments of noble genius, fired by self-sacrificing piety, that exist in those glorious abbeys and cathedrals in our own land that have escaped the sacrilegious grasp of Henry Tudor; in the great works of Shakspeare, Dante, Spenser, Bacon, Milton, Tasso, Ariosto, Cervantes, we have examples of the mode in which the creative power of genius wrought in times past by different methods, and in different materials. We cannot fancy Phidias casting about for a model or for a motive that should catch the fancy of the Athenians, avid as they were of something novel. We cannot imagine Æschylus or Sophocles searching the records of the Court of Areopagus for the materials of a sensation drama. The eye of Raffaele may have been arrested, as has been that of the tourist of to-day, by seeing the original of the majestic vision of Italian beauty, which the great painter has immortalised as the Madonna di Santo Sisto, walk down the hill on which stands the little town of Sessa, near Gaeta. It was not, however, as driving pigs or as selling butter that he placed the exquisite model on the canvas, but as surrounded by a halo of angels. Lofty thought and earnest meaning were the first characteristics of the men whom we justly regard as the great masters of Art. The fire of genius burned within them. They could not contain the whispers of inspiration; and hence they wrought, not for a clique or for a season, but for mankind and for all time. The special attributes of worship which clothed the idea expressed in marble by the sculptor of the Venus of Melos have passed away. Yet it is no dim, discredited goddess on which we gaze in this unique marble. Mutilated and disfigured, this unrivalled relic of the noblest Art of Greece yet produces on the minds of even imperfectly trained observers an impression more profound than it is within the power of any living artist to awaken.

It is very possibly one of the unavoidable consequences of the rapid growth of population that the position of the artist, with regard to his age and his country, changes, and that the character of Art changes with it. There is no room to doubt that in the grand periods of Art to which we refer there existed, in Athens, in Rome, or in Florence (as in Naples at the present day), a class of Art workmen—mechanical copyists—men who moulded the lamps, and cast the bronze statuettes, and painted the frescoes, which were in constant demand for the daily service of the Art-loving inhabitants of the islands and peninsulas of the Mediterranean. But from this craftsmanship of pictorial or glyptic Art work the great masters stood out apart and distinguished. And if we seek for the philosophic cause of this distinction, it will probably be found in the fact that on the one hand we see the manifestation of instinctive and irrepressible genius, on the other that of easily adapted and well-paid talent.

Regarded from this point of view, the feeling which is produced by a visit to almost any modern exhibition is one of a dispiriting nature, as regards the present and the future of European Art. We see on the walls of our galleries the same handwriting that fills the advertisement sheets of our newspapers, when they set forth the contents of most of the monthly magazines. We see but few instances in which the artist is dominated by his idea, and thus, in obeying the irresistible impulse, adds something, however slight, to the Art wealth of the world. We see effort after novelty—construction of subject—attempts so to draw hints from the casual interests of the day as to obtain ready purchase on the part of those who desire to be amused; or, if they seek to be instructed, to be instructed

with as little trouble as possible. Thus, while ephemeral literature is banishing sound and solid work from among us (by rendering it unsaleable), pictorial skill is frittered away by the adoption of trifling motives; and it is only as a refuge from the intense and indiscriminating vanity which commands nine-tenths of our portrait work in oil or in marble that we are driven to look at modern works of landscape or in *genre*.

Of course this view of the case is only to be taken as general, not as exhaustive. We will not pause to except any recent work of a high character. It is enough to say that we have not the intention of denying that any such exists. On the other hand, it is the testimony of every one who cares to discuss the subject, that our exhibitions, year by year, tend to attain a more general level. Pictures of a high order are more and more rare; so, perhaps, are out-and-out bad ones, though how much of that is due to the hanging committee is another question. General improvement is admitted. Manipulation is better, technical faults are more few, being, perhaps, chiefly committed by those artists who consider their own powers to be so high that they may despise what they call mere Academic rules. And in all this the central and predominant element is the absence of any such outburst of genius as makes the spectator at once aware that the artist wrought that figure, or sketched that face, because it haunted his fancy or his dreams.

Closely connected with this waiting upon the turn of the market on the part of the writer, the painter, or the sculptor, is an extraordinary deficiency in noble subjects. The French historic school may be open to very serious criticism, especially from critics who are not Frenchmen. But it is better to aim, even if not quite truly, at something worthy of labour, than to take no aim at all. Where is the English historic school of Art? What people has nobler motives, in the records of its past history, for a magnificent Art chronicle? How painfully humiliating have been our efforts in that direction is witnessed by what have been satirically called frescoes on the walls of our Palace of the Legislature, and by some of the constructions that disfigure our streets. Again, what modern nation has a literature so full of motives for pictorial Art of the highest pitch? How have our painters and sculptors given form to the creations of Shakspeare or of Spenser? If we look over the whole range of English Art for such embodiments of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, of Henry V. or of Henry VIII., of Falstaff or of Fluellen, of Miranda or of Portia, as Doré has given us of Don Quixote and of Sancho Panza, we look almost in vain. Perhaps Stothard's engraving of the 'Canterbury Pilgrims' is the most truly classical embodiment of an English poem in existence. Yet could even the literature of Greece itself offer to the true and heaven-born artist more noble subjects than the finest characters of Shakspeare?

When we pass from what is especially English to that which is the common property of Christendom, we find the same absence of artistic rendering. What have we done for the illustration of the Bible? In the way of collecting materials we have perhaps done as much (although with far less self-assertion) as our French and German neighbours. We have exhausted the problem of the geography of the Holy Land; and an ordnance map of Palestine, on the same scale as the ordnance map of England, is now being engraved. We have followed in the steps of De Vogué and De Saulcy in representing the architectural and monetary monuments of Syria and Palestine; we have produced students and translators of hieroglyphic, hieratic, and cuneiform writing of the first order; and we have been foremost in the recovery of much of the Art, as well as of the history, of the desolate Mesopotamian cities which were once the cradle of empire. Indeed, in the July number of our oldest and most influential quarterly journal, the *Edinburgh Review*, will be found a singularly bold challenge to the accuracy of German criticism, and to the thoroughness

of German research. But with all this additional material for the student, what have we done in the way of Art?

It is not our purpose, in the present lines, to offer any criticism, whether favourable or the reverse, of any particular artist or artisan. And what we avoid directly doing we will no less carefully avoid doing indirectly. But there is no disputing the fact that the best effort which has been made, on any noticeable scale, for the Art illustration of the Bible in this country, has been merely the reproduction of the designs of a French artist, and that an artist who has never set foot in the Holy Land. Can there be a more complete proof of the absence of the true spirit of pictorial illustration in English Art?

This absence of that sacred Art work which springs from devout genius is more noticeable when we recall to mind the fragmentary relics of the religious Art which, from the eleventh to the sixteenth century, gave outward form to legend, or prayer, or hymn, in the saintly forms shadowed by the niches and tabernacle work of our minsters and churches, and in the glory of our ancient window jewellery. Before the balanced grace of the later English pointed tracery was displaced by the trickery of perpendicular roofs—which the architect did his utmost to show as menacing what they overshadowed, instead of aiding the thoughts to soar upwards to heaven—how constant were the offerings enshrined in our churches of the devout work of the artist! We have now as little knowledge of the glorious wealth of sacred Art work which was wrecked by the envious savagery of Scotch Presbyterianism and of English Puritanism as we have of the five thousand abbeys, churches, and sacred edifices destroyed by Henry Tudor. Had that king's life been prolonged for ten more years, we should probably now be without a single cathedral in the island. But, here and there, relics yet remain which tell not only of the skill, but of the devout fancy and inspired meditation, of our earlier sculptors and modellers. In the lofty tower of Christ Church Abbey the Christ yet stands uninjured in its niche. Whether it was the actual height which rendered the figure unassailable without long ladders that were not at the command of the assailants, or whether the remote situation of the abbey—hard by the spot on which Hengist is said to have landed, and where the rude mound of Hengistbury still marks the site of a Saxon fortification—preserved a feeling of reverence for the scene sanctified by the charity of the monks of Christ Church, may be doubted. But though the tree of Jesse in the chancel has been greatly mutilated, many of the old misereres of the stalls of the monks yet remain in Christ Church Abbey; and the spot is one which may be visited with delight by those who wish to trace the

remains of the Christian Art of early English times. Over the pew of the prior (now the family pew of the Earl of Malmesbury), which occupies a sort of gallery above the north aisle of the nave of Christ Church, is the head of a mitred abbot; a mere finish, it may be said, put in the place of a quatrefoil or of a fleur-de-lys, but one which may be cited as a typical instance of the manner in which the devout fancy of the artist took outward form from his chisel.

It is much the same if we look at some of the ancient saints represented in our early stained glass. The whole technical skill there displayed is that of the glass stainer; drawing, properly regarded, there is often none. Proportions are frequently grotesque. Symbols and attributes are of the most obvious and obtrusive character. And yet, in spite of these marks of the infancy of Art, how pure, tender, and true is the feeling displayed! Louis XIV. is said to have complimented the two schools which for some time held a not unequal position in France, by saying that he would live with the Jesuits and die with the Jansenists. Do we not feel that, in spite of their utter inability to pass a competitive examination so as to satisfy a modern school board, we should have been willing both to live and to die with the sculptors and glass stainers of our ancient cathedrals?

True excellence, either in Art or in literature, is, in our humble judgment, utterly incompatible with the anxious search, by the writer or the artist, for a popular theme. It is to this search that more and more attention appears to be daily directed. "Pot-boilers" replace poems. Poetry itself is rated at so much per line. It is the name of the poet or of the artist which is bought by the purchaser, for the name will sell the work. As to the genius it is immaterial, for any defect as to that will not be perceived by the purchaser until after he has parted with his money. Indeed, that pecuniary transfer has a weight with purchaser as well as with seller. "The picture is by Mr. Brusher, and I paid eight hundred guineas for it," is a sufficient answer to a hint that a new purchase is rather one of doubtful merit, or one which, if good in itself, is utterly spoiled by its position, illumination, or surroundings. On behalf of Art we desire to raise a warning voice. Art must be supported, and ought to be nobly supported, in order to live at all. But when Art is "tricked and frounced" for the mere purpose of attracting pecuniary support, her future is but too distinctly indicated. When Art and literature shall have abandoned their lofty mission for the more lucrative one of pandering to the amusement of mankind—not to name any lower object—their dignity is gone, their utility is impaired, and their excellence is rapidly becoming a thing of the past.

ART IN IVORY AND BRONZE.

IT is rather sad to notice the contrast between the large crowd which spread itself over the Burlington Fine Arts Club last winter to admire the gaily coloured decorations from Japan, and the small number of visitors who appreciate Greek Art and Italian Bronzes or Mediæval Ivories. There was a silence and repose about the gallery (to which, on this occasion, the exhibition was confined) very conducive to study. Perhaps the seeming indifference of the public may be partly accounted for by the easy access which it has to the collections at the British Museum and South Kensington. At the former are many ivories collected by Mr. Maskell, whose book on Ancient and Mediæval Ivories is such a useful guide to both galleries. The very pleasant collection both of bronzes and ivories at the Fine Arts Club enabled those students who are already well acquainted with works in either material to follow up their knowledge by seeing scattered treasures brought together with which they might never otherwise have met.

About one hundred and fifty works in ivory were selected for exhibition, by far the greater number being examples from the

seventeenth century, and of these about fifteen were executed by Fiammingo, or Flamand, as François Duquesnois is usually called, well known as the sculptor of the groups of children on the columns of the high altar of St. Peter's, and famous for the grace and beauty of his figures. This alone ought to make the exhibition an attractive one. He did not disdain small works in ivory. Many lovers of Art fail to appreciate quaint groups of mediæval figures minutely carved on tablets or reliquaries, but they cannot help being enchanted with Fiammingo's children and the natural beauty of the saints and Madonnas of Italy in the seventeenth century. Still we are told by Mr. Maskell that there are no ivory carvings in existence equal to those made from about 1280 to 1350. A few specimens of this period were to be met with in the room, the finest of all a plaque, placed over the mantelshelf, with a portion of a book-cover on each side, all three formerly belonging to the late Mr. George Field. The exquisite workmanship of the little figures is worthy of careful examination. There are sixteen small panels in the plaque filled with scenes from the life of our Lord, and it

is distinguished amongst the numerous examples, very similar in appearance, with which we are familiar in our public collections, by the remarkable clearness and delicacy of its details. A backing of black velvet serves to give still greater distinctness to the pierced work. The plaque is supposed to be a portion of a shrine or reliquary; the book-covers are also very fine. Ivory collectors owe much to the art of bookbinding, in the service of which some of the best carvings have been executed.

Mr. Maskell says that he cannot suggest any way in which the very large plaques of ivory were obtained by early artists. Many opinions on the subject have been given: by some people it is supposed to have been softened and flattened out like horn, but if so, the secret of doing it has been lost. In the statues and groups by later artists we must take into consideration the difficulties they had to contend with in the natural shape and size of the ivory: there is usually an inclination to one side or the other in larger figures, according to the curve of the tusk, or a fault in some limb necessarily foreshortened in consequence of limited material. In crucifixes the arms are sometimes cut from a separate piece of ivory, as in the beautiful Italian sixth-century crucifix in the British Museum.

Fiamingo's works are not usually of a devotional character, for he delights in playful Cupids, Bacchantes, and sleeping infants: there were two fine tankards carved by him, and various lovely *amorini*. Mr. Richard Fisher sent two beautiful boys, on marble pedestals, by this master; he also exhibited some Italian statuettes in dark hard wood, sixteenth century; a St. Anna and a Madonna in ivory, of the same period; also a fine group from the 'Murder of the Innocents,' fifteenth century. To this century belongs a curious Florentine work, a plaque representing the Triumph of Death. The allegory takes the rather unusual form of two large mild oxen coming slowly but surely along, dragging a car decorated with skeletons; they tread upon the prostrate forms of old and young, rich and poor; their feet are crushing a crowned king and simple country folk; the front wheels of the car roll over the body of a pope, the hinder ones over a maiden; and various figures fall around the car. A cast of this plaque may be seen at the South Kensington Museum. The design is very clear and spirited. The original belongs to Mr. John Malcolm.

From statuettes and devotional tablets we have to descend to domestic objects, such as combs, mirror cases, and nutmeg-graters. The double combs, with a wide space admitting of elaborate decoration, are very interesting; some of them are "ceremonial" combs. There is a French one, fifteenth century. The ornamentation is sometimes medallion and pierced work. Nutmeg-graters have delicately carved cases; one has 'King David,' another arabesques. There were not many of the mirror cases, which have proved such a field for the exercise of the ivory sculptor's art, and are well represented in our public collection; nor were there any of the strange *memento mori* which are to be seen at the British Museum.

'The Ivory Head of an Egyptian King' seems, by the quiet boldness of the statement in its description, to challenge a controversy. It had not actually any right in the gallery, as it is not "of European origin." It assumes to be "probably the oldest known work in ivory carved by civilised man." Its claim to that honour seems to rest upon having been bought of an Arab at the Tombs of the Kings at Thebes, in Upper Egypt, and to be similar in type to a photograph of the celebrated wooden statue in the Museum at Cairo, said to be six thousand years old. The head may have been actually taken from the tomb, and be of the age assigned to it, but the proof seems hardly sufficient. In "Ivories, Ancient and Mediaeval," we have a notice of the wonderful incision or carving representing animals on ivory, which there is every reason to believe were made by man in prehistoric times. We have examples of inlaid ivory of about 1800 B.C.; these are two daggers in the British Museum.

The effect of a little pale colour or tinting on some of the mediaeval ivories is very good, possibly more pleasing now than when the colour was first laid on; but perhaps the taste is

better which leaves the polished purity of this material untouched.

Many of the bronze works were of great interest. The collection contained original works of ancient Greece and Rome, reproductions on a small scale of classic masterpieces, original works of the Renaissance period, medallion portraits, plaques; also domestic objects, such as door-knockers, ennobled by having been upon the doors of a Venetian palace, inkstands too beautiful to be used as such, salt-cellars, and hand-bells.

In the centre of the first case was a mask, three and a quarter inches high, Græco-Roman work; it was found at Pompeii, and probably decorated a vase. There is silver "damascening" on this mask, and it is popular from its eyeballs being made of glowing rubies. There is a small figure in the British Museum whose eyes are diamonds. "Coloured stone, ivory, and enamel, to give life to the eye," were used generally, says Mr. Fortnum, by the Greeks, Romans, and Etruscans. This mask was lent by Mr. Montague Taylor, to whom the fine classical collection in the case belongs. Perhaps the most beautiful antique is a Venus holding a wreath, in Case 5, No. 165, belonging to Mr. Drury Fortnum. Professor Westmacott attributes it to the school of Praxiteles; it was found near Stratonicæ, in Caria. Praxiteles worked in Caria, but he only occasionally made use of bronze. This lovely figure is about thirteen inches high. There is an engraving of it in Mr. Fortnum's excellent Art handbook on Bronzes.

Amongst reductions from the antique were variations of the boy extracting a thorn, and the Venus Medici. There were three reductions of the Borghese Gladiator, the last being one lent by Lord Elcho, a Florentine work of the sixteenth century, nineteen inches high—a very fine example, but not placed in a good position on the top of a tall cabinet. Another version, five and a half inches in height, with an ivory plaque let into its base, was lent by Mr. Fisher, also Florentine sixteenth century; the latest, lent by Mr. Montague Taylor, is seventeenth century.

The 'David,' thirty-six inches high, the largest bronze exhibited, excited much interest, which was partly due to a supposition that it is the long-lost bronze ordered of Michel Angelo: there is scarcely enough reason to believe it to be his work, although it is a fine statue. Benedetto Rovezzano is said to have completed it, the sculptor who came over here to execute a bronze tomb for Cardinal Wolsey, to which such a curious history is attached. Nelson now lies in all that remains of it. Mr. Fortnum says that there is no work of Michel Angelo's in bronze now existing.

There were very few devotional subjects amongst the bronzes; some of the very interesting plaques have formed part of a pax, and served to transmit the "kiss of peace." Two beautiful statuettes—fifteenth century—of St. John and the Blessed Virgin are attributed to Ghiberti, and formerly stood on each side of a crucifix; they are about five inches high. There was a St. John the Baptist of the same period, conjecturally ascribed to Donatello, ten inches high. We cannot help hoping that these truly reverent and characteristic figures were really the works of these great artists at the "springtime of the Renaissance."

Peter Vischer, in the same collection, was represented by two inkstands, or rather groups. There were also candlesticks of marvellous workmanship—fifteenth century—"perhaps by Pol-lainolo," pupil of Ghiberti. These, the catalogue says, were executed in wax with the greatest care and boldness of modelling. A clear and graphic account of the process known as *cire perdue*, or casting from the wax model, may be found in Mr. Fortnum's book, in the chapter on the Fashioning and Manipulation of Bronze.

There was a fine antique bull on one of the tables, where also some of the domestic works, such as door-knockers, were exhibited: one of large size and very bold design was taken from the door of the Grimani Palace—it is a mask supported by dolphins, sixteenth century. A very beautiful hand-bell, the handle consisting of a boy with a tambourine, is conjecturally ascribed to Andrea Cione di Michele, called Verrocchio, pupil of Donatello. Another bell has the arms of the Medici family and Florentine lily.

Lastly, the collection of portrait medallions, Italian, of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, was worthy of special study. In one of the cases were portraits signed by Vittore Pisano Pasti, Sparandio, and Enzola. They represent members of the Medici family, the family D'Este, and other historical families of Italy. There was a medallion of John Bellini, the work of Vittore Gamberetto, known as Camelio. Francis I., by Benvenuto Cellini, is very fine. The medals seemed to form a gallery of portraits of

great interest, besides the designs which they bear, with which so many historical associations are connected. As works of Art they are worthy of admiration.

The catalogue of the exhibition is, as usual at the Fine Arts Club, a capital specimen of what a catalogue should be. We cannot help wishing that the preface had been somewhat longer, and had given even rather fuller information and introduction than are to be found in it.

A FLORENTINE BRONZE.

THE Threshing-floor of the Peasant during the Vintage: a study from life in the vicinity of Florence—such is the title which Professor Luigi Frulini gives to his first effort in sculpture proper, although long since he won distinction in wood-carving for furniture. It is an alto-relievo in bronze, about three feet by five, representing a harvest scene common enough in Tuscany in the wine-making season: the work was in the late Paris Exposition. The whole story in its minutest details is truthfully rendered, without any poetical or romantic adornment. Brunelleschi's dome, Giotto's campanile, and the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, rising above clusters of trees, are shown in the mid-distance, against the beautiful background of Fiesole and its Apennine boundaries rising high in the sky-line. The foreground opens into the paved courtyard or threshing-floor of a farmhouse, with its massive doorway, ancient stone well in the centre, vine-clad loggia on one side, and on the other the usual type of a well-to-do peasant's habitation, unchanged in essential architectural features since the best days of old Etruria. We note the heavy stone staircase outside, leading to a covered terrace and second story; the wine vaults below, and shelter for live stock; nigh at hand the customary straw-stack, with its long pole capped by an inverted earthen pot; the outlying bastion-like sheds; the whole forming a picturesque commingling of the staple elements that constitute the material well-being and mode of livelihood of the Italian farmer, who cultivates his lands on the old system of sharing the produce equally with the proprietor, whilst taking a generous care of himself as the successive harvests are ripening. Frulini's composition gives a complete view of his homely motive at its happiest moment. The snow-white oxen are serenely awaiting the discharge of the contents of their richly laden cart into the wine vats; a little city miss, in trim attire, is filling her hat with flowers just brought in from the fields by a sturdy peasant woman, sickle in hand, whose face is overshadowed by one of those huge flapping straw hats which her class usually wear; the portly agent is obsequiously bowing, with one hand on his heart, and the

other, holding his hat, almost touching the ground, but gracefully, as all Tuscans of his class so well know how to do, to his young master, who has just dropped in fresh from the chase; the huge watch-dog is looking suspiciously at the city-bred pointers, and not at all imitating the politic welcome of his owner; a bare-legged lad is playing the harmonicum to several couples of both sexes, which, with old Bacchic fervour, have stopped work to indulge in impromptu dancing, reckless of display of limbs or raising of drapery; each individual, if not beautiful, a characteristic type of their class; and the whole forming a graphic, realistic spectacle of such scenes as the estates of the Florentine nobles exhibit every autumn. The modelling is vigorously accurate, grouping natural and truthful, and the combinations of sympathetic toil, local facts, and the self-unconsciousness and graceful ease of manners of the Italian peasantry, which make them feel at home in the presence of their superiors, and as free of limb and voice as so many gambolling young animals, are admirably given. Indeed, we may call this clever work the perfect modern outcome of picturesque sculpture as begun by Ghiberti when, casting aside strict classical rules of composition, he made his immortal essays in metal and marble pictures, invading in so many ways the legitimate sphere of painting. But while his genius, united to the severity and importance of his topics, helps to reconcile us in some degree to his confusing the aims and practice of sculpture with those of painting, the work of Frulini is pushed to that degree of the technical commingling of the sister arts as to serve to convince one more surely than ever of the soundness of the fundamental principles of Greek Art, in drawing strict lines of demarcation between them as to the distinctive limitations of the material means and treatment of spheres of sculpture and painting, and that each should reserve its appropriate forces for its own domain. Frulini has executed a spirited and ingenious picture in bronze of a topic in harmony with the taste of the age, and in conformity with the practice of sculpture generally of the modern school.

PRAYER IN THE FOREST.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

H. SALANTIN, Painter.

E. FORBERG, Engraver.

THE painter of this picture is another of those artists whose works the English public have known chiefly, if not altogether, by means of Mr. Henry Wallis's small but most interesting gallery in Pall Mall. Mr. Salantin belongs to the Düsseldorf school of artists, though his name is French; he studied, we believe, under Vautier. There is nothing novel in the subject of this picture, which artists in continental countries, where facilities for roadside devotion meet the wayfarer in every direction, very frequently adopt, as do occasionally some painters of our own land, when the subject comes within their route, and they take a fancy to it, as most assuredly not a few would do

who chanced to meet with such a picturesque scene as is here presented—an appropriate architectural composition that looks like a miniature chapel, in the midst of a thick growth of light and graceful trees, and a pretty little maiden, who has put down her basket while she kneels with uncovered head before the shrine of the Madonna to offer up her inward prayers for guidance, safety, and protection. The sentiment of the composition is very charming, whatever we may think of the ecclesiastical side of the question, while the picture is painted with great delicacy and an arrangement of chiaroscuro that is most effective.



H. VALENTIN PINXIT

E. FORBERG SCULPT

PRAYER IN THE FOREST.

LONDON: VICTOR & SONS.



HOGARTH AND LANDSEER.*

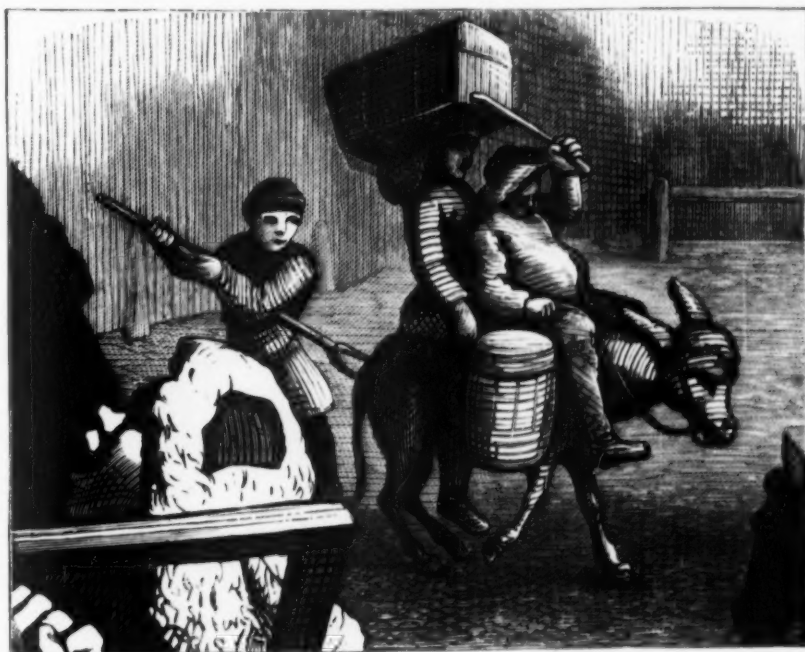
II.—HOGARTH AS A PAINTER OF ANIMALS.



HERE can be no doubt that the debt owed by dumb animals to Hogarth exceeded that to any other artist except Landseer. Probably they owe a greater debt to each artist than to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, valuable and honourable as has been its services. The society has acted in the only way possible to it, by prosecuting individual instances of cruelty, and thus holding before the eyes of the brutal the terrors of punishment. The artists, on the other hand, have appealed to all alike, whether young or old, cruel or kindly by nature, by means of pictures, which were in their days multiplied almost innumerable, penetrating over the whole of England, and beyond it, from the palace to the cottage, until they formed a valuable and inevitable factor in national, if not European education.

They, however, made their appeals to the public in very different spirits, if indeed Landseer can be said to have made any appeal at all. The moral of his work is unmistakable, but it is in a great measure unconscious on the artist's part. The kindness of his soul, and his love for the beautiful creatures he drew, are so incorporated in his art that they may be said to have been mixed with his colours and to have filled his brush.

He preached because he could not help it; his gospel was of example rather than precept. 'See how beautiful, how faithful, how brave, how patient, how tender-hearted are these animals,' he said in effect, and his hearers or spectators drew the moral to be kind. But it was not in Hogarth's nature to leave morals to be inferred; he started with them. His preaching was always to a text, and his exposition was always forcible, and generally terrible. Never was it more terrible than in his 'Four Stages of Cruelty,' which are almost exclusively devoted to cruelty to animals. There is no doubt about the lesson to be preached, and a terrible one it is. Do we not all know the dreadful history of Tom Nero, who began as a boy by brutally ill-using dogs, and, graduating in cruelty, at length reached its perfection by murdering the servant girl he had seduced from the ways of both honesty and honour? Can any one forget, who has once seen it, the terrible dissection scene, in which a dog is about to revenge the cruelties committed by Tom Nero on his kind by eating the felon's heart? The details of these engravings are too terrible to be put into words, and too revolting for any one to draw in the present day. Perhaps we have no need for them, but yet did we not hear of a dog being roasted alive only the other day?



Group from Hogarth's 'Cruelty'—Second Stage.

It is a question, nevertheless, whether Hogarth did not, in these and others of his prints, damage the moral effect of his work by unnecessary force, especially in the accumulation of incident. None of the atrocities committed by the boys in the first stage, or the men in the second, were more brutal than what boys and men did then, and, we fear, sometimes do now; but did anybody ever see at one and the same time three boys torturing one dog, a fourth boy tying a bone to the tail of another dog (which licks his hand), fifth and sixth boys burning out the eyes of a fowl, seventh boy holding a cock while eighth boy throws at it, ninth boy with another cock ready to be tortured, tenth boy hanging up two cats by their tails, while boys eleven to eighteen are looking on with delight, and boys nineteen and

twenty have just thrown a kitten with bladders tied to it from the top of a house? The impossibility of such a variety of horrible cruelties happening at the same time and place is so great that the edge of our indignation is blunted by our incredulity.

Had Landseer been as uncompromising a judge of his fellow-men as Hogarth was, he had the power to rival Hogarth in depicting the sufferings endured by harmless animals at the hand of man: witness the 'Woburn Game List,' with its terrible headings of wounded game; his 'Otter' writhing on the spear; his 'Random Shot'; but he was too much of a sportsman, too much a man of the world, too much of a sympathizer with the faults and follies of human nature, and perhaps too much of an artist for such subjects to have an attraction for him. A certain amount of cruelty is inseparable from sport, from childhood and

* Continued from page 179.

unthinking youth, and a large amount of cruelty is inseparable from nature; and he felt and painted all as only a deeply sensitive and humane spirit could. Although he never, like Hogarth, entered into a campaign against cruelty, it is only in the sports

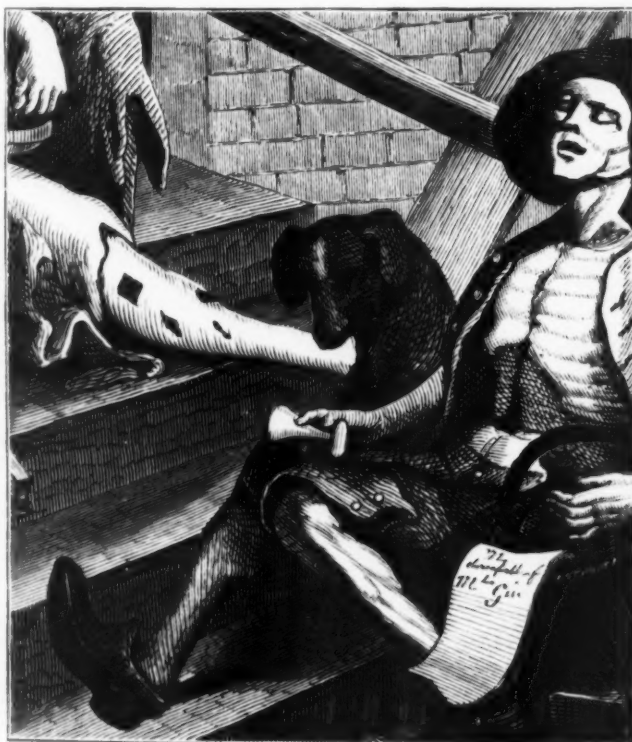
of youth that he ever seems to tolerate even the smallest amount of it—only then when mixed with the fun and frolic of thoughtless spirits. As I have elsewhere remarked, in his numerous early pictures of cat hunts he always places pussy in a safe



After Landseer's Etching of 'The Sweep.'

position. In one of his early drawings he represents a boy riding a tethered donkey, and thrashing it with a stick;* in another (of which he made a beautiful etching) we see a poor broken-down

hack limping along under the weight of three youths; but the cruelty in each of these cases is of so mitigated a form that even Hogarth could look at them without an attack of virtuous indig-



Group from Hogarth's 'Gin Lane.'

nation. He would not have drawn them, however, as they would not have been serious enough instances of cruelty to enforce a

moral. When he did draw an overladen animal, as in the second Stage of Cruelty, he did it with a vengeance.

This series of the Stages of Cruelty is unique amongst Hogarth's work for the prominence given to animals, and this prominence

* See *Art Journal* for April, 1875.

is given to them only because necessary to enforce the human sermon he was preaching. But though Hogarth seldom, if ever, like Landseer, painted animals for their own sakes, he was the first of English painters—if not of all painters—to show their artistic value in enhancing the moral effect of a painted drama.

He introduces them freely throughout all his work, and always draws them with spirit and correct knowledge of their characters and habits. So much may even be said of his dogs and other animals in his illustrations to "Hudibras," especially to Sidrophel's cat in Plate VIII. It is true that they are not very



From 'The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner,' by Landseer.

well drawn, but this criticism will also apply to the human figures in this early work. Far better are the two dogs in the first plate of the 'Marriage à la Mode,' which are excellently drawn, and which show, though leashed together, an utter want of sympathy one with the other, which argues ill for the future of

the marriage in high life, the contract for which is about to be signed. As good as these, if not better, are the two dogs in the marriage scene of the 'Rake's Progress' (Plate V.), where Rakewell's pug is paying his addresses to the female one-eyed spaniel of his leering one-eyed old bride—thus paro-



*Monkey after Hogarth,
from 'Taste in High Life.'*

*Monkey after Landseer,
from 'The Travelled Monkey.'*

dying the ill-assorted union that is taking place. And nothing could be devised with greater skill to enhance the horror of the gambling scene (Plate VI.) than the dog which is howling with terror at the distracted face of the ruined profligate. The fat lap-dog in Hogarth's well-known print of

'Evening,' toiling along, like its mistress, under a weight of "too solid flesh," may well be compared with Landseer's etching of the 'Ladies' Pets.' In all these cases, and in many more—such as the first plate of the 'Harlot's Progress,' in which the poverty of the country parson is shown by the avidity with

which his horse is eating the straw packed in between a stack of earthen pans; the first of the 'Rake's Progress,' in which the more than half-starved cat is one of the most telling indications of the miserliness of his father; the breakfast scene in the 'Marriage à la Mode,' where the infidelity of the newly married husband is told by the instinct of the spaniel, which snuffs at the strange cap and ribbons in his pocket; the dogs stealing food in the death scene of the same series, and the 'Distressed Poet'—we see Hogarth's full appreciation of the pictorial value of the relations between animals and men.

It may be said that, however different in disposition artists may be, they cannot help seeing the same things, and, if they be humorists also, without being struck with the same resemblances; and that Landseer may have studied Hogarth and imitated him. But, allowing for these arguments, there is a fundamental fellowship—what may be called a family likeness—between their choices of subject, their manner of composition, their very tricks of incident, which is all the more remarkable because it does not extend to their personal character or the spirit of their work. Although many artists between Hogarth and Landseer studied men and animals and their social affinities, and could not help perceiving the striking likenesses between men and the lower order of animals, we look in vain in Wilkie, or Morland, or Leslie, or Frith, or Cruikshank, for any sign

that either of them thought such facts worthy of pictorial illustration. Both Hogarth and Landseer did, though of course, as usual, in very different spirits. The effect of such observations on the variously sensitive mind of Landseer was fertile in many directions, but, generally speaking, it may be said to have been twofold: on the one hand, the likeness of men to animals disclosed a source of humour at the expense of man, capable of endless amusement of a pleasant kind; on the other, the likeness of animals to men disclosed a source of sentiment of an altogether sweet and ennobling kind—that of the unity of creation, by which the lower animals claimed from man affectionate recognition as fellow-creatures. On Hogarth the effect was simple; it enabled him to show more completely the degradation of man, not only by likeness to what was brutal, but by contrast with what was noble in animal nature. The moral as well as the physical resemblances between man and brute were caught and utilised by both artists: the one mainly for the exaltation of the brute, the other mainly for the depreciation of man. Take, for instance, one picture of Landseer's which nearly approaches the Hogarthian spirit in its absence of elevated sentiment, the 'Travelled Monkey,' and we shall find that in spite of its burlesque of humanity, the feeling it induces is rather amusement at the exaggerated cleverness of the monkey than contempt for the conceit and follies of man. Compare this with any



Group from Hogarth's 'Gin Lane.'

of Hogarth's monkeys, the monkey in the 'South Sea Bubble,' or the monkey in the 'Taste in High Life,' or the 'Dilettante' watering the dead stumps of the Arts, and the laugh raised by them at the expense of human folly will be found very different in quality—hard and bitter, without any cheerful ring of good-humour.

In the same way Hogarth treated the purely physical likeness which exists between the skate and the face of an old woman (see his plate of the 'Gate of Calais'), not to show how comical a likeness it is, but what a hideous creature is an old hag. Both the works of Hogarth and Landseer would, on examination, yield many remarkable illustrations of the Darwinian theory: Landseer's, by showing the effects of breed in the elevation of the type; Hogarth's, by showing the reversion to the lower type under conditions of neglect. It is not too much to say that the feelings raised at the sight of some of Landseer's noblest dogs, such as 'The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner' and 'Suspense,' are little less intense and noble than if the figures were human—the brute is raised almost to the level of humanity, and the same may be said of some of his pictures of deer; but with Hogarth the converse is invariably the case. Two more illustrations of this will properly close this paper: one in which Hogarth has used his utmost art to show how despicable man is by his likeness to the brute, the other to preach the same sermon by contrast. They both occur in the same plate, viz. 'Gin Lane.'

The first group is a most extraordinary instance of the reduction of the human to the brute in the whole of Hogarth's work, and contains a dog and a man gnawing the same bone, their features distorted by hunger and brutality to the same degraded level. How strangely Landseerian is the power of this group, but how strangely un-Landseerian the spirit! On the right of the same terrible print is the other group, which is specially suited to our purpose by affording a comparison with a well-known work by Landseer, his noblest picture of simple pathos, 'The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner.' This group might be called 'The Drunkard's Sole Mourner.' On the steps lies the body, reduced by emaciation almost to a skeleton, of a man who has drunk himself to death; his bony hand still clasps the glass, which has been fashioned by Hogarth into a ghastly image of an hour-glass, as if to show that his time has been measured by gin. He lies surrounded but disregarded by his fellow-creatures, his dog alone with patient and sad face watching by his side—not only the only mourner, but the only rational being in the scene (if we except the pawnbroker). Here at least the two artists, so different in their aims, have each after his own fashion presented with all their force that most noble quality of dogs—the love that lives beyond death. But still the result in Landseer's case is the elevation of the brute; in Hogarth, the degradation of man.

W. C. M.

THE PRIME MINISTER ON ART AND INDUSTRY.

NO contribution that can be made to human knowledge can have more value than an account given by a man of the highest order of eminence of the manner in which he attained his position. Among the records of this nature with which modern literature is enriched, the first place must be accorded to those biographies, or (yet more precious) those autobiographies, which record the first aspirations of the unfledged genius; which detail the struggles and the toil of years; which display the bright hope or the high resolve that sustained the courage of the combatant; and which show how the golden prize was at length attained.

Next in value to the actual records of the struggles and triumphs of genius and of perseverance rank those essays and reflections which men who are confessedly masters in their own callings and professions have left as to the great requirements and leading principles of the pursuits in which they have grown great. Such are the maxims of a great general on the art of war, those of a great surgeon on physiology, of a great physician on medicine, of a great statesman on political life. When such utterances are dropped by the way, they should be carefully collected and reverently treasured. If they are given to us with the direct purpose of serving as an educational guide, they may be even yet more valuable.

The speech of the Earl of Beaconsfield, in delivering the prizes to the exhibitors at the Westminster Industrial Exhibition on the 12th of July, was an example of one of those occasions on which the man who has succeeded was able to give some of the lessons of a brilliant experience to the men who desired to succeed. At first sight there might seem to be a question as to the value of the particular tie that linked the leader of the most august senate now left in the world—the director, under the Crown, of the policy of a mighty empire—to the humble exhibitors of the products of the toil of self-taught artists and artisans. But the more steadily we regard the soundest and noblest qualities of the two widely separated classes thus brought face to face, the more fully shall we understand that true brotherhood which exists between them, and the more shall we value those long-matured national habits and institutions which have allowed of the growth of so much that is of common nature under circumstances so widely differing.

Nor must it be forgotten that the chief interest and chief value of the address lay in its being the words of a man of eminently successful industry, addressed to others of industry more humble, but perhaps not less persevering, than his own. It is in the power of work of her leading men that the future of England depends. It has been not unusual—particularly with the aim of catching a little fleeting sympathy from the majority—to make a distinction, or rather to point a contrast, between talkers and workers. Such a contrast really exists. It is one of a very positive kind. But the talker who, as contrasted with the worker, is the idler, is the man who is *vox et præterea nihil*. The mere talker is not the man who, wise in the rich store of his experience, allows a few pregnant words, worthy of memory, to slip from his tongue. It is not the man who, on some fitting occasion, can rise above the ordinary humdrum level of English public speaking, touched by the fire of the orator, or lit by the genius of the far-seeing statesman. The talker who is opposed to the worker is that man, full of words, who is so far from being a product only of the present time, that he was described, nearly three thousand years ago, as one who should not prosper on the earth. It is the man who is always profuse of advice, half asked or unasked; the man who is so apt at dissecting difficulties and balancing doubts, that the upshot of his oratory is confusion to his plain, straightforward auditors. It is the man whose main motive is to convince his hearers that the only way to have anything well done is to intrust the execution to himself.

Mischievous talkers of this kind abound; from those who en-

deavour to hide their ignorance of grammar under the fervour of their denunciations, to those few less pardonable firebrands who wrap themselves in the toga of the orator—who can speak in “other places” as well, if not quite in the same language, as on a stump. The essential evil of the entire class lies in the fact that the outcome of their counsel is to divert the attention of the workman from his true present; it is to teach him to combine, instead of to work; to watch his vote, instead of to increase his Saturday night's pay. Such are the men whose influence—whether they intend it or not—is bent to reducing the productive power of the English workman by the notable expedient of short time. Such are the men who play into the hands of the foreign producers by managing strikes at home. Whether advice of this kind take the rough form of rattening and of terror to the workman who wishes to make the best of his time for the support of his family, or of the more wordy and vague denunciation of the institutions or the government of the country, the effect is the same. Those mighty talkers are so truly the pest of the day, that they may be called the enemies of the working man no less than of other classes of society.

A great contrast to this flatulent mischief-making will be found in the good counsel given to the exhibitors at Westminster. It came from a man who, though rarely gifted with the power of saying much in few words, has been, through a long life, eminently an industrious man. We are proud to claim him as a brother in the honourable field of authorship, by which occupation, even earlier than by his efforts in the House of Commons, he first fixed the public attention in days now remote. The reflections that occurred to the Earl of Beaconsfield on his visit to the Westminster Exhibition must have been like those of some victor in the Olympian games on visiting a school where the children of Greece were first trained to athletic sports. He could detect the possibilities of future eminence under the humble veil of immature effort. He spoke of the progress already made by the exhibitors on the spot; how from a parochial it had grown into a civic competition; how it bid fair to become metropolitan, national—why not international? He pointed out how that which was commenced for the purpose of amusement and occupation of spare time had expanded into a cradle of invention; and how the efforts of the exhibitors had been almost equally divided between artistic and industrial work.

As to the means of aiding the amateur student of Art, Lord Beaconsfield referred to the spread of schools of design throughout the country. We fully share the regret expressed by the noble lord as to the great want of corresponding appliances for the aid of the technical student. But we would add an indication of a source to which inventors may turn for an amount of information that was inaccessible a few years ago. The records of the Patent Office are now in such an admirably arranged state that they can readily, and without charge, be consulted by any inventor. It is impossible to give too much publicity to this valuable fact. Those who have been often consulted by inventors, and those who have produced inventions of their own, are the best aware of the incalculable value of the boon thus given to industry. It is not too much to say that more than half the time which is given by self-educated inventors to carry out their inventions is purely wasted, as far as any useful result to the world is concerned. They have, indeed, to undergo the discipline of hard work. But this is dearly paid for by the heart-breaking failure of ultimate disappointment. The same amount of work bestowed on a field that had not been already thoroughly exhausted might have produced some useful result. The case of the iron violin exhibited at Westminster is perhaps not one exactly in point, for it may be questioned whether the maker would have found anything sufficiently clear to deter him from so misdirected a use of great skill and ingenuity by reading the accounts of patents for musical instruments. But for almost all those purposes which may be expected to yield a

good return for clever invention, the lists of the Patent Office supply a mass of information which it is pure folly not to unearth before undertaking the important and toilsome task of endeavouring to bring a new idea to practical maturity.

And as to the iron violin, what a lesson does that instrument offer of the want, in our educational establishments, of that laying down of first principles on which every art and every industry depends! And in this we refer, not so much to the absence of knowledge of any particular principle or law, as to the apparent total ignorance that any such master principles exist, and have in the first place to be studied. Thus a man who thinks he can make a new musical instrument should seek, in the first instance, to form some idea of how musical sound is produced. It might occur to the self-taught mechanic that some grand ruling principle must be the cause why similar sounds may be produced from the throat of a bird and from the slip of sappy willow from which the schoolboy makes his whistle. Some idea of vibration as the cause of sound is a primary requisite to any clear notion of the nature of music; and the step from this to the desire to ascertain the vibratory character of different materials is an easy one. For a man who had got so far as this, the very A B C of the theory of a fiddle, not to ask why the most famous instruments of the kind had been made of wood, and to make some inquiry as to the probable effect of any other material for their construction, before devoting months of toil to the fabrication of one, would have been impossible. The great want in this case was not so much that of technical instruction (for the maker must have obtained no small portion of that before he arrived at the excellence of form which he attained), but of being taught how to stake out his line of country before making a blind rush for the hedges—how to select and settle controlling principles before attacking practical details.

With Lord Beaconsfield's remarks on the decay of the guild and apprenticeship system we thoroughly agree. We do not consider that the blame of that change lies at the door of any individual, class, or party, although we do hold that singular

blindness has been evinced by those statesmen who have rather helped and hastened the change than taken any measures to fill the frightful gap so constantly growing wider between the practised master of any craft and the untaught novices who propose to carry on its teachings without having had the opportunity or the patience for mastering them. The movement has been too general and too simultaneous to be regarded as artificial. It is one of those social changes the upshot of which cannot be clearly known until it arrives. But of the magnitude of the change there can be no doubt. And the mode in which it has diminished the ancient English pride of work is a matter of the deepest regret to those of us who remember what the English workman was half a century ago. Without passing beyond the limits of artistic and industrial interest, it is permissible to express the conviction that unless the strong tendency which now prevails towards the independent action of the individual, as opposed to the organized action of the guild or craft, be checked and lessened, great evils will follow. And by that organization we mean, not that of the hand against the foot, or of both those members against the head, but that of the whole great fellowship—past masters, masters, journeymen, and apprentices, of which any craft essentially consists.

It may prove to be the case that in exhibitions of the kind of which we have been speaking there will be found an efficient means of stimulating the fading pride of the English artisan in his work. True Art work, in the absence of such a pride, is of course impossible; it is replaced by mere mechanical toil. But industry has its elements of individual existence no less than Art. It is in the stimulating of the personal love of the excellent, of the passion—not so much to excel a neighbour as to do the most which it is possible to do with a material, or in development of a design—that the only chance of our maintaining an industrial supremacy now depends. It deserves the attention of the working classes when they find the advice of their best friends repeated from the lips of the Prime Minister of England.

NEW ART LOANS TO THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

ON our last visit to the Art galleries of South Kensington Museum we took a summary glance at the valuable collection of Earl Spencer. Part of it has now been removed, but there still remain several works of great value and interest: portraits, for example, by Rembrandt, Frank Hals, Bordone, Antonio More, Titian, and Leonardo da Vinci, not to mention likenesses of personages so familiarly associated with English history as Cardinal Pole and Anne of Cleves. The former, a man with a fine intellectual head and a commanding presence, is the work of Sebastian del Piombo; and the latter, so plump and buxom that she looks the very counterpart of Henry VIII.—and one wonders he could ever have divorced so suitable a partner—is from the perhaps too partial pencil of Bernard Van Orley.

Turning to the late additions, we find that one of the most important collections is that lent by the trustees of the Rev. Pryce Owen. Considering that Wales has produced so distinguished a painter as Richard Wilson, and so remarkably gifted a sculptor as the late John Gibson, of Rome, and bearing in mind, further, that the first decided impetus in England to what we may call modern Art was given by our Welsh king, Henry VII., it need not surprise us at this time of day that a Welsh clergyman should have gathered together a collection of pictures which would do credit to the taste and discrimination of a prince. But the reverend gentleman, who died at Cheltenham in 1863, was himself a painter and etcher of no ordinary talent, as may be seen in the *Art Journal* of 1865, when we introduced a number of very remarkable engravings, etched by himself, accompanying a brief sketch of his life and works. Mr. Owen was a preacher of great eloquence and popularity,

and was well known as such for nearly seven years at Park Street and Grosvenor Chapels, in the earlier part of the present century. Among the larger canvases formerly belonging to him will be found important examples by Mantegna, Tintoretto—especially the picture of 'The Entombment'—Paul Veronese, Moretto, and Del Piombo, representing Italy; Zurbaran and Murillo, Spain; Holbein, Germany; and Rubens, Flanders. These are not all of equal value and importance, but, taken as a whole, they give one a very good idea of the characteristic qualities of the various schools.

Nor did Mr. P. Owen confine himself to the old masters: he had a keen eye for what was really good among his contemporaries. We have accordingly 'The Toilette of Venus,' and 'Manlius Capitolinus thrown from the Tarpeian Rock,' both by Etty; 'Cupid on a Lotus,' by H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.; 'The Salmon Weir,' by W. Muller; 'The Monkey and Fruit,' by G. Lance; and 'The Brides of Venice,' by J. R. Herbert, R.A., all of which exhibit their respective authors at their very best.

There are some interesting works by Morland lent by Captain A. Hutton, and a large canvas by the same master on which he represents a 'Carrier preparing to Start,' lent by the Earl of Dunmore, who also sends a charming portrait of 'Mrs. Garrick' by Hogarth. Miss E. Craven contributes an important Spagnoletto, showing 'Elijah fed by the Ravens,' while the oldest banking house in England is most opportune in its loan of 'Temple Bar,' by John Collet, the humorous painter, as it appeared about 1725. That and the house beside it, so long occupied by the Messrs. Child, are no more, and Collet's picture thus remains a valuable historic record.

The collection of Kenneth Mackenzie, Esq., ranks in importance with that of the late Rev. Pryce Owen, and, like his, includes both old and modern masters. Among the former are 'The Conversion of St. Paul,' by Titian, with the wild white horse whose tremendous build and fiery mien have so frequently called forth wonder, as the tone and colour of the picture have called forth praise; 'John the Baptist,' by Bassano; 'The Holy Family,' by Dominic Beccafumi; 'Lucretia,' by Guido Reni; 'Virgin and Child,' by Ghirlandajo; 'Judith with the Head of Holofernes,' by Leonardo da Vinci; 'The Consecration of the Pantheon,' by Paul Veronese; 'Holy Family and Landscape,' by Bonifazio; 'The Baptism of Phocas,' by Paul Veronese, and a portrait of 'Mona Lisa,' by Luini; not to mention examples by Dosso Dossi, Bassano, Salviati, De Santa Croce, and Mabuse. Most of these are of a high order, and all of them are characteristic works. Coming to that section of Mr. Mackenzie's collection devoted to modern Art, we are met on all hands by pictures exhibiting like discrimination and taste. We have, for example, the well-known work of 'Christ and the Four Marys,' by Ary Scheffer; J. R. Herbert's, R.A., 'Martha and

Mary;' a small replica of Holman Hunt's famous 'Scapegoat,' and his 'Light of the World;' 'Apple Gathering,' by J. E. Millais, R.A., one of his early works; a very capital copy of his 'Carpenter's Shop,' by Miss Solomons; and excellent examples of G. F. Watts, R.A., and F. Sandys, the latter being represented by his 'La Belle Jeune Giroflée.'

Then the Royal Academy, as if to show its sympathy with the kindred institution, has contributed some of its most valuable recent acquisitions. Among such are the beautiful 'Harmony' by Frank Dicksee, so much admired on the walls of the Royal Academy last year, and the large canvas by W. F. Yeames, R.A., in which he has most impressively depicted the 'Death of Amy Robsart.' Besides these there are commendable works by T. M. Rooke, Joseph Clark, and C. W. Wyllie. Those, therefore, who have not been to South Kensington within the last few months will find quite enough for a day's interest and delight among new works, without touching on any of the other numberless Art sections which make South Kensington Museum the wonder of the world, and a wide field fertile in all that is as instructive as it is amusing.

COLONIAL DECORATIVE WOODS, ETC., AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

ONE of the rooms furnished by Messrs. Jackson and Graham in the red terra-cotta house of Mr. Lascelles, in the "Street of Nations," had every article in it made of an ornamental wood sent over by the Emperor of Burmah for the purpose of being tried as a furniture wood; it is very heavy, having some resemblance to teak, of a good mahogany colour, and a wavy pattern. It seems well calculated to form handsome and substantial furniture made out of the solid: it is called padouk-wood.

Our foreign possessions contributed to the Exhibition vast collections of timber and other woods, some of which may fairly be expected to increase the resources of the Art workman; and they were arranged with far more care than upon former occasions, and better catalogued. India has given us sandal-wood, citron, and ebony, and many fine ornamental woods have come from the colonies, of which a few have been adopted by the cabinet-maker; but the varieties still untried are almost numberless.

Among the woods of South Australia were sandal-wood, myall, and cherry-wood, which have been used in cabinet-work; red gum, of which there were splendid planks in the Exhibition four feet wide without a flaw—this is the wood of the *Eucalyptus rostrata*, which promises to furnish a plain furniture wood of good colour—and mallee, another *Eucalyptus*. Among the woods of New South Wales were a rosewood—not, however, as we believe, the real rosewood of the English, and the *palissandre* of the French, cabinet-makers—box, red cedar, and tulip-wood, one of the most excellent ornamental woods for inlaying. Victoria, like the other Australian colonies, had fine red gum and handsome black wood, among others, for furniture-work.

The colony which took most pains in the setting up and description of its woods was undoubtedly Queensland; its collection was catalogued with evident care by Mr. Walter Hill, of the Botanic Gardens, Brisbane, who says that the variety of timber trees in the colony is perhaps greater than in any other part of Australia. The collection was said not to include one-fourth of those which have already been described botanically, but it was a long list; and it is needless to say that in such a comparatively new colony there has not yet been much scientific exploration. Mr. Hill, therefore, appealed to European builders, shipwrights, and cabinet-makers; and, wherever he could, he added the market value, referring intending buyers to the general agent of the colony for further particulars. Among ornamental woods in the collection was bunya-bunya, *Araucaria Oridawilli*, which grows from one to two hundred feet in height, and from thirty to forty-eight inches in diameter; the wood is

strong and durable, full of beautiful veins, easily worked, and takes a high polish. The cones of this tree are said to reach twelve inches in length, and ten inches in diameter. Another of the same family, the *Araucaria Cunninghamii*, a still larger tree, often exceeding five feet in diameter, is one of the most useful trees in the country; it grows in the mountains of the interior, yields a wood fine in grain, and susceptible of a higher polish than even satin-wood or bird's-eye maple. The present value of this wood is from 55s. to 70s. per thousand superficial feet. This is the tree known as the Moreton Bay pine. The *Callitris columellaris*, or cypress pine, which has a diameter of twenty to forty inches, produces handsome close-grained and fragrant wood, and the root is valuable for veneering; its price is about 140s. per thousand feet. The wood of the swamp oak, *Casuarina equisetifolia*, a tree of twelve to twenty-four inches diameter, has close-grained, beautifully marked wood, light and tough. A still smaller tree, the Forer oak, *Casuarina torulosa*, is close, prettily marked, and gives handsome veneers. The red cedar, *Cedrela Toona*, is a magnificent and highly valuable tree, growing a hundred and fifty feet high, and sometimes more than six feet in diameter. Like the wood of all cedars, it is light, easily worked, and durable, and is already largely employed in Australia for joinery and furniture. Those parts which form the junction between the trunk and the noble branches of this tree supply beautiful curled veneers; price about 150s. to 170s. per thousand feet. Another, but smaller tree, which grows abundantly in the same situations as the red cedar, is called light yellow wood, fine grained, and of good colour for cabinet-work; price 80s. to 90s. The sweet plum, *Owenia serasifera*, is a small tree, not often exceeding eighteen inches in diameter; but the wood is of a fine deep red, well grained, hard, and takes a high polish. The pencil cedar, *Oxyxylon muelleri*, a fine tree growing to forty inches in diameter, is used for cabinet-work; price about 100s. to 120s. The native orange-tree yields fine hard wood of a light yellow colour. The *cumquat* of the natives is a small tree, only a few inches in diameter; the *Atalantia glauca* is very abundant; the wood has a fine grain and takes a high polish. The Australian satin-wood, *Xanthoxylum brachyacanthum*, is also a very small tree, and not abundant; its wood is handsome. The mountain ash attains twenty-four inches in diameter, is very plentiful in the colony, and the wood is hard, close grained, and durable; it is used for gun-stocks and other similar objects. One of the most valuable trees, perhaps, is the *Harpullia pendula*, which yields the tulip-wood already mentioned;

it grows to twenty-four inches diameter, and is rather abundant. The wood is close grained, beautifully marked, and much esteemed for cabinet-making. Another tree of about the same girth, and very abundant, is the *Rhus rhodanthema*, of which the wood is of a deep yellow colour, beautifully marked, and soft, also in great favour; price 100s. to 120s. per thousand feet. Beef-wood, which has often been used, is the wood of the *Banksia integrifolia*, a moderate-sized tree, growing in many places in Australia. *Exocarpus latifolia* and *cupressiformis*, broad-leaved cherry and common cherry, are small trees, yielding handsomely marked, hard, and fragrant wood. The bastard sandal-wood, *Eromophila Mitchellii*, not a large tree, found commonly in the Darling Downs district, supplies a very hard, handsome, and fragrant wood, much used for veneers. One of the woods in common use by cabinet-makers in Australia is that of the *Vitex lignum-vitæ*, of a dark greyish colour, very hard, and of good size, up to twenty-four inches wide. A common tree is *Acacia harpophylla*, which gives planks twenty or more inches wide, of a dark colour, and with a strong violet scent. The *Acacia pendula*, or weeping myall, is another but smaller violet-scented tree, the wood of which has a beautiful grain, and is much used by cabinet-makers. Another, *Acacia striata*, yields a hard, light-coloured, yellow wood. The Moreton Bay chestnut, the wood of which resembles walnut, a common tree, growing to forty-eight inches wide, is excellent for furniture; it is the *Castanospermum Australe*. The musk-tree, *Marlea villosa*, supplies the cabinet-maker with a beautiful bright yellow wood, black in the centre, with a fine wavy appearance.

British Guiana showed a fine series of specimens, sixty-three having been collected and described by Mr. Michel McTurk, a colonial revenue officer. Determa, as the natives call it, is a grand tree, giving logs from thirty to forty inches diameter; the wood resembles cedar closely, and is much used. The wood of the koorooballi, or trysit-tree, is hard, close grained, dark, and used for furniture. A fine, hard, dark red wood is got from a grand tree growing to a hundred feet in height, the bullet, or burneh, *Sapota Mulleri*. There are four known varieties of it; the wood of all these is very durable. A capital wood, resembling ebony, for inlaying is that of the wacara, which is to be had twelve inches in width free of sap, very hard, and close grained. Dukala-balli yields wood of a deep red colour, heavy and close grained, taking a high polish, and being very durable (these last two are pretty general qualities of Australian wood), and square to twenty inches. Caraba, or crab-wood, white and red, are well-known and good furniture woods, growing to forty and more inches in diameter. The hiawa-balli, *Omphalobium Lambertii*, yielding beautiful cabinet wood of large size, is

in great request; the tree, however, is rare. Siribidanni is a hard, close-grained, purple-coloured wood, used for inlaying. Hiawa-wood is light and aromatic, recommended for drawers and shelves; it may be had ten inches wide. The tree produces the gum hiawa, or resin of Conima, burnt as incense. Kurana, or red cedar, is one of the most valuable woods in the colony, and grows to the height of a hundred feet, and forty inches in diameter; most serviceable wood. The waciba, washiba, or bow-wood, is little known; it is remarkably tough, and of an olive colour. Tibicusi, or bastard letter-wood, is small, rather rare, beautifully veined, and used for inlaying. Boro-koro, or letter-wood, is much of the same character as the preceding; it is also called burracurra and paira. Kretti, or keritee, is a light odoriferous wood, resembling satin-wood; squares to twenty inches. Among the other woods exhibited in the British Guiana Court were zebra-wood, brown ebony, or club-wood, and Guiana mahogany.

Jamaica showed mahogany, cedar, juniper, teak, blood-wood, &c., and Trinity Island mahogany, or West Indian cedar, purple heart, and teak. The Sechelles exhibited specimens of the handsome cocos-wood used by turners, candle-wood, orange, citron, and lemon woods for inlaying; iron-wood, sandal-wood, and several other red and black woods.

The above is a selection of the most esteemed or most promising of the decorative woods of our colonies; but they do not form half of those used or fit for cabinet-work. The colonies could supply the Art manufacturer with many other natural products of use to him. Thus Canada had very fine granite, grey and red; marble of various colours, as well as white; several kinds of breccia, or brecciated marble, similar to that used in Italy, green, grey, &c.; a kind of porphyry, syenite, a red jasper conglomerate, mica, soapstone, agates. New South Wales showed fine specimens of coral, granites, and porphyries, a kind of jasper, smoky quartz, or cairngorm, opals, malachite in several varieties, zircon, sapphires, moss agates, beryl, aquamarine, carnelian, emerald, ruby, moonstone, cat's eye, amethysts, olivine, and diamonds. Victoria also exhibited nearly as many kinds of ornamental stones and gems, with pearls. South Australia produced a few diamonds from the Cochinga gold field, and Western Australia showed a number of specimens of marble and granite.

The Cape of Good Hope sent a collection of diamonds. Ceylon was remarkable for silver-work, and fine varieties of tortoise and turtle shell, pearls, sapphires, one of which weighed twenty carats, and was valued at £850; and contributed also a collection of pearl oyster shells in the various stages of their growth.

VAN AMBURGH AND THE LIONS.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE GALLERY OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, K.G., &c. &c.

SIR E. LANDSEER, R.A., Painter.

A. C. ALAIS and W. J. ALAIS, Engravers.

OUR readers will no doubt, equally with ourselves, consider that both they and we owe a debt of gratitude to the illustrious owner of this famous picture for the permission to engrave it. Painted for the late Duke, it was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1847, and shows the "lion tamer," as Van Amburgh was called, as he used to appear with his animals on the boards of the London theatres, when the creatures were confined within the limits of a strongly barred cage of iron. Van Amburgh is habited in a kind of costume after the fashion of an ancient Roman; he holds in his right hand a small whip, the only weapon he was accustomed to use on these occasions to defend himself against any attack the animals might be tempted to make upon him, though, so far as our recollection of Van Amburgh's performances serves us, there was never any or much danger attending them, so thorough was the subjection to which he had reduced the naturally savage hearts, and that too, as was generally understood, without the exercise of any-

thing deserving of the name of cruelty. The lion, a noble animal, has raised himself against the bars of the cage, with his mouth partly open; behind him is the lioness, crouching down, with her eyes fixed upon her master with an intensity almost indescribable, yet with a mildness that is absolutely beautiful; so too is the face of the leopard beyond. The lioness, the texture of whose skin is a masterly piece of artistic handling, is, conjointly with the face of the leopard, the triumph of the picture, from the expression thrown into them. On the right of the "tamer" is a splendid tiger growling at its companions, and in the rear is a young leopardess. In the front of the cage, on the floor of the stage, are several objects not altogether disassociated from theatrical success or theatrical amusements—a bouquet of flowers, a wreath of laurel, a play-bill, pieces of orange peel, &c. Landseer never painted animal portraiture more naturally and beautifully than in this composition, while even the human figure harmonizes with the subject.

THE LAND OF EGYPT.*

BY EDWARD THOMAS ROGERS, ESQ., LATE H.M. CONSUL AT CAIRO, AND HIS SISTER, MARY ELIZA ROGERS.

THE DRAWINGS BY GEORGE L. SEYMOUR.

CHAPTER X.



INSTEAD of descending by the wide carriage road by which we reached the Citadel, we now take a narrower path that descends rather abruptly between two lines of fortification to the gateway of Bab-al-Azab, formerly the chief approach to the Citadel. It is flanked by huge towers, and, from its general character and ornamentation, may be attributed to Malek-ed-Daher Beybars, whose reign (from A.D. 1260 to 1277) is celebrated not more for the signal victories he obtained over the shepherd soldiers of Tartary, who had overrun Syria and Palestine, and whom he drove beyond the Euphrates, than for the numerous monuments of public utility which Egypt and Syria owe to his munificence.

After having passed through this gateway we still have to walk between two turrets in the outer wall, from which two flights of steps lead into the open space that here separates the Citadel from the town, and we have before us the fine old mosque of Sultan Hassan and the modern unfinished mosque dedicated to Sheikh-ar-Rafai. This open space, called the Rumeyleh, has been recently levelled, a basin has been constructed in the centre, in which a fountain is to play, and a number of young trees have been planted. To the south of it another open space, called Kara-Meidan, has also been levelled and planted with trees: thus converted into a handsome square, it has been renamed "Place Mehemet-Aly."

From the Rumeyleh the departure of the Haji caravan takes place every year, the embroidered covering of the kaabah and the mahmal being here officially delivered by the Khedive or his representative to the officer of the caravan.

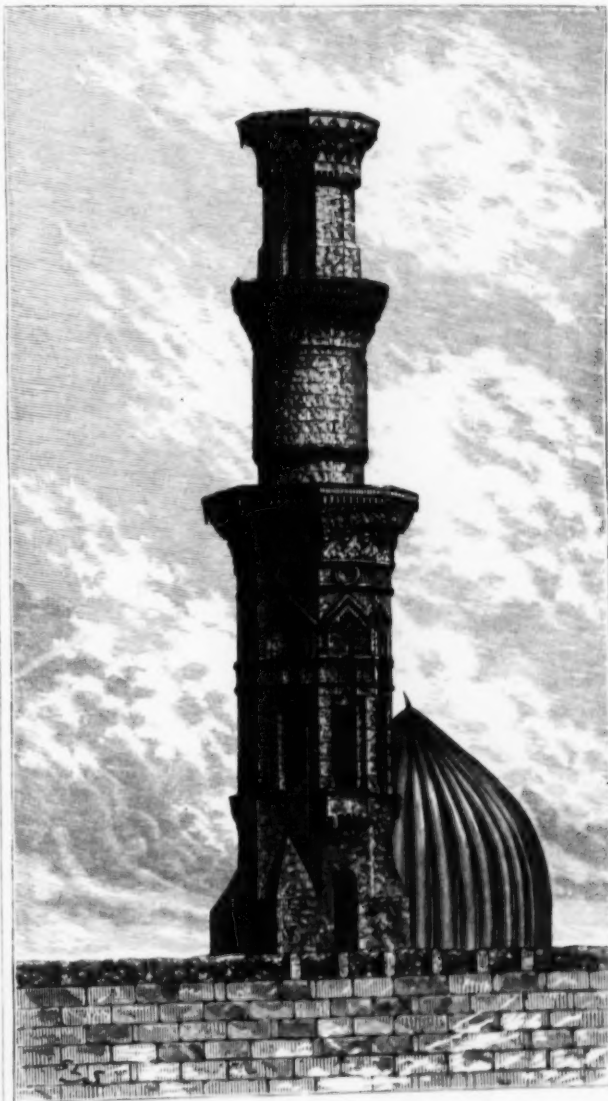
The custom of sending a mahmal to Mekkeh with the pilgrims is said to have been introduced by the above-named Malek-ed-Daher Beybars, but it appears to have arisen out of a circumstance which occurred a few years before his accession to the throne.

A very beautiful Turkish slave, named Fatimeh Shegeret-ed-Durr, i.e. *Tree of Pearls*, became the favourite wife of the famous Sultan es-Saleh Negm-ed-Deen; he who, for a time, held as prisoner the crusading king, St. Louis of France, and released him on receiving as a ransom 400,000 pieces of gold. This Sultan es-Saleh died A.D. 1249, and was succeeded by his son.

The beautiful Shegeret-ed-Durr was not, however, the mother of the new Sultan, and he was murdered very soon after his accession. Then the ambitious and beautiful widow of es-Saleh

caused herself to be acknowledged as Queen of Egypt, but she abdicated the throne after reigning three months.

She performed the pilgrimage to Mekkeh in great pomp, in a magnificently decorated *hodaj*, or canopied litter, borne on a camel, and for several successive years her empty *hodaj* was sent with the caravan, merely to add to the dignity of the procession (as empty state carriages sometimes appear at our funerals). Hence succeeding princes of Egypt sent, with each year's caravan of pilgrims, a kind of *hodaj* (which received the name of *mahmal*) as an emblem of royalty; and the sovereigns of other countries followed their example. The mahmal is often confounded with the *kisweh*, the embroidered covering which is provided for the kaabah at Mekkeh every year by the Sultan of Turkey, and sent in state with the caravan of pilgrims.



Tomb of Abon Sibha, Cairo.

Shortly after her abdication, Fatimeh Shegeret-ed-Durr, who may be called the Cleopatra of the thirteenth century, was once again the favourite wife of a ruler of Egypt, for she was married

to the Sultan El-Muizz Ez-ed-deen, but she killed him in a fit of jealousy.

The *burko*, or black embroidered veil, which hangs before the



Water Vessel.

door of the kaabah, and which is annually renewed, is commonly called the "veil of our lady Fatimeh," as tradition says that Fatimeh Shegeret-ed-Durr, Queen of Egypt, was the first person who presented a veil of this kind for the sacred doorway. It is of the same shape as the veils ordinarily worn by the women of Egypt, only much larger, and is carried in the yearly procession upon an elevated framework of wood fixed on the back of a fine camel.

On the western side of the Place Mehemet-Aly is the terminus of the railway to Helwân, a bathing-place with warm sulphurous springs. This railway was finished and opened in 1877 for the convenience of visitors to the bathing establishment (see page 102 *ante*). The line proceeds in a southerly direction, firstly between ruined houses, and then through the extensive cemetery commonly called the Tombs of the Mamluks. Many of the mausolea in this ancient cemetery are in the purest style of Arab architecture, the domes covered with intricate designs of ornamental tracery, or in zigzag mouldings, or ribbed in delicate lines; the many minarets, square, round, or octagonal, have winding staircases leading to the balconies, which are generally supported on bold stalactite cornices. The tops of these minarets, too, are of various designs.

We do not know for whom the majority of these tomb mosques were built, and although local traditions attribute names to some of them, such as Seyyid-Muhammad-ez-Zümmr, Kasim-al-Wazîr, &c., we cannot, in the absence of inscriptions or historical records, identify the persons alluded to. But still there is little difficulty in assigning to these buildings approximate dates, varying from the middle of the thirteenth to near the end of the fifteenth century. Unfortunately all these charming works of Art—worthy of the careful study

of architects and masons—are partially ruined, not so much by the perishing of the materials of which they are composed as from the neglect of occasional repair, and in some instances from the mischievous robbery of important stones.

Before emerging from this cemetery into the desert, we perceive on our right hand, at a distance of about a quarter of a mile, the large dome of the mosque tomb of the Imâm-esh-Shâfe'i (see page 102 *ante*)—one of the four orthodox doctors of Islam, and founder of that sect, the Shâfe'i, which is almost universal in Egypt—with numerous tombs and family vaults clustered around it. Both of these cemeteries are still used as burial-places, and tombs of many different ages are yet extant, those of the beginning of this century having two upright slabs called *shahids*, one of which is ornamented with the representation of a turban, while those of more recent date have sometimes a plain tarbush, indicating the change of fashion. But all these modern tombs—even the renovated mosque of the Imâm—are poor in design and execution when compared with those of the period of the Mamluk sultans.

Behind the Imâm-esh-Shâfe'i we perceive mounds of débris which indicate the position of the towns of Ashar and Fostât, and on our left hand we have the range of the Mukattam hills. At Turra, a few miles farther on, we perceive in the hills the quarries from which the blocks of stone were extracted for the building of the pyramids, and which even now furnish a large proportion of the stone used for building in and around Cairo. The cut stones are placed in trucks which run down an inclined railway from the quarries to the banks of the Nile, where they are put in barges for transport to Cairo or elsewhere. The empty trucks are drawn up to the quarries by mules or oxen.

At a distance of about fourteen miles from Cairo, on a slight eminence in the plain, we reach the new town of Helwân. That the thermal mineral springs of Helwân were known and frequented in ancient times is proved by the quantities of flint chips, arrow and lance heads which are found strewn about over the sand close to the springs, and in several neighbouring valleys and water-courses. Al-Makrîzy, the Arab historian, alludes to Helwân, but its waters had been neglected and lost sight of probably for two or three centuries, until, in the year



Brass Jug, Basin, and Tray.

1868, the ex-Khedive, Ismail Pasha, sent a number of scientific gentlemen to visit and report upon the extent and medicinal

value of the springs; and in 1871 Dr. Reil, a German doctor in his Highness's service, was authorised to construct a bathing establishment there.

Under Dr. Reil's superintendence a private bathing-house for the Khedive's family, a public bathing establishment, with various kinds of baths, a lake surrounded by trees, as a swim-

ming bath, a large hotel with forty rooms, and other useful buildings were constructed.

The efficacy of these waters for the cure of certain skin diseases and rheumatism has been successfully tested by numerous visitors during the last eight years, and the Khedive generously afforded special facilities to private persons who might be de-



A Cairene Merchant.—(See p. 172 ante.)

sirous of building in the neighbourhood. Thus there have sprung up between sixty and seventy handsome villas, which now form the new town of Helwân.

The analysis of the water at Helwân proves it to be exactly analogous to that of the thermal sulphurous waters of Aix, in Savoy, Aix-la-Chapelle, Enghien, and Baréges.

But to return to Cairo. The streets in the old parts of the city are narrow and tortuous, the projecting lattices of the windows on opposite sides in some of the narrowest streets almost touching each other. These lattices, called *mashrabyehs*, are very ingeniously made of wooden beads and turned stems fitted together in various patterns.

Although the old streets of Cairo are narrow, the houses are spacious, and are provided with courtyards and gardens. The view from the Citadel, or from any other eminence, such as a minaret, will show more trees and gardens distributed behind and between the houses all over the town than a visitor who only goes through the streets and bazaars could easily imagine.

As we stroll quietly on foot through the bazaars of Cairo, or are impelled on our hired donkeys by the cunning polyglot donkey-boy, who remains immediately behind our mount, and by persuasion or force, by voice or stick, and now and then by a combination of both, keeps our patient, sure-footed beast at the required pace and in the proper direction, we see objects which are every-day sights in Cairo, but which strike a newly arrived foreigner as passing strange.

In the crowded bazaar, with little open-fronted, unglazed shops on each side, and shopkeepers of every branch of trade quietly seated at their various handicrafts or selling their wares, we see native women of the middle class wearing the *habara*, or black silk covering which entirely envelops the whole person, and which becomes inflated like a balloon when the wearer meets even the slightest breeze, and the *burko*, or face veil, which, suspended by a fillet or by a gold tube from the forehead, hides all excepting the eyes. The peasant women and the lower class of townswomen are less particular in hiding their charms, and many of them wear no face veil.

We are sometimes obliged to keep close to the wall, or even to mount one of the stone seats called *mastabahs*, in front of the shops, to allow a string of camels laden with merchandise or provisions to pass without crushing us. The shouting of a *sâis*, a running groom (see page 43 *ante*), who, in his pretty costume, consisting of embroidered waistcoat, short baggy trousers, wide, flowing shirt sleeves, and long-tasselled tarbush, runs before the horses, while with stick and voice he clears the way, announces the approach of a carriage, for which we respectfully make room, which the lazy street dogs that have no owners hardly deign to do. These dogs, many of which bear a close resemblance to jackals, lie about in the middle of the streets, and do not attempt to move on the approach of horses or mules, as these pick their way between them, and never tread on them; but the wheels of carriages are not guided in the same way, and a piteous howl, occa-

sionally heard, is an announcement that another dog has been the victim of his over-confidence and of his ignorance of the weight of a carriage wheel. Moreover, these dogs keep to special districts and quarters in the town, each family or tribe, of larger or smaller numbers, having a known beat; and, if one should dare to stray beyond the conventional limits, he is immediately pounced upon as an intruder by the owners of the invaded territory, and fares badly, unless he can beat a hasty retreat, or his own friends come to his rescue. Still sometimes, at special seasons, one member of a family will desert the parental home and seek a residence in another district in the

hitherto unknown world, running the gauntlet through several strange beats hotly chased, and occasionally bitten, by his pursuers. It is curious to see the poor panting creature go directly up to a good-looking dog, and, as if by the laws of natural selection, claim his protection. He, although at first snarling and apparently inclined to repel the intruder, quickly understands the position, grants the request, and rushes off with his companions to drive away the assailants, whilst the suppliant will quietly rest in a corner in the newly adopted beat, recognised, as though by order of the captain, as a new member of the family or tribe. Sometimes pitched battles occur between the dogs of different districts, when they fight to the bitter end until some are disabled, or even killed.

Notwithstanding the picturesqueness of Oriental scenes, the beauty of the ancient monuments, the harmony of colours in the native dresses, we are forced to admit that in passing through the streets of Cairo our senses are being constantly outraged, our organs of smell, sight, and hearing continually shocked, by

the dirt, squalor, and indecency which we meet with at every turn.

The swarms of buzzing flies that almost cover the dusty food exposed for sale, or cluster cruelly upon the grimy faces of poor little neglected children, the numerous miserable-looking beggars (for begging is an established and flourishing profession in Cairo), and other unattractive sights and sounds must merely be alluded to here, and not described; but they form a serious drawback to the pleasantness of Oriental life, and dispel all preconceived ideas of Oriental luxury.

(To be continued.)



Remains of Old Doorway, Cairo.

POTTERY IN PREHISTORIC TIMES.



HAVING at various times, in the pages of the *Art Journal*, spoken at some length upon, and given illustrative examples of, prehistoric pottery from various localities, both in this country and in Ireland, and called attention to many of the more characteristic features by which the various "makes" might be distinguished, I now proceed to notice some remarkable examples which the Wolds of Yorkshire and other places in the northern districts of England have recently given up to the hands of the explorer. They are, at all events some of them, new in form and peculiar in character of ornamentation, and are therefore possessed of more than ordinary interest to the antiquary, and are of more or less importance in their suggestiveness to the manufacturer in our own day. The Wolds of Yorkshire and the districts of Durham and Northumberland, from which the examples I am about to give have been derived, are extremely rich in grave mounds of the Celtic period; and the greater part of these, until lately called upon to "give up their

dead," had remained intact and uninjured, except in processes for cultivation of the land. In the nearly two hundred barrows opened in Yorkshire alone by my friend, the Rev. Canon Greenwell, numerous objects of interest were found, while in about the same number examined by other zealous antiquaries equally important results have been obtained.

The grave mounds thus opened were naturally of various forms and sizes, and doubtless were the work of different tribes, but the characteristics were well preserved, and the objects they yielded of more than usual interest. Their age, which it is of course manifestly impossible correctly to estimate, runs back into the dim far-off distance—so dim, indeed, that scarcely a ray of light, beyond what is emitted from the researches in the barrows themselves, has penetrated—and in which, with all our skill and cleverness, we can only grope in uncertainty and wonderment.

That one class of barrows dates back to a pure neolithic age—a time long before any metal whatever was in use, and when stone alone was the material from which the few implements



Fig. 1.

required were made—is a matter beyond doubt, and that others belong to a somewhat later time, when bronze became known and is found along with the human remains they contain, is equally certain. Of the former it is impossible even to form an idea of age or period, so far back do they run into the "shades of hoar antiquity."

The time of the introduction of iron seems to all authorities to be the most feasible point from which to start on inquiries as to age and period. The use of this metal was known in Britain, it may be well to state, "at the time of Julius Cæsar's invasion of the country, in the year B.C. 55; and its introduction may be placed, with some degree of confidence, as dating from about

1879.



Fig. 2.

two or three centuries before the birth of Christ. The use of bronze for weapons and implements, which preceded this time, must have lasted over a lengthened period, for it is not possible to account for the large numbers of articles in that metal which have been found throughout the country, and the high perfection in manufacturing it which had been attained, upon any other supposition. If seven hundred years are allowed as the time during which bronze was the metal used for the making of cutting instruments—and this estimate is probably under rather than above the truth—the date of the introduction of bronze may be estimated as being somewhere about the year B.C. 1000." Much of the pottery, therefore, found on the Wolds, as else-

where throughout the kingdom, must date back to a period fully a thousand years before the Christian era, and doubtless in many instances, to some centuries even before that. We may therefore, in round numbers, say that a considerable proportion of the Celtic pottery brought to light by the labours of the "barrow digger" are three thousand years old, while others belong to the next, or bronze period, and long antecedent to the time of the Roman conquest of this country.

The Wolds of the East Riding of Yorkshire, where many most interesting and important "finds" of prehistoric pottery have been made by the Rev. Canon Greenwell and by other earnest explorers, form a "district lying on the south side of the valley of the river Derwent, and opposite, at a distance of some miles, to the range of oolitic hills" upon which many of the barrows where the discoveries have from time to time been made are placed. "This tract of country," the Canon writes, "consisting of swelling and rounded chalk hills, interspersed with waterless valleys, and covered, before cultivation had in recent times brought it under the plough, with a stunted vegetation of short grass, furze, and ling, but with little wood, occupies



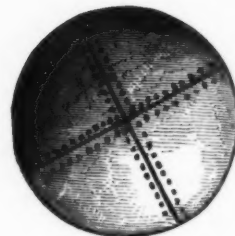
Fig. 3.

a considerable space in East Yorkshire. It is bounded on the north by the valley of the Derwent, on the east by the sea and the flat lands of Holderness, on the south by the alluvial valley of the Humber, and on the west by the great plain of York." This district, notwithstanding its sparse vegetation, its want of shelter, and its scarcity of water, presents abundant proofs, in the shape of defensive works, ramparts, ditches and the like, sepulchral remains, and the thousands of flint chippings that are turned up, that in the very earliest times it was inhabited by a numerous population; and it is to them we are indebted for the many curious and important examples of early ceramic art that have been brought to light. To Canon Greenwell universal thanks are due for the care bestowed, the energy displayed, and the enlightened intelligence exhibited in the exploration of grave mounds, and in the admirable work* detailing his discoveries which he has given to the world. To some few of the rare examples of early pottery exhumed by him in various parts of the country I now proceed very briefly to direct attention.

* "British Barrows." Clarendon Press, Oxford.

The first is, so far as relates to the scalloped ornament around the overlapping rim and the body itself, of a type hitherto unknown. This cinerary urn, which is fifteen inches in height and twelve and a half inches in width at the mouth, was found inverted over a deposit of burnt bones at a farm called Rosebrough, in the Northumbrian parish of Bamborough. The rest of the vessel is covered with zigzag and other lines in a somewhat elaborate manner. As the earliest known British example of scalloped pattern—that is, the edge formed of a series of segments of circles, or, as heraldically described, *invecked*—this vessel is unique, and therefore of great importance.

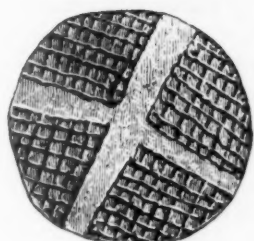
The next (Fig. 2) is of a hitherto unknown form, and therefore on that account, as well as for its elaborate ornamentation, is of more than usual interest. The overlapping rim is, of course, common to Celtic urns, and the hollowing in of the curved neck is also very general, but the sides of the body are more upright, and the whole outline more angular, than usual,



Figs. 4 and 5.

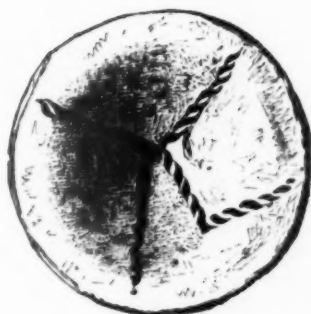
while the base is different from most. This fine example of what is technically called a "drinking cup" is elaborately covered with encircling lines and bands of knot-ornament and other patterns, the whole, as usual, produced by the indenting of twisted thongs or fibres into the pliant clay. Another drinking cup (Fig. 3), from Goodmanham, has a well-defined pattern both on its neck and around the body, which gives it a marked value in point of beauty far beyond most vessels of the period. The pattern, it will be seen, is produced by a series of zigzag lines forming bands between the encircling lines, and in these the triangular spaces (in the upper band those with the points upward, and in the lower those with the points downward) are filled in, in the one instance, with herring-bone, and in the other with horizontal lines; the whole produced by pressing twisted thongs or fibres into the clay while soft. Around the base is a band of herring-bone ornament. The taste displayed in the decoration of this urn, and the effect produced by the very simple means at hand in those primitive times, are very striking and pleasing.

One series of urns for which the antiquarian world has to thank Canon Greenwell is that upon which, many centuries before the Christian era, the cross forms a prominent feature.



Figs. 6 and 7.

These are among the most curious and archæologically important of his "finds," and are of immense assistance in



Figs. 8 and 9.

tracing out the origin and the history of the cross as a symbol and as a component part of early ornamentation.

One of these (Figs. 4 and 5), a Northumbrian specimen from

Alwinton, is a "food vessel" of the usual type, but richly ornamented, and with four unpierced ears at the shoulder. "It is," says the Canon, "with one exception, the most beautiful specimen of its class, both in fabric and ornamentation, I have ever met with. The markings appear to be due to different applications of the same pointed instrument, which has sometimes been drawn over the moist clay, at other times inserted directly into it, by which means both lines and dots have been produced. It possesses the unusual feature of being ornamented on the bottom, where is a cross formed by two transverse lines, with a series of dots along each side of the limbs; this rarely occurs on vessels of any kind." Another (Figs. 6 and 7), this time a drinking cup from Goodmanham, has also a cruciform pattern, equally as well defined as the other, on the bottom. The groundwork, if it may be so called, is scored across in lines, forming it into small squares or checks, the cross itself being left with a plain surface.

Another example (Figs. 8 and 9) has also a cruciform pattern



Figs. 10 and 11.

on the bottom, formed by impressing a twisted thong into the pliant clay, but here it partakes, to some extent, of the character of the fylfot cross, concerning which I have already spoken in these pages.

There yet remains another, and perhaps more remarkable, example to notice. This was found at Weaverthorpe, and had the base formed into four feet in a kind of cross, their cruciform character being best understood by a more highly developed specimen from Heighington, of which I am fortunate in being able to give engravings in Figs. 10 and 11. The base of this remarkable vessel is shaped into a perfect cross, and the series of segments of circles that rise from each of its limbs give it a perfectly unique appearance.

It will be seen, from these brief notes, for how many and what important types of prehistoric pottery of our country archæologists and Art manufacturers are indebted to the labours of Canon Greenwell—labours that I do not hesitate to say, in some of their results, rank second to none in interest

and value. Other types beyond those I have named, and of equal importance with them, have also been brought to light by him, and have added immensely to our knowledge of the state of the fictile arts, and of the powers of design, of our earliest forefathers.

It is only by constant watchfulness for new types, and by a careful, discriminating, and enlightened comparison of different examples from various localities—the Peak of Derbyshire, the Wolds of Yorkshire, the hills of Northumberland, the downs of Dorset and Wilts, the mining districts of Cornwall and other counties—that we can ever hope to form a correct estimate of the early state of the arts in this country, or of their dawning in the far-off distance, and their gradual development to our own times. Every *new* type (or variety of old ones), such as those I have now ventured to bring under notice, forms a link in our chain of knowledge, and not only

helps one to a better understanding of the habits and sentiments of bygone races, but enables us to place them on a higher footing in the scale of enlightenment than that which has usually been accorded to them. We owe far more in the way of design to “savage races,” as we are ignorant enough to call them, than most people imagine, and it is not too much to say that the very rudiments of most of the best geometrical and other designs of our own far-advanced day may be found in their severe simplicity on the pottery and other remains of our British forefathers, who lived and moved and had their being three thousand years before we, who pride ourselves on our originality and high attainments in Art, were born. The subject is wide, and intricate in its ramifications, but presents to the cultured mind fields and themes for research and thought that are eminently interesting and useful.

LLEWELLYNN JEWITT.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE twenty-second annual report of the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery has been published. It mentions that during the year numerous donations have been received, and gives a list of historical portraits, to the number of sixty-eight, which have been transferred from the British Museum. The purchases made were stated in the previous report to amount to three hundred and twenty-nine, and a list now published brings up the number to three hundred and forty-five. Since 1873, when original letters as specimens of handwriting in connection with portraiture were first exhibited in the gallery, a considerable number of very valuable autographs have been received. The report remarks that, although many of them possess great historical as well as literary interest, they are exclusively donations, as the trustees do not consider themselves warranted to appropriate any part of the fund annually placed at their disposal for the purchase of any object beyond direct portraiture, either painting, sculpture, drawing, or engraving. The number of visitors to the gallery last year was seventy-two thousand one hundred and five. Being now in possession of more ample space, and prompted by a desire to render the collection more generally available, the trustees have resolved

to open the gallery to the public without restriction every day in the week excepting one. Friday has, therefore, been set apart for the purpose of cleaning and occasional alterations, and on that day no one is admitted. Artists will be allowed, subject to the rules already laid down, to copy on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, between the hours of ten and two.

We gave very recently, in our August number, a brief statement of the alterations and additions which within the present year have been made to this gallery; these additions, especially the pictures from the British Museum, are most valuable; and though the collection of portraits of British “worthies,” both male and female, is still very far from complete, it is, by one means or another, either by gifts or by purchase, assuming an amplitude which is in every way honourable to the country. If not in its Art aspect so excellent altogether as every lover of Art must desire, yet as pictures introducing to us the features of so many of the great and good who have helped to make England what she is among the nations of the earth, the collection is certainly one to which our countrymen may point with national pride.

THE ART UNION OF LONDON.

THE forty-third exhibition of prize pictures has been opened in the society's new building, No. 112, Strand. It consists of one hundred and sixty-seven paintings and drawings, the works of one hundred and thirty-eight artists. It is to be noted that there is in the list not one Member or Associate of the Royal Academy. We may hope it is because no artist holding that high position had a picture to sell. It is a good exhibition, showing much advance on previous “selections,” for it is made up by the prize gainers: on the exercise of their judgment and intelligence entirely depends its character, and the year 1878-9 supplies sufficient evidence of progress in that respect. There are few, if any, decidedly inferior pictures in the collection, while by far the larger number are unquestionably good examples of Art, ranking among the best things that were seen at the several exhibitions of the metropolis during the past season. It is not now either needful or desirable to comment on the large amount of good achieved by this society during the forty-three years of its existence: those who knew it in its infancy, and have watched it grow up to its present state

of vigorous manhood, will bear testimony as to the influence it has exercised, and the large share it has had in extending knowledge and appreciation of British Art, which objects it was established to promote and extend. They will rejoice that the institution now occupies a very elegant, convenient, and in all ways suitable building in the Strand, erected, and but just completed, by Mr. Charles Barry, R.A. We see in the prosperity of the institution conclusive evidence of the on-progress of British Art: such will be the view of all who compare it in 1879 with its position in 1837—its gradual rise from less than five hundred to more than thirteen thousand subscribers, and its prizes of a dozen pictures to its distribution of one hundred and seventy. If it be a fact that forty years ago to sell a painting by a British Art painter was a rare event—if it be certain that often at the private view of the Royal Academy there was not a single painting on which was the mark “sold,” there surely needs neither argument nor proof to carry conviction of the good work achieved by the Art Union of London. Long may it live!

OBITUARY.

CHARLES LANDSEER, R.A.

DEATH has removed from the ranks of the Royal Academicians another veteran member, Charles Landseer, whose decease occurred at his residence in St. John's Wood, on the 22nd of July, and in the eighty-first year of his age. The second son of John Landseer, the engraver, and elder brother of Sir Edwin Landseer, the famous animal painter, he received his earliest instruction in Art from his father, who afterwards introduced him and his brother to Benjamin R. Haydon, who took much interest in both of them as pupils: both eventually entered as students in the Royal Academy. Charles adopted that department of painting known as *genre*. Occasionally he produced pictures of a semi-historic character. His most important works are, 'The Plundering of Basing House, Hampshire, taken and destroyed by Cromwell in 1645,' exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1836; 'The Battle of Langside' (1837), when he was elected an Associate of that institution; 'Queen Berengaria supplicating Richard I. for the Life of Sir Kennet' (1838); 'The Pillaging of a Jew's House in the Reign of Richard I.' (1839); 'The Tired Huntsman' (1840)—presented to the nation by Mr. Jacob Bell, and now in the South Kensington Museum—engraved for the *Art Union of London* in 1840; 'The Temptation of Andrew Marvel' (1841), engraved in the *Art Journal* for 1862—the picture is now in the Sheepshanks Collection in the National Gallery; and 'The Departure of Charles II. from Bentley, in Staffordshire, the House of Colonel Lane' (1842). Three years afterwards Mr. Landseer was elected Royal Academician, when he exhibited four pictures, the chief of which, and undoubtedly one of the best works he ever painted, was 'The Eve of the Battle of Edgehill.' Other later pictures by him are, 'Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, and the Prince of Wales assisting at the Toilette of Mademoiselle Montpensier,' and 'Queen Margaret of Anjou and the Robber of Hexham' (both exhibited at the Academy in 1848); 'The Death of Edward III.' (1852), &c. In the Vernon Collection in the National Gallery is his pathetic picture of 'Clarissa Harlowe in the Sponging House,' engraved in the *Art Journal* for 1850.

The name of this painter first appears as an exhibitor at the Academy in 1828, but is not again seen till 1832. From that date he was, with comparatively few intervals, a constant contributor till the present year, when he had actually three pictures in the gallery, though he had reached the eightieth year of his age. On the resignation, in 1851, by the late Mr. George Jones of the responsible office of Keeper at the Academy, Mr. Landseer was appointed to be his successor, and he fulfilled its duties most effectively till about six years since, when failing health compelled him to resign. As a painter his works are distinguished by careful execution, appropriate accessories and costumes, rather than by striking effects and grandeur of character.

JOSEPH SEVERN.

This gentleman, whose name was favourably known many years since in the Art world, died, on August 3rd, at Rome, where, from 1861 to 1872, he had occupied most worthily the honourable and not unimportant post of British Consul. Mr. Severn was educated for the profession of a painter, and he went to Rome early in life; for, so far back as the year 1827, we find him sending from that city for exhibition at the Royal Academy a picture, 'The Vintage at Gensano, in Italy;' in the year following he forwarded, also from Rome, three pictures—'Cordelia watching by the Bed of Lear,' 'The Roman Beggar,' and 'A Roman Peasant Girl praying.' Later on, and while still residing in Rome, he exhibited 'An Italian Scene' (1829); 'The Lovers—Scene at an Italian Vintage,' 'A Venetian Warrior taking Leave of his Wife,' 'The Fountain' (all in 1830); 'Italian

1879.

Vintagers returning' (1832); 'Italian Peasants singing the Evening Hymn to the Virgin' (1833); 'Rhyme of the Ancient Mariners,' and 'Rienzi amid the Ruins of Rome inspiring the People to restore the Laws and Government,' &c. (1840).

In 1841 Mr. Severn appears to have returned to England, for his pictures contributed to the Academy from that year till he went back to Rome are dated from Burlington Gardens and several addresses in Pimlico. He painted a considerable number of pictures during this period of more or less importance—scenes from sacred and secular history, compositions from the poets and prose writers, and portraits of eminent persons, male and female. His last appearance in the Royal Academy as an exhibitor was in 1857.

To the Westminster Hall exhibition, in 1843, of cartoons, as preliminary to the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, Mr. Severn sent a version of 'Queen Eleanor sucking the Poison from the Wound in her Husband's Arm,' for which he received a prize of £100; to the second exhibition, in 1844, he contributed 'The First English Bible as it was allowed to be read by the People in the Church Porches during part of the Reign of Henry VIII.;' and in that which followed, in 1845, he sent 'The Baptism of King Ethelbert in the River Glen.' To the competition display, in 1847, of paintings, &c., for the same purpose, he contributed 'An Allegorical Portrait of her Majesty Queen Victoria as Victory;' but nothing beneficial to the artist resulted from these works.

As British Consul at Rome, he was ever ready to aid those of his countrymen, and especially artists, who required his advice or services, and he was always "at home" in the Art society of the ancient city. It may also be mentioned that he was the intimate friend of the poet Keats, who died in Mr. Severn's arms, February, 1821.

MRS. ROBERT CHRISTISON (MARY SYMPSON TOVEY).

"Art is long," wrote America's greatest poet, "but life is fleeting"—a truth exemplified every day, and recently brought strongly before our minds by the premature death, in Queensland, of one of the most promising English lady artists. Mary Sympson Tovey, eldest daughter of Mr. Charles Tovey, of Clifton, belonged to a family distinguished in the sister arts of music and painting, and became herself so accomplished in both, that at one time it was doubtful in which direction her genius would finally be developed. The example of her paternal uncle probably carried sufficient weight to turn the scale. Samuel Griffiths Tovey attained distinction not only by his faithful and finished reproductions of the picturesque buildings of his native city—doubly valuable now that many characteristic portions of Bristol are falling under the iconoclasm of commercial "improvement"—but by the bright Venetian scenes and rich studies of ecclesiastic interiors produced during a long residence abroad. He also wrote an excellent life of the Bristol philanthropist, Colston, and delineated with pen and pencil the "ancient churches" of his native city. His niece Mary early showed similar artistic faculty, and at the age of fifteen, before receiving any tuition worthy of the name, painted in oils a picture called 'Putting on Granny's Clothes,' representing a roguish child who has scrambled out of her cot and dressed herself in the bonnet and shawl of an old woman seen knitting through a half-open door. The late Dr. Addington Symonds pronounced this painting "the most wonderful thing he had ever seen from the hand of one so young." Mary Tovey took great pleasure in painting dogs and children, and the first picture she exhibited was a little 'King Charles Spaniel,' which appeared in the Liverpool exhibition, and immediately found a purchaser. According to Miss Clayton's memoir of Mary Tovey ("English Female Artists," vol. ii.), the study of Ruskin's writings broadened her comprehension of Art, and showed her the unsatis-

factory nature of the boarding-school instruction she had received. Accordingly she obtained permission from her parents to enter as a student at South Kensington for two sessions, continuing her studies at the affiliated Bristol School of Art when resident in her Clifton home, and receiving a third grade certificate on returning to South Kensington. She passed, in 1870, into the schools of the Royal Academy, and her progress was as rapid as natural intelligence and industry could combine to make it. Her 'Ruth and Boaz,' which appeared at the Lady Artists' Exhibition and the Bristol Fine Arts Academy, showed facility in grouping figures and handling drapery, poetry of treatment, and richness of colour. The head of 'A Monk praying,' contributed to the same exhibitions, had intensity of expression and a vigorous though subdued tone, admirably subordinated to the sentiment of the picture. But Mary Tovey's speciality was portrait painting, in which she became very successful in the refined and slightly idealised school of Millais, whose recommendation, and that of Sir Frederick Leighton, assisted to procure her a wide *clientèle*. Many of her portraits were exhibited in the Royal Academy; among them may be specified a beautiful and poetic portrait of one of her sisters, the motto being the following passage from Tennyson:—

"Oh, sweet pale Margaret,
Oh, rare pale Margaret!
Who lent you, love, your mortal dower
Of pensive thought and aspect pale—
Your melancholy sweet and frail?"

With great personal attractions, an amiable disposition, and a sweet temper, Mary Tovey made as many friends by her qualities as admirers by her talents, and great regret was felt in artistic circles when she left England in 1878, on her marriage to Robert, nephew of Sir Robert Christison, the eminent Scottish surgeon. She did not, however, intend to abandon the art she loved. A studio, with every necessary appliance, preceded her to her new home, Lammermoor, Queensland; and it was hoped that the luxuriant vegetation and glowing sunsets in which she took delight would afford a new field for her powers. Other and more important work for the religious and social benefit of all around her—especially the black servants, by whom she was greatly beloved, and a little native girl she had adopted—occupied much of her time, and a life of varied usefulness seemed before her. Unhappily it was cut short, after only a week's illness, by intermittent fever; and she died in a room opening on her studio, on the 1st of April. It would not be fitting here to enlarge on the intense grief of her bereaved family—of her husband, left alone in the distant home which her accomplishments, her warm heart, and her earnest Christianity had made so happy; and of her parents and relatives, who expected in a few years to welcome her back to England. But the deep sympathy of a large circle

of private friends and fellow-students will attend the early grave where rests all that was mortal of Mary Sympton Christison.

G. M. T. M.

CHARLES GOTTLIEB PESCHEL.

The death of this German artist, an historical painter of good repute, is stated to have occurred at Munich in the month of July, in the eighty-first year of his age. His life offers one of those satisfactory instances which prove how a kindly disposition, assisted by natural talent, may develop itself favourably, however circumstances are against it. Peschel was a native of Dresden, where he was born in 1799, and where his father held a Government appointment of no great value connected with the finances of the country. By the aid of some small pecuniary assistance afforded him by the Academy of Dresden, and a small fund he had himself amassed, Peschel found it practicable to undertake a journey to Rome in 1825, where he remained to study about a year, and then returned to Dresden to assist his master, Professor Vogel, in the frescoes the latter was painting in the chapel and dining-saloon of the château at Pilsnitz, which were completed in 1828. The Saxon Artistic Society found during many years employment for Peschel, who executed for it several pictures of merit; among them were 'Rebecca at the Well' and 'Joseph sold by his Brethren.' When Dr. Hartel had a stately mansion, in the Italian style, erected for him at Leipzig, from the plans of the architect Herr Hermann, the doctor, who was a warm friend to Art, engaged the painters Ginelli and Peschel to decorate the edifice with fresco pictures. The latter decorated the *loggia* with paintings in the style of Raffaele, illustrative of the Seasons. Afterwards he was occupied in painting some frescoes for M. de Quandt in a villa, or, as it has been termed, a *château fort*, on the summit of a mountain named Belle-Hauteur. The subjects selected for these were chiefly from Goethe's romances and ballads; among the principal were 'Le Chanteur,' 'Le Salut des Esprits,' and 'Le Roi de Thule.' He also assisted Bendemann in his fresco in the Royal Palace of Dresden. Peschel was appointed a teacher at the Dresden Art Academy about the year 1838, when Bendemann was placed at its head: the former retained his post to the period of his death, a length of time exceeding forty years.

ALEXANDER HESSE.

M. A. Hesse is reported by the French papers to have died in Paris, in the early part of August, at the advanced age of seventy-three: he was a painter of historical and religious subjects, and was held in considerable repute in Paris for works of this kind, but we do not remember ever to have seen any of his productions in England. He succeeded M. Ingres, who died in 1867, as a Member of the Institute.

THE YORKSHIRE FINE ART AND INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION.

EVERY succeeding Art exhibition held in the provinces impresses us with the wealth of the private collections of England, no less by what is present than by what is absent. The Italians used to boast that some of their second-rate cities contained more pictures and works of Art than the whole of England put together. This boast has long since ceased to be true, or to be made, and it is now by no means an uncommon thing for continental Art professors to visit this country in order to complete, in the galleries of private houses, their studies of the Italian and Flemish masters. A visit to the Fine Art Exhibition at York, which has now been opened for three months, and has yet two months of existence before it, would amply repay such a learned peripatetic. He would be newly impressed with the possibilities of English Art, and the high appreciation in

which the great masters are held; and, if he visited some of the comparatively undespoiled collections in Yorkshire and the adjoining counties, he would marvel still more at the growth and variety of the artistic collections in the provinces. Nor is it improbable that he would be arrested by the fact that the Art treasures now being exhibited at York are gathered together in a building, itself a work of Art, though awaiting further embellishment, intended to be permanently devoted to the Fine Arts, and the result of local effort and zeal. In the presence of so many religiously preserved memorials of the past as abound in York, he would also discern a certain fitness in its being one of the first cities in the provinces to provide a home for Art collections and studies worthy of such objects and worthy of itself.

The permanent building itself may perhaps claim a full

description on some future occasion. It may suffice now to say that it is in the Italian style of architecture, with a frontage of 104 feet, that it occupies a fine and historic site, and that additions will be made to it whenever the necessary funds are forthcoming. Indeed, it is the germ of many good things, some of which may be infinitely more important than mere periodical shows. Three picture galleries, admirably arranged, a fine central hall, and subordinate offices and rooms are comprised in the permanent portion, behind which there is a picturesque Great Hall, with galleries, orchestra, and organ, and a considerable space for machinery and industrial products, constituting the temporary portion. The total area is more than 50,000 square feet, and the cost of buildings and lease is put at £24,000, of which sum £2,000 has been carried forward from the exhibition of 1866, and £14,000 has been assured by local guarantors. The Archbishop of York opened the buildings on the 7th of May, and the time fixed for closing is the 31st of October. The City Corporation sacrificed some land and house property to give the exhibition an appropriate opening and frontage, and an ample space is now reserved for these purposes, marred only by the presence of an antique archway and guard-house on the north side, which remain rather in deference to antiquarian sentiment than for the satisfaction of artistic feeling.

The exhibition owes much to the generosity of his Grace the Archbishop of York, Lord Feversham, Lord Wenlock, Sir H. M. Vavasour, Sir W. C. Worsley, Lady Mary Thompson, the Marquis of Ripon, the Hon. P. Dawnay, Colonel Akroyd, Mr. Robert Collinson, of Falsgrave, Scarborough, Mr. F. Abbey, Mr. H. Rougier, Mr. Ralph Creyke, and other local or London patrons of Art or students thereof. The Feversham collection, but recently rescued from the fire, and not free from the traces of it, is one of the special features of the exhibition. Many a stately home has been made bare to crowd the walls at York with beauty and life, and to please the eye and taste of well-conducted thousands, to whom the region of Art is wont to seem as far off as the sailing argosies of a summer sky, or the bright orbs that throb and burn in its midnight blue. But real Art feeling is always unselfish, and if it is ever to become a part of us all, brightening our daily lives, it must be by means of public exhibitions, or by throwing open the galleries of the wealthy to the gaze of the poor. Casting aside all that may be said about the "bazaar" aspect of such exhibitions as have flourished in the provinces, or been held in Paris, Vienna, and Philadelphia, it is unquestionable that they have improved the public taste, increased delicacy of manipulation in industrial arts, and left behind, in clumsy rudeness and isolation, such nations as have been content to jog along their well-worn paths without these spurs on their "halt movements."

The pictures of the exhibition are divided into two groups, the Ancient and the Modern School; and specially constructed and lighted galleries, with settees in the centres of them, are set apart for each, without any further attempt at subdivision, and with perhaps an occasional deviation from the strict requirements of historical and artistic classification. The Ancient School is the finer collection of the two, and it is pronounced to be so by many competent judges. It may be doubted, in fact, whether any collection equal to it has been seen since the Manchester Exhibition, or whether even that splendid display was more complete as a whole, though it was fuller in some sections, notably in the works of Spanish artists, more rarely to be found in English private collections. Of the Italian, French, and Flemish masters there are some magnificent specimens, enriched by Lord Feversham's almost unique collection of Italian masterpieces, including Leonardo da Vinci's 'St. Paul,' Titian's 'Venus and Adonis,' Guido's 'Adoration,' Correggio's 'Magdalene,' and two sheep pieces by Salvator Rosa. Raphael, Michael Angelo, Albano, Perugino, Baroccio, Bartolommeo, the Carracci, Andrea del Sarto, Maratti, Caravaggio, Spagnoletto, Giorgione, and Canaletti are pre-eminent as the representatives of all that is best in the Italian school; but they by no means exhaust the list of Italian painters whose works are to be

seen. Le Brun, Bourdon, Claude Lorraine, Poussin, and others show us the facile fluctuations of the French school. Spain is but poorly represented in Murillo and Velasquez. Any deficiency in this respect, however, is well supplied by an unusually rich series of Flemish and German artists, not often seen to greater benefit in a single collection. Some of the chief works of Rubens, Rembrandt, Teniers, Hobbema, Wouvermans, Vandyck, Van Eyck, and Breughel are to be found on the walls, with even characteristic illustrations of minor members of the Flemish school. The number of pictures in the Ancient School division is 287, so that some idea may be formed of the care, skill, and energy bestowed in obtaining such a priceless collection of works of Art. Mr. W. W. Hargrove, the Fine Art secretary, has won especial praise for his zeal and activity in gathering so many fine paintings together under one roof.

In freshness and even grotesqueness and pathos, not to say anything of colour, the Modern School will be thought by many to bear away the palm. A thousand pictures offer themselves for criticism. In the Grand Saloon is certainly a remarkable collection, containing as it does many works that have stood the test of years of examination and rivalry. Etty's 'Pluto carrying off Proserpine' attracts much attention; three or four of his other works, including 'The Storm,' are also to be found in the galleries, with many more of the famous works of other artists. Landseer, Sir D. Wilkie, Sir J. Gilbert, Constable, Creswick, Cooper, Herring, Pettie, Stanfield, Mulready, Marks, Ward, Pickersgill, and Phillips are also fairly and sometimes fully represented. In one of the down-stair galleries there are also portraits in oil by Holbein, Rembrandt, Hogarth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Vandyck, Sir G. Kneller, Sir Peter Lely, Northcote, and Gainsborough. The aquatints are numerous and varied, well deserving special study, even where they only serve to portray the simple-tinted scenery of the British Isles. Some of those on china are excellent.

In sculpture the collection is good, but small. Myron's 'Dog of Alcibiades,' from the Feversham collection, a solitary Canova, and a Theed may be mentioned. In china, antique jewellery, medallions, and carved work generally, especially in the precious stones, there is barely anything worth mentioning, and the antiquities, too, are far from being remarkable, though perhaps wisely subordinated to general effect. A Flemish triptych in the North Gallery is, however, worth examination, and the same may be said of the Venetian *cassone*, or cabinet, in Gallery A, north. Nor ought we to omit all reference to the several specimens of stained-glass windows, ingeniously inserted at convenient points of the temporary building: there are several notable examples. A fine organ purchased by the Executive Committee occupies the end of the gallery.

The machinery in motion includes three Coventry looms and several minor machines, as well as engines and mechanism for the manufacture of cocoa and other objects. Carriages, railway signals, sanitary appliances, glass-turning, fixed engines of all descriptions, printing machines, cooking ranges, ventilating bricks and boards, specimens of wire rope, mining lamps, and underground carriages, models of various kinds, bread-making machines, filters, gas apparatus, ironmongery, agricultural implements, and numberless other things are arranged for interesting inspection in the large annex. But, judging by numbers only, the Fine Art galleries are the central source of attraction. Over a quarter of a million persons have already visited them, and many more will attend before the day of closing arrives. Good music and occasional first-class concerts enhance the other attractions of the place. A convenient catalogue has also been published. The proceeds of the exhibition, after expenses are paid, will be devoted to the extension and improvement of the permanent building. It is intended to hold an annual exhibition of pictures, and to promote Art in every possible way, by means of lectures, the location of the School of Art within its walls, and various other schemes. Plans and means will go together. The permanent part of the scheme has our best wishes, and we hope to hear of its development and prosperity.

EXHIBITION AT SOUTH KENSINGTON OF THE PRIZE DRAWINGS AND DESIGNS OF THE NATIONAL SCHOOL OF ART.

THE annual exhibition of these works was opened to the public early in August, in one of the upper galleries of that part of the edifice which overlooks the Royal Horticultural Society's Garden. The number of works sent up this year amounted to no fewer than upwards of 14,000, contributed by students in 145 schools; from this large number of competitive works about 1,100 have been selected for exhibition, the subjects of the competition being figure drawing and modelling, painting in oils and in water colours, and in design, all being especially applicable to manufactures. The adjudicators of the prizes, to whom was assigned the laborious and responsible task of wading through this mass of contributions in order to select those most worthy of distinction, were Messrs. E. J. Poynter, R.A., L. Alma-Tadema, A.R.A., J. E. Hodgson, A.R.A., G. Leslie, A.R.A., Val. Prinsep, A.R.A., J. E. Boehm, A.R.A., G. Aitchison, W. Morris, and J. J. Stephenson. The prizes awarded were 10 gold medals, 45 silver medals, 77 bronze medals, and upwards of 168 prizes of books.

We may state generally that the exhibition as a whole is exceedingly good, and shows considerable knowledge of their duties on the part of those who have the superintendence of these schools, and industry, combined with taste and judgment, in those who attend the classes. Among the recipients of gold medals one was awarded to Andrew Garbutt, of the Westminster School of Art, for a spiral column in plaster, decorated with floriated branches and with Cupidons, &c.; this object also obtained the first prize offered this year by the Plasterers' Company. A gold medal was awarded for an attractive and well-drawn Roman design for mosaic pavement by J. M. Bradburn, Coalbrookdale. To G. W. Shepherd, of the same place, was given a gold medal for an elaborate design for metal-work, wrought-iron entrance and side gates, rich in scrolls and foliage. Mary Denley, of Westminster, gained a gold medal in the class of textile fabrics for a design for a carpet; Joseph Castle, Manchester, another gold medal for a very delicate and pretty design for chintz or muslin dress. This design took our fancy greatly: the principal feature in it is the strawberry plant—flowers, fruit, and leaves; the colours chiefly sage green and light pink.

There are several excellent designs in this class well worthy the attention of the manufacturer.

Nottingham, as might be expected, takes a leading position in designs for lace curtains. A. J. Sewell of this place was awarded a gold medal for a rich design for this description of textile fabrics. Another gold medal was obtained by J. Clarke, of the South Kensington School, for studies of bronzes and enamels; and another by C. M. Wood, of Bloomsbury, for an oil painting, a group of vase with flowers reflected in a mirror.

Silver medals were given to Alfred Hart, Brighton, for an oil picture; and to Mary H. Surenne for a composition—a group of earthenware, cleverly arranged, excellent in drawing, and truthful in colour. W. Dunn, Westminster, received a silver medal for a design for muslin; R. T. Bonnallo, Nottingham, one for lace curtains; A. Marshall for a design, drawn with pen and ink, for a cathedral church; F. Marriott for a panelled ceiling; J. Thomas, Halifax, for a design for mosaic pavement, Pompeian in style; J. F. Marshall, Nottingham, for a design for a boudoir ceiling of a classic character; P. O'Keefe, Westminster, for a design for wrought-iron gates; W. Schollar, also of Westminster, for some admirably drawn sketches of wrought-iron work at St. Paul's Cathedral, and in various places round the metropolis; and W. Mills, Birmingham, for a water-colour drawing of earthenware and bronze.

It is scarcely necessary to notice at greater length the mass of drawings, &c., which are displayed at South Kensington, and which, on the day we visited the gallery, attracted the attention of a large number of persons, manifestly much interested in what was before them. Evidently our Schools of Art are now doing good work, and are supplying those manufacturers who are wise enough to use them with a class of designers able to meet their requirements, and in a way that will, as a rule, place the productions of the former on a level with the best Art industries of continental countries. All that is now wanted is a fair field for the exercise of their taste and energies, which, under the present commercial depression, is scarcely to be looked for; but every one must desire and hope it may speedily come to an end.

A SPANISH WORKMAN.

Engraved from the Picture by J. JIMENEZ Y ARANDA.

MODERN Spanish Art, even as developed in the highest class of subjects, differs very widely from that we know as practised by Murillo, Velasquez, and their compeers, though it is still, as seen in such works as we have just alluded to, what it was in former days, a school of painting, as Ford, in his "Handbook of Spain," writes, "grave, religious, draped, dark, natural, and decent." But yet he denounces, and not without a degree of virulence, every work issuing from the Madrid Academy, which, he says, "has too often been the hotbed of jobs, and the nurse of mediocrity: ostensibly founded to restore expiring Art, its duty has been that of an undertaker to put up a hatchment. The spirit of ancient Spanish national Art is fled; everything is borrowed; there is neither high Art nor originality: the best modern pictures are but mediocrities." These remarks, however, in no way apply to *genre* subjects and such works as this ideal portrait of a Spanish *ouvrier*, which the artists of the country have learned in France, where some of the principal of them have become domiciled in Paris. Most of the pictures painted by Leon y Escosura, Gisbert, R. de

Madrazo, L. and J. Jimenez, and others, and especially their water-colour works, are rich in pomp and display of what may be termed drawing-room and boudoir finery, curtains, robes, costume, and ornaments of every kind, furniture, &c., painted with a free and luxurious pencil, and with the most brilliant and vivid colouring.

Pictures of this class have lately found their way into the galleries of our leading dealers in London; almost every season brings forth noted specimens of this description of artistic work, which may be seen in the rooms of Messrs. Wallis, Maclean, Tooth, Everard, and other well-known administrators to the requirements of our collectors.

The 'Spanish Workman,' here engraved, is, in its way, typical of the Art which has now become fashionable and in good odour with a large class of amateurs. In his rough but picturesque costume, and his bold and independent demeanour, the man is a capital study, and were his *build* somewhat lighter than it is, he would look as if he could be transformed into a first-class *matador* without much training.



SPANISH WORKMAN.

BY RAFAEL TRUJILLO & JESUS GARCIA DE Y ARANDA

LONDON: YOUNG & CO. 1851.



MINOR TOPICS.

SIR ROWLAND HILL is buried in Westminster Abbey, among the illustrious dead who have been public benefactors. No worthier "guest" has ever entered the mausoleum of British worthies. It would be difficult to exaggerate the enormous service he did to all humankind. We copy this passage from the *Times*:—"Mr. W. D. Keyworth, jun., sculptor of the recumbent figure of Dean Hook for Leeds, and of the statue of Andrew Marvell at Hull, has modelled in clay a bust of Sir Rowland Hill, from a cast after death. The bust is to be seen at his studio in the Buckingham Palace Road, No. 62." We have on several occasions described the works of this young sculptor, one of the best and most promising of our rising artists. If there is to be a statue of the great reformer of the Post Office—the creator of the penny post—it could not be placed in better hands.

THE WILL OF CHARLES LANDSEER, R.A.—The will (dated June 28th, 1879) of Mr. Charles Landseer, R.A., late of No. 35, Grove End Road, St. John's Wood, who died on July 22nd last, was proved on the 16th ult. by Thomas Hyde Hills, John Percy, M.D., and Arnold William White, the executors, the personal estate being sworn under £30,000. The testator bequeaths "Stubbs's Studies of the Anatomy of the Horse" to the Royal Academy of Arts; £500 each to the Royal National Lifeboat Institution and the Middlesex Hospital; £1,000 each to the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, the Artists' Orphan Home Fund, and to the Benevolent Fund of the Artists' Fund; £10,000 to three trustees to be named by the President and Council of the Royal Academy of Arts, London, upon trust, to apply the income towards founding one or more scholarships, to be called "Landseer Scholarships," such scholarships to be tenable for such periods, of such amount, and awarded on such conditions as the said President and Council shall by rules to be made by them from time to time prescribe; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his brother and sisters.

MELBOURNE.—We learn from the Melbourne *Argus* that progress continues to be made with the works connected with the Exhibition to be opened in that place in October, 1880. From an estimate prepared by the secretary, it appears that the buildings, if completed on the scale at present determined on, will cost £164,550, and that the expense of management will be about £51,100. But the Government have required modifications in the building estimate, which will reduce the expenditure in the current financial year to £100,000, and cause one of the items (buildings in quadrangle) to be postponed for the present. It is calculated that the attendance of visitors will amount to 700,000 persons, and that the proceeds of admittances will be £35,000. Adding together the cost of building, management, preliminary charges, and estimated unforeseen expenses, and deducting probable receipts, it is expected that the net cost of the Exhibition will be £218,735; but if the items disallowed by the Government should be permanently left out, the gross amount will be about £200,000. Under the approved scheme, space to the extent of 543,658 feet will be provided. The Ceremonial Committee has issued invitations to the various associations in the country to attend a Social Science Congress to be held during the time the Exhibition is open, and a conference of delegates from the invited bodies will shortly meet to discuss the matter and carry out details.

It is proposed to publish immediately, by subscription, a complete edition of the dramatic writings of Mr. J. R. Planché (*Somerset Herald*). The edition is calculated to fill five volumes, and it will be known as the "Testimonial" edition. The prospectus states that the editing of these plays, or "Extravanzas," as they are termed, forty-five in number, "has been intrusted to T. F. Dillon Croker, Esq., F.S.A., and Stephen Tucker, Esq. (Rouge Croix), and it is calculated that if five hundred copies be subscribed"—considerably more than half that number has already been secured—"the editors will have

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the gratification of handing over to the veteran author a very substantial though tardy recognition of the benefit and pleasure he has conferred on the last two generations by works which, in refinement of wit and elegance of diction, are admittedly unsurpassed." Mr. Planché has undertaken to revise and correct each piece for the press; and to contribute prefatory and marginal notes, which will comprise much information respecting the various celebrated performers connected with the representations for a period extending over sixty years. It is intended to illustrate the work with portraits of Planché, Vestris, Harley, Mrs. German Reed (Miss P. Horton), and others.

MR. GEORGE LAWSON'S STATUE OF 'DOMINIE SAMPSON,' exhibited at the Royal Academy some four or five years ago, and which our readers may remember represented the enthusiastic bibliophile down on his knees amidst a heap of quartos and folios in the act of exclaiming "Prodigious!" as he gloated over their ample pages, is now being reproduced in bronze by Marnyhac, of Paris, and of Regent Street, London.

PORTRAIT OF THE LATE SAMUEL PHELPS.—This portrait of the eminent tragedian, painted a short time before his lamented death by Johnston Forbes-Robertson, his favourite disciple in the scenic art, and which was bought by the Garrick Club, on whose walls it now hangs, has been admirably etched by C. P. Slocombe, and is being published by the Fine Art Society of Bond Street. The portrait is three-quarter length, and the tragedian, in the character of Cardinal Wolsey, is in the act of delivering himself of that grand apostrophe, "Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!" The plate does credit to the English school of etching, and will doubtless advance in value year by year. The artist proofs have, by way of "remark," a small head of the painter, who so frequently played Cromwell to Mr. Phelps. The tragedian always said that Cardinal Wolsey would be the character in which he would take his farewell of the stage, little dreaming that, when Norman Forbes-Robertson took for the occasion his elder brother's part of Cromwell, that farewell had already come.

THE PROPOSED JAPAN INSTITUTE.—On the 30th of July there was held in the large room of the Society of Arts, Adelphi, a meeting which was convened for the purpose of establishing a central Japan, or Nipon Institute, as Orientalists call it. Sir Rutherford Alcock, K.C.B., occupied the chair, and, in introducing Mr. Pfoundes, the lecturer on the occasion, explained fully and clearly how indispensable it was that we should know more of the philosophy, literature, and Art of that remarkable people. After a necessarily desultory but very amusing lecture, a discussion followed, in which Edward J. Reed, Esq., M.P., Hyde Clarke, Esq., John Forbes-Robertson, Lord Alfred Churchill, and others took part, and the general conclusion arrived at was that, with proper business administration, such a society would doubtless achieve all that its most sanguine promoters contemplated. Votes of thanks both to the lecturer and the chairman were carried by acclamation. Rare examples of Japanese Art in textiles, in porcelain, in lacquer-work, and in paper covered the tables and adorned the walls of the lecture-room.

ITALIAN ANTIQUITIES.—Extensive remains of the ancient town of Sipontum (Sponto), lying near Mount Gargano, in Apulia, Italy, and which had been overwhelmed by an earthquake, have been recently brought to light. Already a magnificent Temple of Diana, embellished by a portico of no less breadth of measurement than thirty metres, has been revealed, as well as a most extensive necropolis. These are the result of Government operations, which are being still carried on.

MESSRS. DE LA RUE have issued their Christmas cards and their playing cards; it is hardly necessary to say that both are of the highest order of merit, veritable Art works, although the former are but the toys of a season. Their playing cards have

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long been accepted as among the very best—the best for use, that is to say; by most whist players they are preferred above all others. These and the season cards are admirable specimens of Art. There are several hundred varieties that the curious in such matters may examine. If they are principally floral, many have admirably drawn figures—single or in groups—the productions of first-class artists; often they are pictures, such as may gratify inexperienced admirers, yet more than satisfy the advanced critic. Art lessons—they may be made to benefit all Art students. It will suffice to say that Messrs. De la Rue's issues for the season 1879-80 will amply sustain the high reputation they have obtained, and that they keep a foremost place in the production of a class of works that are literally designed for "the million."

MESSRS. HUKIN AND HEATH are manufacturers of plated and electro-plated articles, such principally as are the necessities of every household—tea and coffee services, cruet stands, butter coolers, sugar basins, and a score of other matters, some of which are indispensable in every home that claims to be considered furnished—from the loftiest mansion down to the plainest cottage or the lodging of the artisan. But these intelligent and enterprising, and, indeed, far-seeing gentlemen have long been dissatisfied with the forms and ornamentation to which such articles had been too generally subjected, time-honoured Sheffield having of late resigned its long-enjoyed claim to supremacy in favour of more energetic Birmingham, where, however, with a few most honourable exceptions, the old yet triumphs over the new. Messrs. Hukin and Heath, whose "works" are in Birmingham, have fitted up rooms in Charterhouse Street, London—rooms that in themselves are redolent of Art—and have there shown to a number of assembled critics the productions of their establishment. Their Art adviser and guide is Dr. Dresser, under whose educated taste and practical experience they have procured a large collection of singularly excellent Art works, vast improvements on the "have beens" of earlier times, and fully meeting all requirements in the present state of Art progress. They have done this without increasing the cost of such articles, supplying ample evidence of the principle long ago advocated in the *Art Journal*, and in a measure adopted as its motto, that "beauty is cheaper than deformity." We have examined with very great satisfaction the articles to which we direct public attention, and it is our duty to accord to them high praise, not only to co-operate with the able and liberal manufacturers, but to encourage others to do likewise. So much is public taste advancing among all classes, poor as well as rich, that ere long "a thing of beauty" only will be found in all our factories and shops, and that which offends the eye be as rare as that which is distasteful to the palate. We have lived to see that almost an accomplished fact, of which we merely dreamt at the commencement of our labours to associate Art proper with the Art of manufacture. We have left ourselves but brief space to describe the productions of Messrs. Hukin and Heath, but it is not necessary to do more than give to them the character to which they are justly entitled—that of very great excellence. They have acted under the advice of a competent Art teacher—there are few better—and they ought to, as they surely will, reap a productive harvest from the seed so skilfully planted and cultivated. The works of their own special trade are those we admire most; many of them are positive studies of grace combined with the useful—simplicity and purity of form with readiness of application to the purposes to which they are to be applied. But Messrs. Hukin and Heath reproduce several of the Persian and Japanese Art works with accuracy unsurpassed—perfect copies indeed—by the electric process: such specimens, being selected for reproduction by Dr. Dresser, are of course always beautiful examples of Art.

MR. HENRY GREENER, of Sunderland, has been exhibiting, through his agent, Mr. Thompson, of Thavies Inn, a large number of glass mosaic tiles, or panels, applicable to all the purposes to which such productions can be appropriated—mantelpieces, hearths, flower boxes, but especially for sanatoriums, conservatories, and baths—places where damps and disagree-

able odours cannot be absorbed, as they too generally are by porous slabs. That is, at all events, the argument on which Mr. Greener bases his claim to the public patronage he will no doubt receive. His productions do not vie in grace, delicacy, and Art refinement with the tiles we have been accustomed to see; but undoubtedly they have compensating qualities. They are of singularly hard glass. The "marbled" design is carried through the tile, so that no wear and tear can impair it. Indeed, of wear and tear there can be none; the glass mosaic tiles will be the same in a hundred years as they are to-day. As a novelty they are one of the most promising of recent times, and certainly an acquisition of great value in places where the ordinary tiles, however beautiful, are often less to be coveted than guarded against.

MESSRS. RAPHAEL TUCK AND SONS, of the City Road, have sent into the British market something like a thousand Christmas and New Year's cards—generally, if not in all cases, the productions of German chromo presses. They are very varied, and sold at so little cost that the poorest gift-giver of the season will not find it difficult to transmit a token of remembrance and affection to "friends far off or near." As Art works, especially the floral emblems and groupings, they are of great merit and beauty. Some of them are novelties—such as those styled "slanting shapes;" others that have been seen in all our shops consist of half-a-score in one sheet, easily detached for ornamental mountings. In short, they are excellent examples of good Art, very skilfully executed, yet to be obtained at a cost that brings them within reach of the slenderest purse. We are bound to add that the verses which accompany the cards, in all instances we believe by English writers, are of more than ordinary excellence; some of them, indeed, especially those signed "Fanny Rochat," are of very great merit.

MESSRS. MARCUS WARD & CO.—In our report of the English and Irish prize gainers at the Paris Exhibition we omitted the eminent and excellent firm of Belfast and London. They obtained two silver and one bronze medal, and none will doubt their being well and duly earned. Moreover, the senior partner, Mr. Francis D. Ward, received the decoration of the Cross of the Legion of Honour. It is needless to add that among benefactors to Ireland the name stands very high. They have given to it a most important and valuable new industry, which has produced for that country vastly beneficial effects.

MESSRS. HUNT are, we believe, the oldest of British playing-card makers—at least we remember the name as famous in our boyhood; but Art, as applied to them, was then unknown, or certainly unthought of. The backs were usually plain, but sometimes, that the packs might not get mixed in using, were distinguished by coloured spots. Nowadays each card is a beautiful picture, refreshing to the eye, while absolutely an Art teacher. Messrs. Hunt have sent to us their pattern-book for the season 1879-80. We have gone through it with much enjoyment: there are at least a hundred varieties, and if some be better than others, there are very few indeed that will not satisfy the most fastidious taste. Perhaps the first page is the best: it is composed of jewels arranged in a very graceful design; then come a pair of peacock feathers; then groups of birds; flowers and leaves are abundantly used, while geometric forms are made available in all ways; Etruscan vases and ornaments are found here and there; and into some figures are prettily introduced. Several are especially designed for clubs. In short, Messrs. Hunt have gone to good artists for aid, and have obtained it. The collection altogether makes a charming volume.

CLOSE to the statue of the late Mr. George Peabody, in the Royal Exchange avenue, there is in course of erection a drinking fountain, designed by Mr. J. S. Edmeston, architect, and consisting of a base and pedestal in red and grey polished granite of varied tints, which rises to a height of three feet six inches. There are four basins, facing north, south, east, and west respectively. The upper portion of the fountain consists of a canopy in bronze, resting upon double columns at each of the four angles, surmounted by enriched capitals. An ornamental

turret rises above the canopy, the extreme height of the fountain, including the base and pedestal, being about sixteen feet. The statuary within the columns under the canopy consists of a full-sized seated figure of a female, with a child on her knee, and designated "Charity." It is the work of Mr. Dalou, sculptor, of Chelsea. The entire cost of the fountain is estimated at £1,500, the expense of the statuary alone being £300.

"WESTMACOTTA" is the name given to a material suitable for external and internal decoration. When treated for external or open-air decoration, it is impervious to water throughout the mass, and is not chemically affected by an impure atmosphere, as marble or stone. When required to be cleansed, use water, soap, and brush. All plaster casts of the Art schools, in connection with the Science and Art Department, are authorised and appointed to be subjected to the "Westmacotta" internal processes at a small extra charge. Specimens can be seen at Brucciani's Galleria delle Belle Arti, 40, Russell Street, Covent Garden.

M. EMIL DÜNKI, of Buckingham Palace Road, has added to his gallery a new oil painting by Alfred Schœnck, a Swiss landscape painter, to whose merits as an artist we drew the attention of our readers last year. He is a pupil of Diday, of Geneva, under whom also studied Calame, one of the most popular painters Switzerland has produced. M. Schœnck's picture, which covers a large canvas, some seven feet by four, is called 'The Reindeer's Home in the Arctic Regions.' In the immediate foreground, which is rocky and snow-covered, we have some heavily antlered reindeer, and beyond them an unfrozen lake, in which the sunlit crags beyond, and all the snowy waste around, are mirrored. The artist is free, but at the same time judicious, in the use of impasto, and he has succeeded eminently in bringing some of the wilder features of remote nature into a pictorial whole. There is another equally important canvas in the same gallery, and by the same artist, showing the bold wooded headland of storm-beaten Cape Mabou, in Nova Scotia.

THE BATH ABBEY LIBRARY.—A respected bookseller of Bath, who has large knowledge of the insides as well as the outsides of books, has published in that city an appeal, with a view to protect from imminent peril, as well as to make useful and instructive to a large public, a collection of curious and singular, but none the less useful and instructive, books that have been for nearly two centuries hidden in what is by courtesy called "a library" attached to the venerable Abbey Church. Mr. Peach strives to open it, so that its contents shall be available for the benefit of his fellow-citizens, to whom it has hitherto been as thoroughly useless as if the books formed part of the library of O'Donahue that are rocks in the Lake of Killarney. He has not as yet succeeded—a fact not very creditable to the custodians of many valuable bequests. It would seem as if

they are agreed that to read them is an offence, that to keep them shut up is a religious duty, and that to admit ordinary people to a share of the luxury would be to spoil the appetites of those who are at present alone admitted to feed upon them. Yet the books are in all cases only such as may be read safely, such as ought to be read largely, and which, under other circumstances—in the possession of so great a treasure-store—it would be a credit and an honour to the city to possess. It is a venerated fable, that of the dog in the manger. We desire that the chapter (if there be such a thing in Bath), attached to the Abbey Church should read for us the moral. We cannot enter at length into the very interesting subject; but the higher and the humbler classes of the city are bound to look into it, and remove impediments. The pamphlet of Mr. Peach ought to have their serious consideration: it is full of learned inquiry, exhibits extensive reading, furnishes all requisite information, and shows how easy it would be—and how safely it could be done—to render the Abbey Library as useful as it is now useless. We do not know, or care to know, who is to blame; but a scandal there is somewhere: it ought to be removed, either by entreaty or by force.

Mlle. SARAH BERNHARDT'S WORKS.—The collection of paintings and works in sculpture by Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, now on view at the gallery in Piccadilly, would command the respectful attention of the Art critic had their author never won fame in any other field of emotional and intellectual activity. The pictures amount to sixteen, are painted with a full, generous brush, and with a fine sense of chiaroscuro; and the colouring, in its strength and vivacity, follows the great school of Delacroix. Miss Bernhardt's qualities are best exemplified in what we may call her sketches and studies. For example, 'La Dormeuse' (3), a fair, sylph-like creature in white, diaphanous head-gear, leaning back luxuriously against a crimson cushion, can scarcely be called a finished work, yet it has all the artistic effect of one. It is a portrait of the artiste herself, taken from the looking-glass, and if the visitor would form a tolerably correct idea of the dark grey, well-set eye, the delicately yet pronouncedly chiselled nose, the fresh thin lips, the ethereal head, with its crown of pale, flame-like hair, here is the veritable presentment. Again, 'Deux Fantaisies' (7), two female heads in fancy costume, are charming from their force and spontaneity. Another 'Fantaisie' (14) is remarkable for the tenderness of its greys; and were these studies, or almost any of the rest, presented to us without a name, we should never dream of attributing them to a female hand. Her life-sized, full-faced 'Marchande de Palmes,' a handsome lady in black hood and red lining, is one of her finished works; but, with the exception of the colouring and chiaroscuro, we entertain neither for this nor for 'La Femme aux Perruches' (4), a lady amusing herself with her parrots, the same amount of admiration that we do for several of her smaller and less important productions. Her works in sculpture, numbering ten, are also remarkable examples of Art.

ART PUBLICATIONS.

IT would be difficult, one might suppose, to name a painter whose genius and productions of all kinds have found so wide a field for literary discussion and criticism as has been given to Turner. His history has been written by several authors more or less skilled in the use of the pen; scarcely a book upon Art published within the last twenty years, and treating on the subject of landscape painting, but has something—and often much—to say concerning him, and now we have a small treatise, chiefly by one who was long on intimate terms with the great landscape painter, on an especial feature of Turner's pencil.* And there

is no doubt the subject of Turner and his Art is far from exhausted: he created an era in landscape painting which, in all probability, will supply materials for Art writers long after the glow of his canvases has become dim by the lapse of time. The hand of the engraver will transmit to future ages what may be no longer visible in the paintings themselves. And this brings us to the immediate subject of the book bearing on its title-page the names of Messrs. Pye and Rayel. The share each has had in the compilation of its contents is not easy to distinguish; but it is the latter who speaks, we assume, in the following paragraph:—"All the papers left by Mr. Pye which were supposed by his family to have any bearing on the subject of Turner's life or works were, shortly after Pye's death, placed by his executor in my hands," with the view of carrying out the old engraver's pro-

* "Notes and Memoranda respecting the 'Liber Studiorum' of J. M. W. Turner, R.A." Written and collected by the late John Pye, Landscape Engraver. Edited, with Additional Observations and an Illustrative Etching, by John Lewis Rayel. Published by J. Van Voorst.

ject of publishing a brief notice of the "Liber Studiorum" and of the latter part of Turner's life. "I found them," Mr. Rayel continues, "to be very fragmentary documents; and after examining and arranging them, came long ago to the conclusion that, beyond a few facts connected with the painter's works (more particularly the 'Liber Studiorum'), they contained little or nothing of importance which was not already known to the public." With this conviction, and under these circumstances, he finds the principal materials for his book in the history of the "Liber Studiorum," its intention and scope, transactions concerning it between the painter and the engravers, opinions of it as expressed by the press and various writers, with a mass of other matter which, in some way or other, bears upon the main subject discussed. Every one taking an interest in the "Liber," and the drawings which gave rise to it—many of them are to be seen in the National Gallery—must also feel an interest in whatever is written concerning them.

MESSRS. GRIFFITH AND FARRAN, of the west corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, are successors of the long-renowned firm of Harris; but they have a better boast—they publish better books than he did, always excepting those of Mrs. Hofland and a few other writers for the young, whose works are as fresh, healthful, and good as they were to the generation for which they were issued, some sixty, seventy, or eighty years ago.* Here is one of them, "The Son of a Genius," by dear, honoured, and venerated Barbara Hofland, who published it first with Harris about seventy years ago. This series might be largely increased in value by containing some prefatory biographical matter. It is well to preserve these sacred remains of a long past; they may be profitable for all time. There are others by Mrs. Hofland. Dear old lady! we remember her old when we were young; her work was done when ours was beginning. She was the advocate of all the virtues in domestic life, and would have been as little likely to enlist under the banner of the strong-minded as to join the ranks of those who consider free love social duty, and infidelity a wise and rational creed. Well, let those who can, read her books—any of them—and be sure to have profitable reading. We cordially thank Messrs. Griffith and Farran for this reissue of a literary treasure; we know of none so good, although we have glanced through the long list of books for children that "glorify" the existing age, finding good books as wide apart as used to be the plums in a Christmas pudding. We say to the eminent publishers in St. Paul's Churchyard, "Go on and prosper."

A VOLUME *de luxe*, entitled "Luxurious Bathing," is very welcome to our table, as supplying us with one of the richest treats we have ever received from Art.† The main object is to inculcate the duty of that which is next to godliness. Luxuriously bound, luxuriously printed, and most luxuriously illustrated, it is a book of books for those who love and appreciate Art. It impresses a solemn truth, and cannot but render more than merely popular a practice more promotive of health than can be all the teachings of Pharmacopœias, showing what a blessing is "the fresh luxurious bath," and proving by eloquent words what a vast amount of good may be conferred by it, whether taken in the small dressing-room, or where nature supplies her safest, surest, and best assistant—water: increased health, appetite, vigour, and good spirits; mental as well as physical power; making duty a pleasure, and pleasure a duty; doubling all the enjoyments of which either body or mind, or both in unison, are capable. Thus Art is brought to teach one of its loftiest and most practical serviceable lessons, contributing mightily to the welfare and happiness of the whole family of man, and also to the enjoyment of animals of the lower world; in a sentence it may be said—of all created things.

The letterpress is full of illustrative anecdotes—encouragements and warnings. It is written in an easy, colloquial style. There are no efforts at display in composition, no affectations; it is all, from beginning to end, a prescription, with the advan-

tage that it may be read with profit by those who are scholars and thinkers, as well as by those who are, according to the ordinary meaning of the term, uneducated. The writer may rob the doctor of half his customers.

The illustrative etchings are of great excellence. Each of them contains something of water: here we have the glorious river Thames, there the gentle stream that glides by one of the village churches that adorn its banks; here water laves the broken walls of some venerable ruin consecrated by history, there it washes the white cliffs that hail and greet the home-come wanderer; here it revels among boats and ships, there it bathes the roots of forest trees. In short, it is water! water! everywhere. And if we miss from the set wayside fountains and brawling streams rushing over mountain rocks (and we do miss them), we have enough to compensate for their absence in the great variety of treated subjects with which the charming and valuable volume supplies us. We thank both the artist and the publishers for one of the most enjoyable volumes it has ever been our good fortune to possess.

WE give a cordial greeting to the first part of a work that will be a valuable acquisition not only to the artist, but to the amateur and the student, and hardly less so to Art lovers at large, who are certainly increasing in numbers daily. By them such a publication is needed; and to them it will give great pleasure, as it is a fund of instruction. The work is published by the Autotype Company.* We cannot speak too highly of the series thus commenced, and earnestly hope it may extend to a large number—to as many as those by which the great master of the age sought to make students of nature the intimates of nature. Mr. Elmore has judiciously chosen his theme so as to obtain variety: though of one tint, he has so managed that the one has many gradations; they are indeed charming pictures, and may be accepted as of more value, because closer to nature, than chromos and ordinary prints. The four now before us are of scenery in North Wales, combining the grand and the beautiful, as nature does with singular felicity in that picturesque district of our island. Mr. Richard Elmore has obtained high rank as a landscape painter: we have in a degree made known the merits of his large picture of 'Windsor Castle'—beyond doubt the best of many that have been painted of that glory of the Thames—the chiefest of the royal residences of Great Britain. In this most promising work, if continued as it is commenced, he will be a public benefactor. We accept it also as evidence of the valuable resources of the Autotype Company.

MOST of our fairy tales are importations from the North: Scandinavia was always lavish of supplies. The fairies of all nations have, indeed, a common country, and however much they may vary in form and feature, they have all a likeness the one to another by which their descent may be of a surety traced. We have here another addition to a long list; † we cannot have too many, for in these days of triumphant matter-of-fact, imagination is sent to the right-about, and fairy lore is a lore forbidden to the young. Yet it has been, and may yet be, the foundation of all the virtues. Mr. Moyr Smith is an artist. He gives us no preface to this charming little book, but we may suppose he has been among the scenes he occasionally pictures; and although he may not be personally acquainted with the heroes he paints, he may have seen the places to which they have given renown. The book is pleasant and very readable. The Art is good: as a forerunner of Christmas guests it is very welcome to our table.

A NEW edition—the tenth—of Mr. G. A. Rogers's little treatise on Wood Carving ‡ has made its appearance. Mr. Rogers is, as was his father, a great authority on this beautiful art, and the fact that ten editions of his book have been called for is sufficient proof of its popularity. It had our warm praise on its first appearance a few years since.

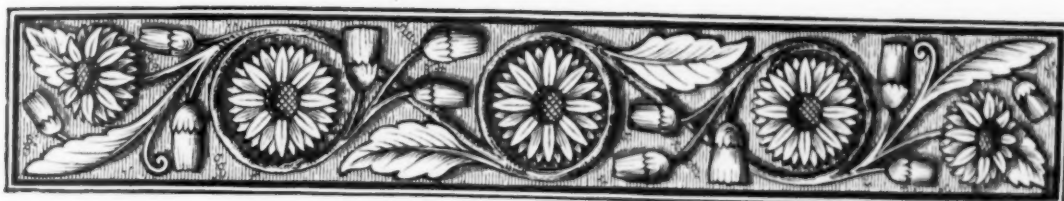
* The "Favourite Library," vol. ix., "The Son of a Genius." By Mrs. Hofland. Published by Griffith and Farran.

† "Luxurious Bathing." A Sketch by Andrew W. Frier. With Twelve folio Etchings, Initials, &c., by Sutton Sharpe. 1879. Published by Field and Frier.

* Richard Elmore's "Liber Natura;" Published in quarterly parts. Part First: Four Stories from Nature, translated by him into Monochrome expressly for the Autotype Company. Printed in Sepia Tint. Published by the Autotype Company.

† "Tales of Old Thule," collected and illustrated by J. Moyr Smith. Published by Chatto and Windus.

‡ "The Art of Wood Carving. With Practical Hints to Amateurs." With Twenty-eight Illustrations. By George Alfred Rogers. Published by Virtue & Co.



MR. RUSKIN AS AN ART CRITIC.

THE position Mr. John Ruskin, late Slade Professor at Oxford, holds as an Art critic may be considered the most eminent in Europe. No writer on Art is so well known, nor any author's works more widely read among Art lovers than his. He is, in short, the Art critic of the day, and altogether one of the remarkable men of the age. By the earnest devotion of a lifetime he has gained a reputation never before attained by any writer on a like subject, and his criticism is more eagerly looked for, and receives more consideration from all shades of opinion, than might be expected to be the case with any writer, however great. When this is stated, it is not meant that every one agrees with him (though he is a bold man who ventures to disagree with him), but as the plain statement of a fact. Being possessed "of the most analytical mind in Europe,"* he is always able to give, in the most forcible yet beautiful language, the reasons for the conclusion arrived at; and though these may not always be in harmony with the reader's preconceived ideas, there is never any difficulty in understanding what he means.

Mr. Ruskin's father, when a youth, went to London from Perth, was a clerk in a merchant's house for nine years without a holiday, and then began business on his own account. At four years old young Ruskin begins to recollect things, and his earliest memories are connected with watching his father making drawings in indian-ink.† While having his portrait painted at three and a half years old, the artist, Northcote, asked him what he would like at the background of his picture; he answered readily, "'Blue hills'—a rather curious fact, and not without promise in a child of that age."‡ At five years old he was very fond of reading, and was sending to the circulating library for his second volumes. His mother wished to make him a clergyman, but this was not liked by young Ruskin, much to his parents' disappointment evidently, for years after we find his father remarking to a friend, with tears in his eyes, "Yes, and he would have been a bishop!"§ His father was head partner in the firm of wine merchants, Ruskin, Telford, and Domecq, in Leadenhall Street, London. To this Mr. Telford Mr. Ruskin is indebted for his first means of carefully looking at Turner's work. Mr. Telford gave the boy Ruskin the illustrated edition of Rogers's "Italy," which we may believe Ruskin studied very closely. In "Fors" he says "he might, not without some appearance of reason, attribute to this gift the entire direction of his life's energies." But he adds, "It is the great error of thoughtless biographers to attribute to the accident which introduces some new phase of character, all the circumstances of character which give the accident importance. The essential point to be noted was, that I could understand Turner's work when I saw it, not by what chance or in what year it was first seen. Poor Mr. Telford, nevertheless, was always held by papa and mamma primarily responsible for my Turner insanities."|| Also about this time he was taken journeys in Mr. Telford's old English chariot by his father and mother, from which he had a comprehensive view of all the country through

which they passed. They went from forty to fifty miles a day, from six A.M. to four P.M. If, during the drive, there were any gentleman's house to be seen, his father baited the horses and took his mother and him reverently through the state rooms, always speaking a little under his breath to the housekeeper, major-domo, or other authority in charge. "My father," Mr. Ruskin says, "had a quite infallible natural judgment in painting, and though it had never been cultivated so as to enable him to understand the Italian schools, his sense of the power of the nobler masters in northern work was as true and passionate as the most accomplished artist's. *He never, when I was old enough to care for what he himself delighted in, allowed me to look for an instant at a bad picture, and if there were a Reynolds, Velasquez, Vandyke, or Rembrandt in the room, he would pay the surliest housekeeper into patience until we had seen it to heart's content; if none of these, I was allowed to look at Guido, Carlo Dolce, or the more skilful masters of the Dutch school, Cuyp, Teniers, Hobbima, Wouvermans, but never at any second-rate or doubtful examples.*"*

From these instances, and notably the latter, it will be seen how very carefully Mr. Ruskin was trained in Art. His father never allowed him to look at a bad picture—nothing under a great master work—pictures painted by men of a thousand. We at the present day, seeing so many cheap, and therefore hastily executed illustrations, and all sorts of pictures, whenever we choose to look at them, cannot very well comprehend what this means. It is, therefore, not easy at first to understand why Ruskin was so moved at hearing Turner ignorantly condemned as a bad painter; but when we consider how he had always and only been accustomed to notice the greatest masters, it is not so difficult. He must have felt, when he saw one of this artist's great pictures, and heard it called strange, wrong, and unnatural, that its merits were overlooked or not comprehended; and having the power, and knowing it to be demonstrable that the painter was right and true, and that his critics were false and base, he was, as he says, "driven into literature, that he might defend the fame of Turner."† At the age of twenty he began his most famous book, "Modern Painters." The first volume was written in great haste and indignation, and the second after he had got engaged, almost unawares, in inquiries which could not be hastily or indignantly pursued. The other volumes followed in about ten years after the second. These five volumes of "Modern Painters" are a defence of Turner against the criticism of the time, which condemned him as a bad painter. The book was originally meant to be titled "Turner and the Ancients," but on the suggestion of friends he changed it—a change rather to be regretted, and which was certainly regretted by the author. "Modern Painters" teaches "the claim of all lower nature on the hearts of men, of the rock, and wave, and herb, as a part of their necessary spirit life;"‡ "its object is to summon the moral energies of the nation to a forgotten duty, to display the use, force, and functions of a great body of neglected sympathies and desires, and to elevate to its healthy and beneficial operation that Art which, being altogether addressed to them, rises and falls with their variableness of vigour."§ Every sensation produced by form or colour is

* Mazzini, "Fors," vol. v. p. 166.

† Ibid. vol. v. p. 57.

‡ Ibid. vol. v. p. 223.

§ "Fors," vol. iv. p. 223.

¶ Ibid. vol. v. p. 90.

• "Fors," vol. v. p. 227.

‡ Ibid. 1878, p. 165.

¶ Ibid. vol. vi. p. 216.

§ "Modern Painters," vol. ii. p. 3.

traced to its source, and nearly all Turner's best pictures are dwelt on, and shown how true to nature and Art they are. An artist, he tells us, and we must agree with the definition, is "a person who has submitted to a law which it was painful to obey, that he may bestow a delight which it is gracious to bestow;"* that is, a painful law, yet full of pain not in the sense of torture, but of stringency or constraint, and labour, increasing, it may be, sometimes into aching of limbs and panting of chests. Such a one was his hero Turner, a man born and bred in one of the lowest parts of London, but who was able to produce some of the finest sea and landscape pictures ever painted; for instance, his 'Burial of Sir David Wilkie at Sea.' All will remember its striking colour, its feeling of grandeur, the cold, still water, and the pale and mournful moonlight: this, with the feeble glare of the torches, which are like the weak flicker of human life, contrasted with the great rock of Gibraltar, or symbol of eternity, in the background, makes up one of the grandest and most impressive works in the National Gallery.

In the last chapter of "Modern Painters" he says, "Full of far deeper reverence for Turner's Art than I felt when the task of his defence was undertaken, I am more in doubt respecting the real use to mankind of that, or any other transcendent Art, incomprehensible as it must always be to the mass of men."† "Only another Turner," he continues, "could apprehend Turner. Such praise as he received was poor and superficial; he regarded it far less than censure. My own admiration of him was wild in enthusiasm, but it gave him no ray of pleasure; he could not make me at any time understand his main meanings; he loved me, but cared nothing for what I said, and was always trying to hinder me from writing, because it gave pain to his fellow-artists."‡ And again, in one of his later books, Mr. Ruskin says, "It may surprise you to hear the author of 'Modern Painters' say that his chief error in earlier days was not in over-estimating, but in too slightly acknowledging, the merit of living men. The great painter whose power, while he was yet among us, I was able to perceive, was the first to reprove me for my disregard of the skill of his fellow-painters; and it is surely well that I record these words of his, spoken then too truly to myself, and true always more or less, for all who are untrained in that toil, 'You don't know how difficult it is.'"\$

Mr. Ruskin, however, is not always judicious in what he says about Turner. In "Modern Painters," while dealing with watery clouds, their form and colour, he makes the remark that there were certain kinds of clouds never caught by Turner, but Correggio, putting out his whole strength, could have painted them—no other man; then, as if fearing his idol might be thought to be not so great as previously spoken of, he hastens to put a note that he does not mean that Correggio is greater than Turner, but that only in Correggio's way could these clouds have been painted. Now, however willing we may be to believe Turner a great painter, we surely can be left to understand that besides him there were other painters who could paint well, and that he was not the only man who could paint a cloud correctly. At the same time there can be no doubt that Mr. Ruskin was in the main right in what he said about Turner; he does not indiscriminately praise him, for he tells of at least one distinct failure of a picture;|| but when critics wrote of him as does Hazlitt—a once famous Art writer—that "his landscapes are nothing else but stained water-colour drawings loaded with oil colour,"¶ it is no wonder that a young and enthusiastic "graduate of Oxford," who knew that such criticism was nonsense, rushed into print even at the boyish age of twenty. But he regrets that he had to begin so soon, and says he was obliged to write too young, when he knew only half-truths, and when he was eager to set them forth by what he thought fine words.**

Mr. Ruskin has often been accused of having changed his opinions, and there is no doubt in many ways he has changed; but "in 'Modern Painters' these oscillations of temper and

progressions of discovery over a period of seventeen years ought not to diminish the reader's confidence in the book. Let him," says the author, "rest assured of this, that unless important changes are occurring in his opinions continually all his life long, not one of those opinions can be on any questionable subject true. All true opinions are living, and show their life by being capable of nourishment, therefore of change; but their change is that of a tree, not of a cloud."* He also says, "I do not wonder at people sometimes thinking I contradict myself when they come suddenly on any of the scattered passages in which I am forced to insist on the opposite practical application of subtle principles. It may amuse the reader, and be finally serviceable to him, in showing him how necessary it is to the right handling of any subject that these contrary statements should be made, if I assemble the principal ones together." Then, after giving a few instances of seemingly contrary statements with regard to finish of pictures, he explains how all these passages are perfectly true; and the essential thing for the reader is to receive their truth, however little he may be able to see their consistency; and he continues, "If truths of apparently contrary character are candidly and rightly received, they will fit themselves together in the mind without any trouble, but no truth maliciously received will nourish you or fit with others;"† which is an easy way of getting over a difficult question. It is not easily seen what he means, otherwise than that he is to say what he likes, and the reader is to receive it all in respectful admiration; which also is much the same sentiment as expressed by Mr. Whistler in his defence, where he says there should not be any critics, but work should be received in silence, as it was in the days to which the penmen still point as an era when Art was at its best.‡ But it is perhaps as much for this contrariety as for anything else that Mr. Ruskin is felt to be so intensely human. It is said, "Woman at best's a contradiction still;" but it would have been as true to say, "Life at best is a contradiction still," for as day after day passes, and experience is added to experience, here a little, there a little, line upon line, precept upon precept, our ideas slowly but surely undergo change. Life, in fact, is change, but it is, or should be, the change, as Ruskin says, not of a cloud carried hither and thither by every wind that blows, but the slow though steady and necessary change of time and growth.

"Modern Painters" is dedicated to the landscape artists of England by their sincere admirer "The Author," and many are the useful hints he has given them in it. "Remember always," he says, "in painting, as in eloquence, the greater your strength the quieter will be your manner (in painting) and the finer your works; and in painting, as in all the arts and acts of life, the secret of high success will be found, not in a fitful and various experience, but in a quiet singleness of justly chosen aim."§

"Fine Art is that in which the hand, the head, and the heart of man go together."|| "Draw everything accurately and knowingly, not blunderingly and by guess. If you can paint one leaf you can paint the world, but only the very greatest artists have done it."¶ "The study of Art cannot be rightly undertaken except in furtherance of the grave purposes of life." "Art cannot be learned at spare moments, nor pursued when we have nothing better to do; but to advance it men's lives must be given, and to receive it their hearts."**

Painters themselves he divides into three classes—purists, sensualists, and naturalists. The purists take the fine flour, the sensualists the chaff and straw, but the naturalists take all home, and make their cake of the one and their couch of the other. He comforts the unsuccessful in life by telling them that a really good picture is ultimately always approved and bought, unless it is wilfully rendered offensive to the public by faults which the artist has either been too proud to abandon or too weak to correct.

On a careful perusal of "Modern Painters," it must be ad-

* "Fors," vol. v. p. 301.

† Ibid. vol. v. p. 352.

‡ "Modern Painters," p. 2, Addenda.

** "Fors," vol. ii. p. 23, 8th month.

† "Modern Painters," vol. v. p. 352.

‡ "Oxford Lectures," p. 10.

¶ Hazlitt, p. 140, note.

* "Modern Painters," vol. v. p. x.

† "Whistler v. Ruskin," p. 12.

‡ "Two Paths," Lecture II.

§ Ibid. vol. v. p. 277, note.

¶ "Modern Painters," vol. v. p. 183.

** "Modern Painters," vol. v. p. 36.

** Ibid. vol. ii. p. 2.

mitted that a considerable change of style is made in the work. The first two volumes, though striking and occasionally interesting, are dry reading compared with the fifth. This volume, without exaggeration, may be said to contain some of the finest writing ever produced in the English language. It is not so strictly confined to painting as the earlier volumes are, but deals with all subjects likely to arise in inquiring as to the motives and aims of artists, and as to what is required to be able to appreciate correctly how these have been accomplished by artists.

About the age of thirty Mr. Ruskin wrote "Stones of Venice," which, according to the author's showing, teaches the laws of constructive art, and the dependency of all human work or edifice for its beauty on the happy life of the workman.* The immediate reason of this volume having been written was that Mr. Ruskin was unable to find out the date of the building of the Ducal Palace in Venice. To arrive at a correct conclusion, he examined nearly every stone in the building, and discourses about them in a manner so plain as to be able to be understood by the most unlearned. In the "Seven Lamps of Architecture" there is also much instruction to be received by the artist as well as the architect. One passage is particularly striking, as it sums up the *raison d'être* of painting so well. It is this:—"It may be thought, and has been thought, that the whole art of painting is nothing else than an endeavour to deceive. Not so; it is, on the contrary, a statement of certain facts in the clearest possible way. For instance: I desire to give an account of a mountain or a rock; I begin by telling its shape. But words will not do this distinctly, and I draw its shape, and say 'This was its shape.' Next I would fain represent its colour, but words will not do this either, and I dye the paper, and say 'This was its colour.' Such a process may be carried on until the scene appears to exist, and a high pleasure may be taken in its apparent existence. This is a communicated act of imagination, but no lie. The lie can consist only in an *assertion* of its existence (which is never for one instant made, implied, or believed), or else in false statements of forms and colours (which are, indeed, made and believed, to our great loss, continually). And observe, also, that so degrading a thing is deception in even the approach and appearance of it, that all painting which even reaches the mark of apparent realisation is degraded in so doing."†

Mr. Ruskin would often take journeys‡ to find out places sketched by Turner, or to see a painter's work, or even a particular picture, and would spend a whole winter studying them. While doing so he would feel attracted to other pictures in other towns, and did not hesitate to travel long distances to see what he wanted, thus having a most complete and accurate knowledge of almost all the Art galleries in Europe. He writes many other books on questions with which at present we have nothing to do, and he also introduces subjects in his Fine Art works which do not seem to bear heavily on the object in hand; but he always does this so delightfully as to make pardonable in him what in another would be almost absurdity. One of his favourite themes is political economy, but a more interesting one is Sir Walter Scott, of whom he is an intense admirer; in "Modern Painters" he quotes him frequently, and chiefly to show his (Scott's) knowledge of form and colour, notably that passage in "Marmion" which contains the description of Edinburgh—

"Mine own romantic town."

The colours mentioned in the stanza are really wonderful, and well worthy our close attention. He also quotes other authors, such as Dante and Homer, and very frequently from Scripture. After making some quotation in a recent work (1878), he adds, "I am beginning, for the first time in my life, to admit some notion into my head that I am a great man, because I find myself entirely at one in my views of nature and life with every great classic author, and alone in a modern crowd which rejects them all. This is something to plume myself upon, sorrowfully

enough, but haughtily also." This is one of the peculiarities of Mr. Ruskin—he has an unbounded belief in himself, and which, as we see, he hardly hesitates to mention. He always brings in his own experiences, and never doubts for a moment that he can be wrong. He is also, as a necessity with this, dogmatic, but he himself partly admits this; and he so thoroughly loses himself in the subject which he is treating, that he quite forgets others may hold a contrary opinion, which, although he differs from, he should always at least courteously acknowledge.

It is probably due to this serene dogmatic self-sufficiency—if it may be termed so—that Mr. Ruskin fell into the unfortunate mistake of so very vehemently expressing his disapprobation of Mr. Whistler's contribution to the Grosvenor Gallery in London in 1877. Mr. Ruskin, with his command of language, could easily have said what he wished to say as strongly, and with the same certainty of showing he considered the Art bad, in his usual beautiful and flowing language, as he did in condemning the works in words one would hesitate to attach to any presumably honest man. The lash, it must be confessed, was applied by Mr. Ruskin to Mr. Whistler almost without mercy.

Sympathy might have gone with Mr. Whistler a little in this matter, and especially since his recent misfortunes—no doubt a result of the trial—if he had not published his *brochure*, "Whistler v. Ruskin: Art, and Art Critics," an extraordinary and extravagant production. He vilifies Ruskin for vilifying him, and begins by accusing the whole public press of having willingly winked at the true spirit of the matter. He calls his case the beginning of a war between the pen and the brush, and writes as if he were leading the vanguard against the pen. From beginning to end his facts are hazy and his reasoning illogical; he maintains that as no polished member of society is at all affected by admitting himself neither engineer, mathematician, nor astronomer, and therefore remains willingly discreet and taciturn upon these subjects, he should do the same with Art, or in a matter of taste. Now we know that those who have studied any of these sciences a quarter of the time Mr. Ruskin has studied Art are usually thought capable of criticizing either a bridge, a problem, or a work on astronomy. But Mr. Whistler's definition of what criticism in engineering or the others is, is rather uncertain, and it is difficult to see how the cases are parallel. For in the case of Mr. Ruskin's Art criticism he has studied it so long and so earnestly that at least one should be willing to admit him a hearing; but "No," says Mr. Whistler, "let there be no critics; they are not a necessary evil, but an evil quite unnecessary, though an evil certainly; harm they do, and not good." Then, after some curious flounderings, he goes on to say, "Mediocrity flattered at acknowledging mediocrity, and mistaking mystification for mastery, enters the fog of dilettantism," and so on. Mr. Whistler never considers that, whatever a critic says, truth will be maintained in the long-run; but the whole affair between the two is simply this—Mr. Ruskin thinks Mr. Whistler wrong, and can prove it; while Mr. Whistler thinks Mr. Ruskin wrong, and cannot prove it. Artists and Art critics are, and always have been, men of quite distinct genius. What artists feel, few—honoured Sir Joshua Reynolds among that few—have been able to explain; but it is the special function of Art criticism to do this, though the excellence of a Ruskin can only be attained by lifelong labour combined with highest genius. Mr. Whistler says no one except an artist should criticize a picture, and from his book the inference must be that he thinks Mr. Ruskin is not an artist; but he never was more mistaken in his life, for at the end of last year the exhibition of Mr. Ruskin's works, held in London, showed the keenest appreciation for natural beauty, and all the refined delicacy of touch only to be met with in the productions of eminent artists. Mr. Ruskin travelled with the well-known artist, J. D. Harding, on the continent, and spent many a month at painting; but he felt he could do more good as a critic, and that he was more specially fitted for that than painting. It will be seen that this argument also of Mr. Whistler's falls to the ground, but the pamphlet is so evidently written under excite-

* "Fors," 1877, p. 165.

† "Seven Lamps of Architecture," p. 31.

‡ "Modern Painters," Preface, p. viii.

* "Modern Painters," vol. v. p. 118.

ment that it may be wondered there are not more fallacies in it. He would have been thought far more of if he had not attempted to reply to Mr. Ruskin on Mr. Ruskin's own ground. If he had painted a picture either in this new style, or such a one as he could produce if he tried—for he is an accomplished artist in etching, if not in painting—he would have answered the critic much more completely. As it is, Mr. Whistler has only proved his inability to write, without at all proving Mr. Ruskin's inability to criticize or to paint.

Goldsmith lays it down as a piece of fundamental Art criticism, and as a universal rule, that it can always be said of works of painting, "The picture would have been better if the artist had taken more pains." But even this is only true to a certain extent; there is really no golden rule in Art criticism beyond this—that every picture should be judged from the artist's standpoint; that is, because a landscape picture is not a figure, or because a figure is not a marine view, therefore it is bad Art, is absurd, although this sort of criticism is very frequent in newspaper articles. The picture should be judged from where the artist desires the spectator to stand, but of course objection may rightly be taken to this standpoint. In adverse criticism artists should always remember that "it is not the province of wholesome criticism to regard merely the feelings of too sensitive artists, but to direct the public mind to a due appreciation of merit; and though we should be sorry to drive artists of lesser importance to the grave," we cannot be deterred from the honest expression of our opinion." So says a writer in *Arnold's Magazine of the Fine Arts* in 1833.*

Mr. Ruskin has had many evidences that he is appreciated by the country. He is the one of the few authors of Fine Art books the general public care to read. His earlier works are at a premium, and his reprints have gone through many editions. He was chosen by the nation, in 1857, to inspect and arrange for public use the thousands of sketches left by Turner. In

1869 he was elected first Slade Professor of Art at Oxford, a post he has recently resigned on account of ill-health. In 1874 he was offered the gold medal of the Royal Institute of Architects, which, however, he did not see his way to accept. At the end of last year he was presented with the long-coveted drawing by Turner of the 'Pass of Splügen,' and even his expenses at the Whistler trial have been defrayed by public subscription, merely to show the subscribers' regard and esteem for him. The assertion is sometimes made by ignorant and thoughtless writers that Mr. Ruskin is mad. No one who has read any of his great books could truly say so. Wildly enthusiastic he unquestionably is, but insane he certainly is not. Enthusiasts have frequently been termed maniacs by the foolish people of their time, but many a so-called madman of one generation has been hailed as a great and enlightened genius by another.

In conclusion, we think we have a right to consider him the best-qualified man to lead the public taste in Art, and though he may sometimes be prejudiced in his judgment of pictures, yet, on the whole, he is as impartial as ever Art critic was—we would almost go the length of saying as ever critic can be. He brings all the learning of the age to bear on his subject—and nothing is more dull and uninteresting than to read writers who know only one subject—and he never hesitates to spend much labour in ascertaining the exact truth regarding any of the points under discussion. There can also be little doubt he has done infinitely more good as an Art critic than ever he could have accomplished as a painter. He himself admits that he would never have been a great painter, although possibly he would have been an original one. But all the world has lost in losing his paintings is amply made up by the benefit he has done in placing Art criticism in the position it ought to and does hold, namely, of ability to appreciate the highest works of artists, and adequately interpret them for the benefit of the public and of painters themselves. D. C. THOMSON.

WOOLWICH DOCKYARD.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

H. T. DAWSON, Painter.

C. COUSEN, Engraver.

THIS view of the royal dockyard was sketched from the artist's yacht alongside the steamboat pier at Woolwich. The dockyard itself claims, and is usually allowed to be, the "mother-dock of England," having been appropriated to the purpose of building ships for the royal navy from the reign of Henry VIII., and here some of the noblest war vessels in the service have been launched into the Thames. The largest ship of the time, named after that monarch, *Henry Grace de Dieu*, was launched here in the presence of the King and his Queen, and "well-nigh all the lords and prelates of the kingdom, who dined on board at the King's charge," in October, 1515. Some writers say the ship was built and launched at Erith, a small village a few miles lower down the river, but there is not the slightest appearance now of Erith having been at any time a place suitable for ship-building, especially of large vessels. A large line-of-battle ship was built at Woolwich in Queen Elizabeth's time, after whom the vessel was named. The *Royal Sovereign*, the largest ship our island ever saw till that time, was built here in 1637: she carried one hundred guns. Other important contributions to the British royal navy from Woolwich have been the *Royal George*, which unfortunately foundered with her commander, Admiral Kempenfelt, and her crew on a bright summer's day at Spithead in the last century; the *Nelson*, which, we believe, has only done service

as a guardship at one of our other chief naval ports; the *Royal Albert*, built in 1853; and others. Woolwich Dockyard, which for some centuries has supplied its full quota to the naval strength of England, is now used principally as a great dépôt for warlike stores of every kind, and as a place for shipping and unshipping them.

The Messrs. Dawson, father and son, have long been busy with their pencils amid the coasts and navigable rivers, the ports and harbours, of England; they have occupied the "waters" heretofore almost monopolized among modern artists by Turner and Stanfield, and very ably have they laboured at their tasks. In this picture little of the dockyard itself is made visible except some sheds under which the old wooden ships were built. The frigate in the distance is the *Warspite*. The foreground of the composition is filled with a variety of shipping and boats, all more or less engaged in the business carried on in the royal yard: the large vessel near the spectator is one of the Steamboat Company's coal hulks. The picturesque building on the left is the old office of Woolwich Dockyard, and the buildings at a distance up the river are in the neighbourhood of Limehouse. The smoky atmosphere of London has travelled down the river and reached the royal dockyard, enveloping the place and its adjuncts with a thick veil, through which the sun finds it rather difficult to penetrate. The general treatment of the subject is quiet, but very agreeable.

* *Arnold's Magazine of the Fine Arts*, No. III. July, 1833.



C. COUSEN SCULPT.

WOOLWICH DOCKWARD.

LONDON VIEW. P. 100.



THE LAND OF EGYPT.*

By EDWARD THOMAS ROGERS, ESQ., LATE H.M. CONSUL AT CAIRO, AND HIS SISTER, MARY ELIZA ROGERS.

THE DRAWINGS BY GEORGE L. SEYMOUR.

CHAPTER XI.



NLY those who can understand Arabic well, and who have mixed freely with people of all classes in the land of Egypt, can fully realise how cheerful, kindly disposed, and peaceable the Egyptians of the lower and middle ranks are.

Although very simple-minded, they highly appreciate cleverness and wit in others, even when turned to their disadvantage.

They are generally very devout, without, however, being fanatical; and although they have an inherited contempt for all religions except Mohammedanism, they do not often give expression to this sentiment.

The peasants are patient, industrious, and hard-working, and capable of enduring much fatigue. They have been subjected from time immemorial, under Pharaohs, Greek and Roman Governors, Khalfahs, Mamluks, and Turkish Pashas, to extortion and tyranny, and consequently only pay even their legitimate taxes under extreme pressure. They will often submit to the bastinado before parting with the sum demanded, fearing that if they pay too readily they may be asked to pay more. If, however, they could, under a humane government, be convinced that only the legal fixed sum would be demanded, and that they could obtain redress in case of an attempt at extortion, they would readily pay that sum in its legal instalments, and in a short time the punishments now resorted

to, and which are a disgrace to the country, might be abolished altogether. Happily for these oppressed peasants, the climate of Egypt is so beneficent that they can sleep during the greater part of the year in the open air, and it is no serious hardship to them that their mud cabins are small and comfortless. Their wants are few, as they live principally on beans, lentils, onions, dates, and millet bread, the produce of their villages, and these constitute a nourishing and substantial diet. They take little thought of to-morrow, in the confirmed conviction that whatever is to be will be, and that all is preordained in the unchangeable decrees of destiny.

The village sheikhs, however, are generally in good circumstances, owning large tracts of land, flocks of sheep and goats,

as well as camels, oxen, and buffaloes. They oppress their poorer brethren even more than do the Government agents, as they know intimately what each individual possesses, and pay no heed to any exaggerated pretences of poverty.

When any public works are to be carried on, such as the



A Night Watchman.

excavation of a new canal or the cleaning out of an old one, the raising of dykes or of railway embankments, villagers of both sexes and of all ages are taken away by thousands from their own tillage, and are made to work under taskmasters—petty village tyrants. Much more might be said of the cruel oppression of these patient, hard-working people, but an amelioration

* Continued from page 212.

of their condition may now be hoped for. The Egyptian Government has under consideration a plan for the better regulation of labour on public works, and is also apparently endeavouring to abolish many unjust prerogatives claimed by certain large landowners.

The middle and upper classes, merchants and proprietors, are cleanly in their habits and persons, gentlemanly in their bearing, and graceful in their hospitality; but both classes are liable to lose their urbanity when they enter Government service.

The spirit of the Mohammedan religion thoroughly pervades the lives and characters of the Egyptians. The Koran is frequently quoted in ordinary conversation, and the name of God is invoked continually, even on the most trivial occasions. Some of the characteristics of the people are apparently very contradictory. They load and goad their beasts of burden to their utmost endurance, and yet they will not kill one of them when lame or broken down, but will turn it out into the open country, "that God who gave the life may retake it in due time." They



Cairo Donkey.

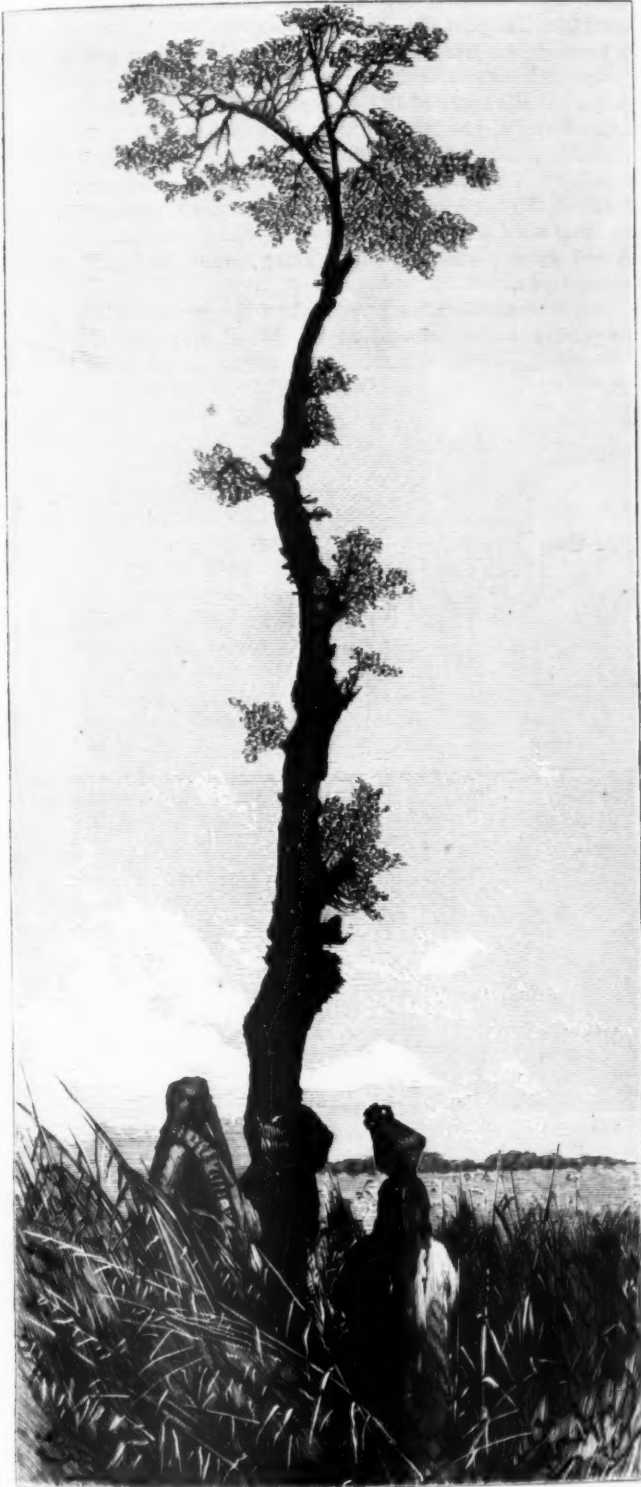
It is a meritorious act to distribute bread and to provide water for the numerous houseless and ownerless dogs, but to expose them and repel them, even with cruelty, if they approach or near the person as to threaten pollution from direct contact.

The Egyptian merchant or shopkeeper does not scruple to take false oaths to his own advantage, and after swearing that an article he is offering for sale cost him a certain sum, he will without shame sell it for much less, and be quite satisfied with the bargain.

Artisans are generally both lazy and careless in their work, and, unless overlooked, they perform their tasks in a very slovenly manner. There is no spirit of rivalry or emulation among them, and except in very rare instances they do not aspire to excellence. It must be admitted, however, that there is an excuse for them in the fact that little or no encouragement exists for anything beyond mediocrity, a skilled workman having reason to fear being impressed into Government service. It is to be hoped that this impediment to progress may soon be entirely removed.

An Englishman who has had long experience of the capabilities of Arab workmen states that, with regard to stonemasons and builders, he has been perfectly satisfied, and he is convinced that when kindly treated, regularly paid, and well directed by able and humane foremen, they do better and more satisfactory work than can be obtained in any part of Europe for the same

dusky little ones carrying their small burdens of earth, or mortar, or stone, well balanced on their well-set heads; following each other steadily, in single file, over rough places, or up and down an embankment, or to and fro upon a platform, with unflagging precision. They are docile and obedient, and the work appears to be no hardship to them. At sunset they return in groups to their villages, merrily singing all the way, as if they had been out for a holiday excursion! Probably it was by training and accustoming the people of Egypt from early child-



Water Carriers.

amount of pay. A great deal of the unskilled labourers' work, both in building and excavation, is performed by quite young children of both sexes, who are collected from the neighbouring villages. They arrive at the scene of their labour at sunrise, or shortly after, and work under their taskmasters as nimbly and regularly as ants. It is very interesting and suggestive to watch these



M. L. 1871.

hood to such labour as this that the station of the Pyramids and temples on the banks of the Nile was rendered possible.

Egypt is essentially an agricultural country, and the artisan class bears but a small proportion to the rest of the population. The system of guilds, has for many centuries been established in every branch of native industry, and probably at one time good workmanship was thus secured; but now the chief object in the preservation of the system seems to be to facilitate the collection of personal taxes and to guarantee the execution of public works.

Every guild is presided over by a sheikh appointed by Government, on the recommendation of the senior members of the guild. A fee of about £20 is paid by each sheikh when his name is registered at the Government office. The sheikh is the absolute ruler of his guild; he admits new members, arranges contracts, fixes the wages of craftsmen, and selects workmen to carry out the various works he has engaged to execute. He collects all taxes from his guild, and is responsible to the Government for them.

The members of the guilds receive, on their admission, certificates, stating their qualifications and the rates of wages to which they are entitled. They are, as a rule, restricted to one craft or trade, and if, as rarely happens, they are allowed to join two guilds, they are obliged to pay an extra tax in each.

The silversmiths and goldsmiths still reproduce their traditional designs, and the potters repeat continually the graceful forms familiar to their forefathers centuries ago. Embroidering with gold or silver thread on cloth or velvet and silk is an important branch of industry, and very effective work is produced.

As house servants the Egyptians are generally found to be trustworthy, but the caterer considers himself entitled to make a

considerable profit on his market purchases; indeed, cooks frequently refuse high wages at establishments where the duty of marketing is not included in the engagement, while they gladly accept half the pay if allowed to make the daily purchases.

Murder, burglary, and open acts of violence are extremely rare amongst the natives; when these crimes are perpetrated in Cairo or Alexandria they may almost always be attributed to low-class Europeans.

Few natives are seen in the streets later than two or three hours after sunset, except the watchmen and guards, and the porters at the gates of the by-streets and of the different quarters of the city. The sentinel or guard calls out to the approaching passenger, "Who is that?" and is answered, "A citizen." The private watchman in the same case should say, "Attest the unity of God," and the proper reply is, "There is no deity but God." It is supposed that a thief, or any person bound on any unlawful undertaking, would not dare to utter these words.

Mohammedanism, as presented to the mass of the people to be practised and followed as a guide of life, appears perfectly



Arab smoking.

competent to make good citizens of its adherents (chiefly, perhaps, on account of the temperance which it enjoins); but when studied as it is in the University of Cairo, in the Mosque of Al Azhar, where on an average about ten or eleven thousand students are being educated, we see its disadvantages. There all modern sciences are condemned; nothing is accepted that has not its germ or confirmation in the Koran, the book which is believed, as a divine ordinance, to contain all that is necessary for the government of a people in this world, and as their guide for the world to come. All the doctors and students in the University condemn as heretical the theory of the earth's roundness. This fact of itself forces us to admit that Mohammedanism, when scrupulously followed and exclusively adhered to, is a stumbling-block to progress and civilisation. The late Khedive, knowing the exclusiveness of the Sheikhs of the Azhar, and intensely desirous of enlightening his people, established some years ago a normal school, at which students selected from the Azhar might, in addition to the University curriculum, be trained also in the liberal sciences, and thus be made eligible as professors in the various Government schools,

and this has already produced good results; for whereas formerly the professors in the University were often found to be utterly deficient in the most elementary knowledge of caligraphy, arithmetic, and the natural sciences, the students at the normal school now pass examinations in mathematics, history, &c.

Occasionally, however, a man of an intelligent and thoughtful mind is developed and shines forth out of the darkness of the Azhar, and, studying the few liberal and philosophical books in the Arabic language, obtains and retains ideas which he dare not express in presence of the so-called learned men of his class.

During the last ten or fifteen years a very great change has come over the character of the Egyptians. Their intercourse with Europeans, and the elevation of many native and foreign Christians to positions of rank and authority in the administration, have caused the Egyptians to look with less disfavour on the professors of other religions, and at the same time they have become less observant of the outward ceremonies of their own. It is no longer a common sight to see Mohammedans performing their ablutions and saying their prayers in shops or by the roadside.

(To be continued.)

MR. GLADSTONE ON BEAUTY IN MANUFACTURES.

IT is always agreeable to listen to the utterances of a man of cultivated taste and of oratorical repute on the subject of Art. Political differences should be forgotten by those who enter on that neutral, or rather sacred, ground. We do not, in Western Europe, show our reverence for hallowed ground, as is done in the East, by pacing it unshod. Yet some survival of this ancient mark of respect may be traced in the traditions of our cathedrals, where a fine is imposed on the unwary intruder who enters the chancel in spurs. Thus we are fully prepared to welcome the appearance of Mr. Gladstone on occasions when, as at Chester on the 11th of August, he appears as an advocate of Art.

Of course a public speaker has to travel on a road already beaten by the feet of many of his audience. We cannot expect to hear much that has not, in one form or another, been again and again advanced in our own columns. It is more satisfactory than novel to be told of the improvement in our cotton and other tissues, and to hear that our manufacturers, instead of obtaining their designs exclusively from the continent, now exchange patterns with the manufacturers of Mulhausen.

The improvement in our glass manufacture is another topic to which Mr. Gladstone called attention. In speaking of the contrast now offered to the character of our domestic glass forty or fifty years ago, it is, however, proper to refer to two considerations not mentioned at Chester. One of these is the powerful influence on our own manufactures of the very beautiful work produced—we believe to a great extent by British capital—at Murano. The exquisitely light wine-glasses, resembling bubbles crystallized by magic, which now adorn our dinner-tables, were anticipated by the remarkably light glass of Murano. On the other hand, there was a very beautiful style of glass manufacture—we should say, speaking from memory, at least forty years old—the richly cut English glass, which is now rarely to be met with, and which, in its way, is as beautiful as, as well as much more durable than, the lighter glass in which we emulate the Italian manufacturers. We have never seen in Italy anything to rival the old English cut glass.

The beautiful designs of Messrs. Elkington in metal, also referred to by Mr. Gladstone, are produced by French artists. That there has been an extraordinary improvement in porcelain is another very gratifying fact, and one which it is desirable to place fully on record by citing the *chefs-d'œuvre* of our chief manufacturers. But even here gratitude bids us recall the name of Wedgwood. Mr. Gladstone, as himself a collector, is no doubt well aware of the unapproached beauty of some of the old Wedgwood, and of the prices it now commands.

But the most characteristic part of Mr. Gladstone's address expresses a view which it is no doubt desirable to bring before the world, although it is putting on the lowest ground that which we trust is better placed on a somewhat higher, nobler, and more thoroughly truthful basis. We refer to the value of beauty. In Mr. Gladstone's address this value takes almost exclusively a mercantile or financial form. That it has this form we admit, although we doubt whether the mercantile view of the case is not apt to be overcharged. The Englishman, according to Mr. Gladstone, "has not got so much as he ought to have of the love of excellence for its own sake." We fear there is much truth in that remark. Persons most thoroughly acquainted with the industrial classes bear witness to a great decline, within the last five-and-twenty years, in that pride in the excellence of his work which used to be the distinguishing characteristic of the English workman. We do not suppose that there is any doubt either of the fact, or of its cause. The fact itself is rendered the more disagreeable from the very facility with which the finest works of the foreigner are now made attainable to the English producer or workman. We apprehend that the main cause of the decline has been the diversion of the energies of the workman, by evil counsellors,

1879.

from industrial and artistic to political objects. We shall gladly welcome any acknowledgment of this unfortunate deterioration that at the same time does justice to its cause.

"There are those," said the Right Honourable speaker, "who will say it is a very visionary idea to promote the love of excellence for its own sake." Maybe that is true. Such persons are not, however, to be found in the ranks of even the humblest students of Art. "But I hold," continued Mr. Gladstone, "it is not visionary at all. For, depend upon it, every excellence that is real, whether it relates to utility or beauty, has got its price and value in the market, and it is an element of strength in the market." We are not greatly concerned to debate whether that be so or not. To a certain extent, no doubt, it is true, but we hold that it is to a certain extent only. But that which strikes us as a somewhat odd way of arguing in behalf of "the love of excellence for its own sake" is to insist on the market value of the virtue. From our point of view it is the eager attempt to secure or to augment the market value of the work of the man of letters, the painter, the sculptor, or any other artist, which exerts the most fatal influence in the destruction of "love of excellence for its own sake." How can a man love Art for the sake of Art if his real inducement be to produce works of Art which are most readily saleable? The end is of more importance than the means. The end set forth as the aim of the workman, in this case, is the command of the market; that is to say, the ready return of the highest price. Now the very master-evil with which the lovers of what is excellent in Art or in manufacture have to contend is the anxiety of the artist or manufacturer to secure the largest and the most immediate pay. To work for fame, still more to work from a conscientious sense of duty, is one thing; to work for the readiest return is another. Very frequently the two objects are, for the time at least, diametrically opposed. Over a century, or even over a lifetime, the most excellent work may perhaps command a more durable sale, and thus, on the whole, a more lucrative return, than work that is purposely scamped. But over four or five years the contrary is but too frequently the case. And it is to this very eagerness to secure the most rapid return from the market that the deterioration of many of our manufactures—such, for instance, as those of iron and of cotton—may directly be attributed.

The contrast between the appreciation of excellence by its market value, and the love of what is beautiful, is as marked as it is possible to conceive. It was the latter and the nobler motive which ruled those to whom we are indebted for that which is immortal in Art, as every Greek scholar ought to be fully aware. The idea of the great Greek philosophers was, that the citizen should have his mind trained from childhood by the contemplation of the beautiful; he was not to be allowed to grow up amid the visible images of moral depravity. The artist should be trained to discern the true principles of beauty, of grace, and of sublimity. Thus would the young dwell amid healthy associations, in a land of health, amid fair sights and sounds. "Beauty, the effluence of fine works, will meet the senses like a breeze, and insensibly draw the soul, from early childhood, into harmony with that true essential beauty which is the outward symbol and embodiment of the beauty of the soul." We confess that we think teaching of that nature as much more forcible, as it is more noble, than that which lauds beauty as "an element of strength in the market."

We leave it to our cousins across the Atlantic to reply to the criticism that "if we take the industrial productions of America, I am sorry to say we find that very few have any beauty at all." We cannot assent to that remark, although the full reply may be awaited from across the Atlantic. It is not the Art of America that is called in question, or we should point to Albert Bierstadt as a refutation. As far as our own acquaintance with the matter goes, we should say that in that very high order of beauty which is displayed by invention, especially as regards

novelty of design and economy of material and of labour, America yields the palm to no people whatever. We have not much personal acquaintance with the use of the axe, which was one of the American products specially referred to by Mr. Gladstone, but we have long since been informed that the former excellence of Sheffield in producing that tool is a thing of the past, and that American or Canadian axes are far more useful and durable tools than any which we export. All persons have a full right to select their hobbies. But the lover of the beautiful in nature, or the admirer of what is stately and dignified in ancestral territorial property, regards the felling of a tree as one of those misfortunes which are at times inevitable, but which are ever to be regretted. The woodman may be as respectable a member of society as the butcher, but most persons of culture would as soon seek for amusement in an abattoir as in destroying timber. Therefore we are unable to speak positively as to what looks like the criticism of an amateur on the execution of a work-

man, to the effect that "the American axe is not an axe intended to cut a tree away neatly, but to cut a tree away quickly. The American does not care a pin about beauty of work." We shall be glad to hear the American view of that part of the case.

We fully agree with the conclusion of Mr. Gladstone's address, to the effect that it is to the union of the varied qualities of beauty with the different characteristics that make up the utility of industrial productions that excellence is attributable, and that natural pre-eminence is due; even so far as to say that the avoidance of what is ugly and mean is a matter of economical as well as moral value, we are at one with the speaker. But the difference between love of excellence for its own sake, and admiration of it for its market value, is so wide, that we cannot but feel that the higher and nobler consideration is obscured when an attempt is made to enforce it on the plea, "It pays so well."

NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL ART EXHIBITION AT MUNICH.

INCLUDING cabinets and *salons*—i.e. rooms great and small—the number of apartments in the Munich Exhibition reaches sixty-four, and the works of Art they contain, including drawings, cartoons, paintings, architectural drawings, engravings, and sculpture, about two thousand and fifty. It was erected in 1854, under the direction of Voit, after the style of our first Great Exhibition of 1851. It is eight hundred feet long, by a hundred and sixty broad, and the centre of the transept has, for the purpose of the present international show, been made into a square vestibule of the noblest architectural proportions, after a rich Renaissance design by Albert Schmidt, and decorated by the first artists in Munich. To the left of this hall lies the German section, and the right is devoted to the works of foreign artists. In the latter wing is also a richly decorated octagon room, and this and the hall are the only architectural features in the building.

Passing through an ante-chamber hung with tapestry, after Raphael's famous designs in the Loggia, into the latter, which has in the centre a triple-jetted fountain surrounded by bosky greenery that almost conceals the play of the water, and from the thickest masses of which rises a colossal bust of the present King of Bavaria, so as to face the visitor on his entrance, one cannot help being impressed with the *coup d'œil*. At every salient point are placed appropriate statues, mostly in marble, and the centres of the wall panels are occupied by high-class paintings, both mythical and historical, varied by a portrait or a landscape. In 1074, for example, we have one of Vertunni's Nile landscapes, with the sun setting beyond some palms, and as a pendant to it, on the other side of the entrance, an equally glowing view of a 'Procession in Sorrento' (189), by H. Corrodi, who, like the last-named artist, belongs to Rome. Then there are life-size portraits of 'Moltke' (2102) and 'Bismarck' (2103), by F. Lenbach, of Munich; while in classic mythology we have a 'Perseus and Andromeda' (1121), rich in colour and admirable in composition, by G. Wertheimer, of Vienna, and a mediæval legend, 'Loke and Sygin' (1118), by O. A. Wergeland, of Munich, in which we see the hero chained to a rock, with his open mouth immediately beneath the serpent, that drops poison into it, but whose fell purpose is frustrated by the heroine's continually intercepting in a cup the drop as it falls. To a similar period belongs J. Schmidt's hero 'Hagen gazing on the Daughters of the Rhine' (917) as they disport themselves in the water. We have also, among others, a brilliantly treated 'Temptation of St. Anthony' (2138), by H. Philips, of Munich; not to mention A. Treidler's 'Interview between Francis I. and Charles V. at Madrid' (1053), and J. Schrader's quiet, low-toned picture of 'Mrs. Claypole dissuading her Father, O. Cromwell, from thinking of the Crown.'

Leaving this magnificent hall, which, from the coved ceiling, with its medallions of great artists, to the floor, with its evergreens, its fountains, and its statuary, does infinite credit to all concerned in its design and decoration, we enter the oblong apartment beyond, and find ourselves confronted by a large canvas, on which F. Keller, of Karlsruhe, has depicted, in the brilliant manner of Makart, the impetuosity with which the Margrave Ludwig Wilhelm of Baden and his fierce followers attacked a Turkish camp when the fortune of war placed it in their power. The leader—or, as his countrymen called him, "the Turk conqueror"—is mounted on a fine cream-coloured charger, which the artist has made his chromatic key-note.

On one side of this great picture hangs a quaint winter scene by A. Burger, in which an old man has come upon a dead deer in the forest, and is now regarding it meditatively; and on the other a wood in summer-time, with a rivulet meandering through it, by E. Weichberger. Another fine landscape, in a warm yellow-green key, is H. P. Feddersen's 'Herd of Horses in Russian Poland' (267), with fine rolling cumuli overhead. Very spirited also, in spite of a tendency to spottiness, is the 'Hunting Party' (325), by M. Gieryski, of Munich, in which the gentlemen are all attired in blue uniforms of last century's fashion, and are seen dashing across an open copse.

O. Gebler's 'Sheep Waiting' to be liberated (318) is one of the best pictures of the kind we remember. A fine ram and sheep occupy the centre of the picture, and they bleat over twin lambs which stand before them, while the watchful dog lies quietly on the floor. The same artist's dog tearing up a hare (317) is equally well painted; but few sportsmen would care for such a subject, as it would be a perpetual and irritating reminder of how badly the dog had been trained. There is in this same room a fine group of cattle on the slopes of a rich green hill, with darkling sky beyond, and we regret the artist's name has escaped us. Not so the 'Approach of a Storm' (1153), in which we see the sheep and cattle hurrying down the mountain side to reach a shelter among the rocks, while a great bull is being forcibly held back, lest he should hurt others in his flight, by the sturdy herd, who belabours him across the muzzle with a stick. The artist's name here is H. Zugel, of Munich, and his special qualities are forcible realisation and a wonderful power of representing rapid motion.

A landscape which, from its fresh dewy look, reminds one of Constable, is numbered in the catalogue 838, and represents some cattle being put into a boat on a Norwegian lake. It is from the hand of G. A. Rasmussen, of Düsseldorf. This faculty of imitating almost any style of work seems peculiar to German artists, especially those of the Munich school. The tone and colour of Steinhausen's clever picture of 'Christ and the two

Apostles' (1013) are precisely those of our P. F. Poole, R.A.; and the small group of 'Turks' (80), by A. W. Beer, is just as much in the manner of Gérôme as the works of C. Seiler (962 and 963) are in that of Meissonier, or M. Roberth's in that of Israels.

As an example of *genre* in the best sense, we would point to the old people, in the room of a workhouse apparently, reading the Bible. The tone is a quiet grey, and the characterization, as in almost all German works of the kind, is admirable. Full of character also, though in a dull key, are the interior of a synagogue (473), by L. Horovitz, and the row of poor people waiting for the soup with which two Sisters of Charity are about to serve them, by M. von Schmädell, of Munich. We have praise also for the clearness with which the boats and other details of a 'Norwegian Harbour' (378) come out against the slaty darkness of a gathering storm. Its author, N. Haustein, understands perfectly the atmospheric action as to light in northern latitudes. This does not blind us to the fine effects of sunlight on a sandy hill, where fisher lassies employ themselves blithely making nets, rendered by C. Mücke, of Düsseldorf.

As an example of delicate, bright modelling in portraiture, such as Holbein loved to produce, we would point to W. Leibl's young 'Bavarian Woman' (2099); and as a specimen of the freer and fuller manner of a later time we could scarcely show anything more joyous than F. Kaulbach's life-sized portrait of a lady (524).

One of the most ambitious pictures in this room is B. Pighen's 'Moritur in Deo' (2140), showing a broad gleam of sunshine falling on the cross, while an angel stoops over to kiss our Saviour's forehead. The colour is warm and suggestive, and a fine religious feeling pervades the whole. At the opposite end to this grand canvas hangs what is perhaps the most emotional picture in the whole exhibition, and it is from the pencil of Gabriel Max, the painter of the well-known head of our Saviour. It represents with quiet intensity the remorse of a mother who has killed her babe, whose little head she now presses vainly to her lips. She is seated in a solitary place among rushes at the foot of a rock, and the details are all so touchingly rendered, and the whole terrible sentiment of the thing so completely expressed, that one is pained to look at it, and yet over and over again its fascination pins him to the spot. The work will have an immense popularity. There is nothing else in the exhibition to divide the honours with it, unless it be the dark, auburn-haired, frank-faced, white-robed boy of twelve, who disputes with the four aged Jews in the Temple, and which divine incident E. Zimmermann, the artist, has recorded with a new gloss, fresh insight, and with a quiet power that place him in the front rank of living artists.

J. FORBES-ROBERTSON.

(To be continued.)

BIRMINGHAM ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.

A METROPOLITAN daily paper remarked, in a leading article, a few days ago, "It is no small distinction to a busy centre of trade and industry like Birmingham to be able to point at the same moment to two such conspicuous instances of its higher civilisation and culture as the show of its Society of Artists and its musical jubilee." (The latter has reference to the Birmingham Musical Festival, which opened on the 26th of August.) "A town that is largely occupied with the material pursuits of money-making, the disturbing influences of political jealousies and sectarian wrangles, has reason to reflect with satisfaction that while it is developing a respectable school of local artists, such famous masters of the brush as Mr. Millais, Mr. Horsley, Mr. Hunt, Mr. Elmore, Mr. Ansdell, should exhibit their works in the galleries of the Birmingham Society of Artists for the first time." Birmingham has long taken a lead among the Art societies of the provinces, and has founded a school of painters which has been, and still is, most creditable to the town; we doubt if it has been surpassed, even if equalled, by any place beyond the metropolis except Edinburgh and Glasgow. Moreover, it has succeeded in attracting to its annual exhibitions the works of no small number of the chief artists of London, members of the Royal Academy. Thus, in the rooms which were

opened to the public on the 23rd of August, for what is called the annual Autumnal Exhibition, we find among the eight hundred and fifty-eight works there displayed examples of the pencil of Millais in his 'Princes in the Tower,' exhibited last year in the Academy; of Vicat Cole in his beautiful autumnal study, 'Leaves are but wings on which the summer flies.' Here, too, are Ansdell's 'Toho'; J. C. Horsley's 'Sunday Afternoon in Kensington Gardens, A.D. 1780'; J. B. Burgess's 'The Convent Garden'; and J. E. Hodgson's 'I'll serenade no more.' Among other works whose acquaintance we had previously made in London are Briton Riviere's remarkable and original picture, 'The Poacher's Widow'; J. Brett's view of Carnarvon Castle, to which he has given the somewhat indefinite name of 'The Stronghold of the Season and the Camp of the Kittywake' (sea-gulls); A. W. Hunt's 'Leafy June'; 'The Apple Loft,' by A. Hopkins; R. Beavis's 'The End of the Day—Returning from Ploughing,' &c. Many of the local artists show works not in any way undeserving of companionship with those just pointed out; among them are H. T. Munns, C. W. Radclyffe, A. L. Everitt, the secretary of the society, W. T. Roden, C. R. Taylor, H. H. Harris, W. Hall, S. A. Baker, with others.

ART NOTES FROM THE PROVINCES.

A SHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH.—A lofty cross, modelled on the type of the famous "Eleanor" crosses, has recently been erected in this town to the memory of the late Countess of Loudoun. It is a tribute from the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood to mark their appreciation of the deceased lady. The cross is from the designs of the late Sir Gilbert Scott, R.A., stands seventy feet in height, and is richly decorated.

DUBLIN.—Foley's fine equestrian statue of Lord Gough is not yet erected, though ready for delivery, but nothing has been

determined as to its site. The statue committee wished to place it in Westmoreland Street, but the Corporation refused permission, and the matter has been the subject of controversy ever since. It is understood that a site in London has been offered to the committee for its reception; but it will probably be erected in Dublin, in the Phoenix Park, where the Corporation has no jurisdiction.—A statue of the late Chief Justice Whiteside is to be erected in St. Patrick's Cathedral: it will be the work of Mr. Albert Bruce Joy, who has already completed the clay model, which represents the learned judge seated in an arm-

chair in the costume of a Doctor of Law; his right hand is resting on his knee, and the left touches lightly the arm of the chair. The figure is between seven and eight feet high.—Mr. Brock, who, since the death of Mr. Foley, has had in hand the O'Connell monument, is making progress with the work, and fully expects it will be finished by the time specified in the contract, which is the year 1881. The principal figures intended to ornament the central drum are now in the foundry, and the model of one of the winged figures is almost completed.—Several of the public journals announce that at a recent meeting of the Municipal Council "the town clerk read a letter from the Science and Art Department, London, stating 'that the Department is unable, with the contracted means at command, to repair and transmit to the Dublin branch of that Department all the casts bequeathed to it by the late Mr. J. H. Foley, R.A., or to provide space for such works. That a committee of sculptors has been appointed to make a selection of such as could be put in a state for exhibition for £500; and the Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury desired to know if the Corporation of Dublin would have any of the statues on the same terms as they would be offered to schools of Art, viz. that they shall defray the cost of packing and removing them.' It was subsequently moved and carried that the matter be referred to the General Purposes Committee to consult the legal adviser of the Corporation, to ascertain from him whether that body can legally spend any money for such a purpose; and also to ascertain whether, if the Committee brought the models, or any portion of them, the Corporation would take possession of them."

KILMARNOCK.—A monument in memory of Burns was placed in this town in the early part of August; it is in the style of the old Scottish baronial architecture, and is from designs supplied by the architects, Messrs. J. and R. S. Ingram. In an alcove of the monument is a life-size statue of Burns, by Mr. W. G. Stevenson, of Edinburgh, executed in Sicilian marble.

EDINBURGH.—The monument, by Mr. W. Brodie, R.S.A., intended as a tribute by the friends of Mr. Sam. Bough, R.S.A., to his memory, is in full progress: when completed it will be

placed in the Dean Cemetery. The material of the structure is of granite: the design being of a simple massive character, and the leading feature a bronze *relievo* of the deceased painter's head, modelled by Mr. Brodie. A base of about five feet in width supports a large slab, which tapers to a much narrower width at the top, and is surmounted by a moulded cope, the total height of the monument being nearly ten feet. In the centre of the slab will be inserted the bronze head, and this is enclosed in a circular panel overhung with a wreath of bay-leaves: a palette and a number of pencils, also in bronze, indicating the art that was practised by the sleeper below, will be placed on the ledge of the base.—In the studio of Mr. Stevenson, the sculptor, is a model of a monument to be erected in Edinburgh to the memory of John Knox. At each of the four corners of the pedestal will be placed, if funds admit of it, figures respectively of Patrick Hamilton, George Wishart, George Buchanan, and Andrew Merivale. The cost of the monument is not to exceed £2,000: somewhat more than a fourth part of this sum is already subscribed.

BURSLEM.—The new rooms recently added to the Wedgwood Institute at this place are now open, with a collection of pottery purchased at the late Paris International Exhibition by the Science and Art Department. Several pictures by the late George Mason, A.R.A., and James Holland are also on view in the same rooms.

LIVERPOOL.—The ninth autumn exhibition of modern pictures is now open in the Walker Art Gallery. In the collection are works by Frank Walker, R.H.A., J. Watt, J. E. Hodgson, A.R.A., Walter Crane, W. Small, A. Elmore, R.A., E. Armitage, R.A., J. O'Connor, F. Dillon, Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A., E. Crofts, A.R.A., Briton Riviere, A.R.A., G. F. Watts, R.A., Sir John Gilbert, R.A., F. Goodall, R.A., Holman Hunt, C. Rossiter, A. L. Haig, Miss Montalba, C. Duncan, G. R. Bach, Carl Haag, and many others. The Corporation has decided to purchase for the Walker Gallery Mr. E. Croft's picture of the 'Evening of the Battle of Waterloo,' a work which attracted much notice in the last exhibition of the Royal Academy. The price of the painting is stated to be 600 guineas.

PRIESTLY ADMONITION.

CARL SCHLOESSER, Painter.

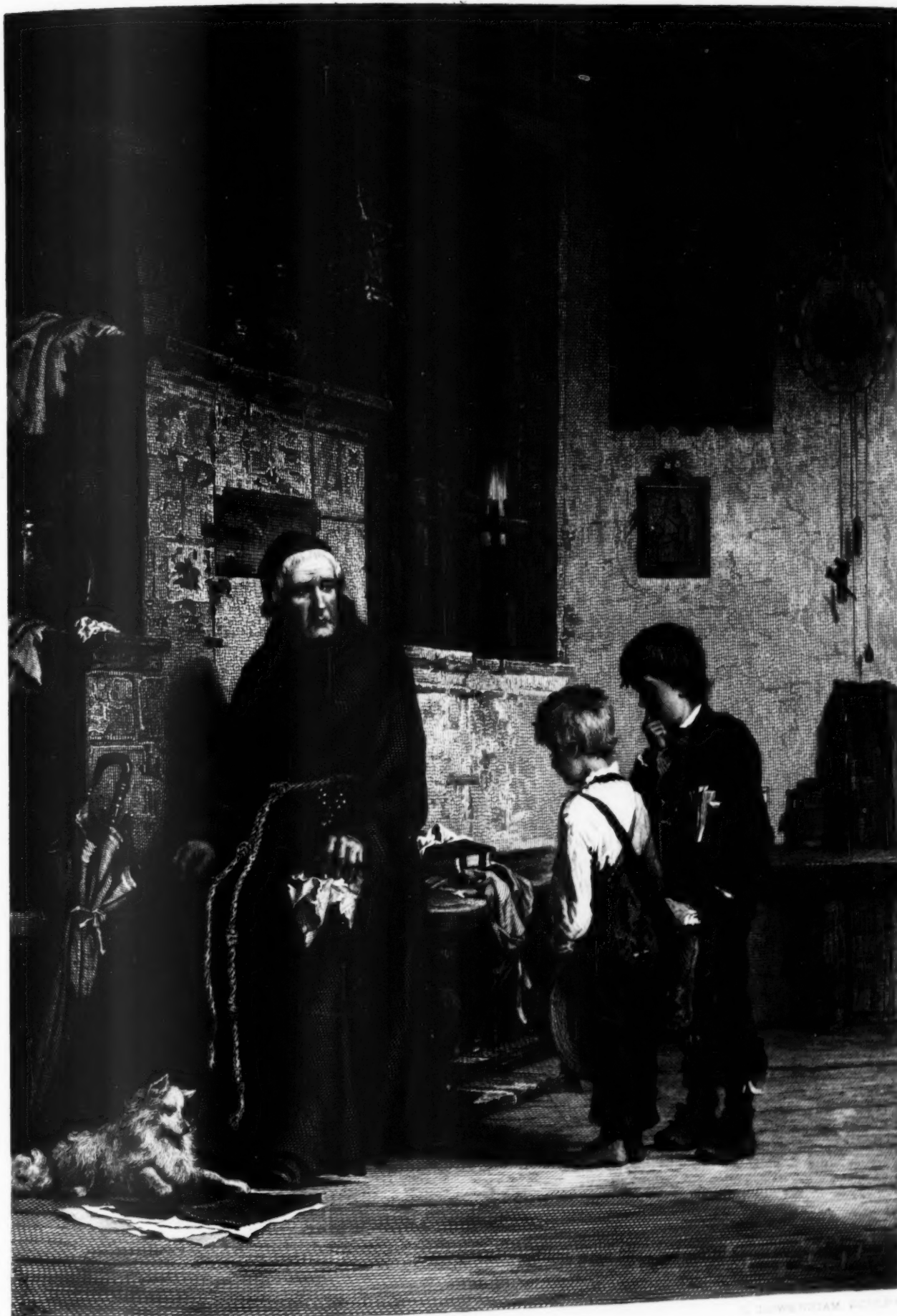
L. LOWENSTAM, Engraver.

HERR SCHLOESSER is a German artist of the Düsseldorf school, with whose works we first became acquainted about ten years ago, in the gallery of Mr. Wallis in Pall Mall, where he has continued to exhibit almost annually since 1868; but within the last two or three years he has come over to England, and made London his residence, contributing this year and the last pictures to the Royal Academy. His works are mostly of a humorous character, as their titles would lead one to anticipate: such are 'Forbidden Fruit' (1869), 'An Important Transaction' (1870), 'The Interior of a Cathedral at Rome,' exhibited at Mr. Wallis's gallery in 1871, was an absolute departure from Herr Schloesser's usual subjects, but he was evidently not at a loss in his novel undertaking. In 1872 he sent to the same saloon, with others, an amusing picture, 'Their First Bottle of Champagne,' a peasant family round a table waiting to taste the contents of a bottle of wine, probably of home growth. The aim of the artist was evidently to concentrate the light of the picture on the circle of figures, and this he managed to do very effectively. Another picture of the same year was 'A Country Lawyer.' Some of his productions call to mind, in subject, many of William Hunt's humorous drawings, such as Schloesser's 'An Epicure' (1872), a boy tasting soup, 'Too Late,' and 'The Political Discussion,' all three of which have a note of commendation in our catalogue appended to their titles. 'Kept In' (1873) is another humorous picture from the pencil of the artist, whose only pictures—two in number—sent to the

Royal Academy in 1876 and the present year, were replicas of subjects, with some alterations, we had seen elsewhere.

Unquestionably 'Priestly Admonition' is, as a composition, among the very best works of the painter; it is full of material capably worked out. Those two youngsters have certainly given their spiritual adviser and confessor great offence: the expression of his face is very far from amiable, and the cloud of anger has not passed away from a countenance which, in its ordinary aspect, cannot be otherwise than handsome, with a look of benevolence. He grasps his snuff-box and his handkerchief somewhat carelessly, while he watches the faces of the juvenile delinquents to observe what effect his lecture has had upon them. Outwardly there are signs of repentance, but in the bigger boy it is to be feared that the admonition has not penetrated very profoundly into the heart and conscience—it is little more than skin deep. Even the dog at the feet of the priest looks suspiciously at the presumed transgressors; perhaps he knows by experience what torments they are to dogs in the streets. The group of the priest and the two juveniles is well painted, and each figure sustains the character the artist meant to give it. The room of the cottage, used for the nonce as a kind of confession-box, and all the accessories, are in perfect harmony with the entire scene.

In 1873 this painter was awarded a medal at the International Exhibition at Vienna, and was created Chevalier of the Order of Merit by Louis of Hesse.



PRIESTLY ADMONITION.



BURNHAM BEECHES.*

THE author of a small book now lying before us, Mr. Francis G. Heath, a gentleman widely known as a popular writer on the sylvan scenery and woodland productions of England, worthily commemorates the recent action of the Corporation of London in preserving for the benefit of the public that picturesque spot of ground on which stand the famous Burnham Beeches, whose ample grey trunks and widely stretching arms indicate the growth of centuries, reminding every schoolboy whose classic studies have reached Virgil of the opening line in the poet's Eclogue—

"Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub
tægmine fagi."

There are several places in England named Burnham, but that which is celebrated for its famous beech-trees is in the county of Buckingham, about two miles from Maidenhead and four from Windsor. The village, a long and straggling one, was once a market town, and a very ancient place, as is attested by the moated side of what was assumed to be a palace, traditionally said to have been a seat of the Kings of Mercia, and also an occasional residence for the Kings of England after the Conquest. There was also an abbey, founded about 1265, for sisters of the order of St. Augustine, by Richard, Earl of Cornwall, brother of Henry III. Nothing now remains of the building but a small portion, used as a barn, about a mile from the village. The surrounding neighbourhood is noted not only for its picturesque character, but also for its historic interest; a "delightful and charming neighbourhood—delightful on account of the natural loveliness of its surroundings," writes Mr. Heath, "and charming by the classic associations which have clung to it since Gray first gave to the world one of the most beautiful productions in the English language, his 'Elegy, written in a Country Churchyard;' " the churchyard in question

being that attached to the Stoke Poges Church, about half-way between Slough and Burnham; and the author of "Burnham Beeches" points out, as he skirts the open common of East Burnham, where stands, in the "little forest of Burnham,"

the identical old tree which presumably suggested to Gray the verse from the Epitaph in his "Elegy:"—

"There, at the foot of yonder
nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic
roots so high,
His listless length at noontide
would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that
babbles by."

Other trees, even larger than that just spoken of, are also described in language which shows the deep impression these woodland giants have made upon the author's mind; and then, coming somewhat more into the open country, he speaks with the feeling of a lover of the picturesque and an ardent admirer of the beauties of nature of what meets his eye:—"The fringe of

common is narrow on our left, and we can see, between the leafy interstices, the yellow hue of ripening corn, and the red tinge of the flowering meadow grass; on our right the forest view alone

—great fantastic forms of beech contrasting with the white-patched, slender trunks of birch, mossy boles, withered leaves, graceful brake, and dancing shadows, as the wind stirs the foliage above."

In this enthusiastic strain Mr. Heath continues to dilate upon the Burnham Beeches and the country amidst which they grow: the theme is quite sufficient to justify the glowing language he employs, and the little book itself, which is dedicated to the Corporation of London, is a fit and well-timed compliment to the liberality of the citizens, who have paid out of the corporate funds a considerable sum to keep the locality from the threatening hands of the spoiler—a movement

to which the author himself was one of the first to call public attention, and which he has had the gratification of seeing successfully carried out. Our two illustrations, with others of a similar kind, are engraved from large photographs taken by Mr. Vernon Heath, which we noticed two or three months since.



Burnham Beeches—Winter.



Burnham Beeches—Summer.

* "Burnham Beeches." By Francis George Heath, Author of "Our Woodland Trees," &c. Illustrated. Published by Sampson Low, Marston & Co., London.

AMERICAN PAINTERS.—FREDERICK EDWIN CHURCH, N.A.



AMERICAN landscape art owes a large share of its distinction to the productions of Mr. F. E. Church; his 'Heart of the Andes,' 'Niagara,' and others of his works are famous the world over. This great reputation has been won by true genius, united to resolute purpose and tireless industry. In the pursuit of his art he has visited every zone and clime, from the frozen north to the heart of the tropics, beginning on the Western Continent and ending with rambles through Greece and Palestine. Few artists have been more zealous in studying the varied aspects of Nature, few are possessed of the enthusiasm which has upheld him in his frequent pilgrimages to her shrine.

FREDERICK EDWIN CHURCH was born in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1826. At an early age he manifested a love for Art. His talent found encouragement in the companionship of the late sculptor, Bartholomew, who was at that time struggling to obtain an Art education in his native city. The pathways of these young aspirants for artistic honours soon diverged, and young Church, after some preliminary study, became a pupil of Thomas

Cole, and thereafter made Catskill his home. In the Catskill region, among its mountain peaks and stony ravines, Cole first became inspired with a love for landscape art, and there, too, young Church's genius was moulded and developed under the guidance of his conscientious and painstaking master. Although, under the influence of Cole's strong intellect, young Church's pencil showed from the outset during his student life a marked individuality, and, as one of his warmest friends has said, "a remarkable independence in style," yet, slight as was the resemblance existing between master and pupil, it was impossible for any artist to be associated with the gifted Cole without gaining from his love for the beautiful and his reverential observations many invaluable suggestions. The Catskill region has been, since the days when Cole's pencil first drew attention to its picturesque beauty, Nature's great Academy of American landscape art; and it is not strange that Mr. Church, whose student life was passed within its wild precincts, should have made his home during his later years in the same delightful region. For studies of our Northern skies, of atmosphere, phenomena of rugged mountain forms, of the manifestations of



Chimborazo.

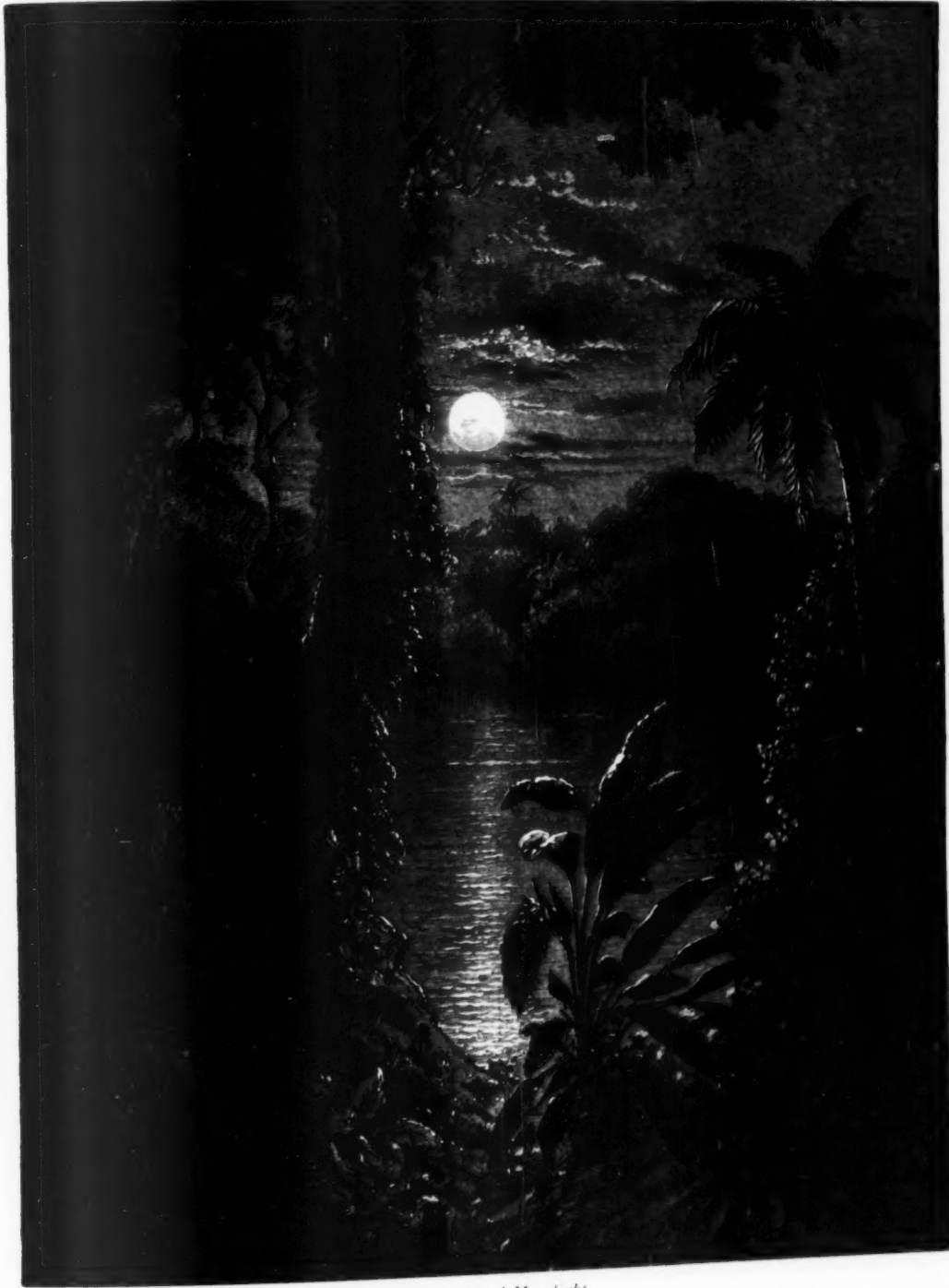
nature in the seasons, and for the accidental lights and shadows which give variety to a landscape, the Catskills are unrivalled; and, however far away from home or kindred the American landscape painter may be, like Church he always returns, sooner or later, to the fascinating influence of these primeval haunts. There it was that Cole painted his ideal landscapes. Church, Gifford, Kensett, McEntee, Durand, the Harts, and many others have painted its familiar scenery, until one would suppose the entire region had been exhausted of beauties. But it is not so, for we suspect, from Church's new canvases, brought out from time to time, that many of the richest places of Catskill scenery are yet unpainted. Mr. Church, from the beginning of his career, went to nature for his subjects, and yet his skies, and

the suggestions indicated by his magic touch, are as full of the imaginative element as one of Turner's weird canvases. Mr. Church's pleasant companionship with Cole was early terminated by the death of the latter, but the habits of industry formed in that genial Catskill home well fitted him to enter alone the broad field of Art, and tended to insure his artistic development.

After setting up his easel as an artist, Mr. Church continued his studies from nature assiduously, and his native New England, as well as the Catskills, furnished much material for his pencil. As a colourist, even from the beginning of his career, his works were remarkable for their truthfulness. With Church the local colour of the Catskills is never accepted as a study for the hills and valleys of New England. He chooses his subjects wisely,

and always prepares his studies as to the texture of the rocks, the character of the forests, and the peculiar colour of the earth, from actual observation; therefore, when we see an olive-tree in one of his pictures of Palestine, we may be sure its counterpart is growing on Lebanon, or in some other spot whither Church's distant travels have led him. Mr. Church commenced in New York, as all of his contemporaries have done, at the beginning of his career, but his rambles have been so widely distributed

and his studio life so brief in the city that he is almost looked upon as an alien. He assumed a position as a master from the very beginning of his studio life, and in 1849 we find him, when in his twenty-third year, an Academician of the National Academy of Design, having been elected at the same time with Jared B. Flagg, the late Mr. Kensett, Junius B. Stearns, the late Edwin White, and Thomas P. Rossiter. It was about this time that he painted his view of 'East Rock,' near New Haven,



A Tropical Moonlight.

a work of extraordinary merit, which gave him prominence as an artist, more even than was due to his election as an Academician; and this was followed by a series of landscapes of Northern scenery, which won for him increased renown.

In 1853 Mr. Church went to South America and made elaborate studies of the magnificent scenery of that continent. As the result of that visit he painted a picture of the 'Great

Mountain Chain of New Granada,' which attracted wide attention. The exhibition of Mr. Church's South American pictures was received with so much favour that, after exhausting only a part of the material obtained in his first visit, he felt that his mission was not yet ended in that direction, and again set sail in 1857 for a more extended tour of the tropics. As the result of these visits to South America, he painted the 'Heart of the

Andes,' 'Cotopaxi,' 'The Rainy Season in the Tropics,' and 'CHIMBORAZO,' the latter of which we engrave. A distinguished critic, in a notice of these works, says, "In the result of Church's studies we have, as it were, an epitome and typical portrait of the entire country; or rather, each landscape represents a region, with all of its local peculiarities. In the 'Heart of the Andes,' philosophically as well as poetically so called, the characteristics of their fertile belt are, as it were, condensed; it is at once descriptive and dramatic; the deep azure of the sky, the far-away and soaring snowy peaks, the central plain, with its hamlet and water-courses, the lapsing valley, full of luxuriant vegetation from palms, mimosas in rich festoons, a scarlet paroquet, a gorgeous insect, a church with red-tiled roof, the wayside cross, flowers, foliage, and all of the tints of tropical atmosphere, and all the traits of tropical vegetation, combine, in harmonious and comprehensive as well as exquisitely true effect and detail, to 'conform the show of things to the desires of the mind,' and to place before it the spectacle of a phase of Nature which, to Northern vision, is full of enchantment."

On the return of Mr. Church from his last visit to South America he painted a large picture of 'Niagara Falls,' which was at one time owned by Mr. John Taylor Johnston, of New York, and is well known from the engraving. Mr. Church, after having made himself familiar with the character of tropical scenery, as well as the picturesque landscapes of New England and the grandeur of Niagara, was not satisfied to sit quietly down and repeat himself from year to year, but at once turned his attention to fresh scenes, and, bent on a new pilgrimage, he

faced the frozen North. On his return from Labrador after a summer visit to its sterile coast, he painted 'The Icebergs,' which was exhibited in London in 1863, and was praised by the English critics. One of these writers, in allusion to the brilliancy of 'The Icebergs,' says, "This iridescence may be one of the stumbling-blocks to those matter-of-fact persons whose imaginations are so utterly homely that they are apt to turn away from any beautiful truth not substantiated by their every-day experience; but we, who have seen sunset come with fairy presence to the depths of a Swiss glacier, readily accept all of this as a fact."

In 1866 Mr. Church visited the island of Jamaica and made a large number of studies, all of which showed the same conscientious care so marvellously displayed in his South American sketches. In a word, he appeared to grasp every local trait of the island, and left nothing to generalisation. His largest picture of 'Jamaica,' painted from these elaborate studies, is now in the collection of Mrs. Colt, in Hartford, Connecticut, his native city. A year or two later Mr. Church became again a Rambler, and made his first visit to Europe and Palestine. From Athens he obtained studies of 'The Parthenon;' he visited Damascus, and painted the city from the heights of Salchiyeh; and in Palestine he studied with zeal, and afterwards painted 'El Chasné,' the famous rock-temple of Arabia Petrea, and also the great canvas 'Jerusalem.' 'Chimborazo,' which illustrates very forcibly the earnestness of Mr. Church's tropical studies, and 'A TROPICAL MOONLIGHT,' are owned by Mr. W. H. Osborne, an American collector.

IRON AND OTHER METAL WORK AT THE LATE PARIS EXHIBITION.

ALL the world has a lively sense of the value of gold, our standard: to say of anything that it is worth its weight in gold sounds grandly, but is, in fact, poor praise. What is the relative value, weight for weight, of gold as compared with a picture by one of the great masters, an etching by Rembrandt, or an exquisite specimen of point lace? But for the most striking comparisons we believe we must go to the commonest, but most useful, of metals, iron, or its half-brother, steel. The balance spring of a watch, the almost invisible hair that lies spirally beneath the wheel which performs the part of the pendulum, has been quoted as the most extraordinary instance of increase in value by the hand of man; but in that case the minuteness of the amount of material used enormously increases the difference. Perhaps the most striking effect of skill employed on a common material is produced when *repoussé* ornamentation is applied to iron: take as an example the Milton shield, now in the South Kensington Museum, or Pilgrim shield, by the same admirable artist, M. Morel-Ladeuil, exhibited at the late Paris Exhibition, both produced by Messrs. Elkington. Here we have a moderate-sized oval piece of sheet iron, with a small quantity of silver introduced by way of contrast, converted into a work of Art of the value of £1,000 or more. We might give a hundred instances of the same kind of transmutation by the power of Art, but the above are sufficient to show what an admirable vehicle is iron for Art purposes.

The Exhibition which closed, as it seems to us, but the other day, in the Champ de Mars, was rich in ironwork of all kinds. Dutch contributions were not large, but they were generally admirable of their class. Messrs. Mark Feetham's productions, including the beautiful wrought and polished steel stove in the drawing-room of the Prince of Wales's pavilion, and the many excellent specimens in iron and steel, cast and wrought, in the metal section of the Exhibition, may be cited as forming one of the most brilliant as well as solid collections of British iron and other metal work in the Exhibition; while those of Messrs. Musgrave & Co., Messrs. Rosser and Russell, Messrs. Steel

and Garland, and the caloriferes of the Gurney Company, were unsurpassed, each in its speciality, by the metal workers of any other nation. In all cases there were decided evidences of improvement in taste, ability in drawing, and cleanness, lightness, and sharpness in casting and hammering. Messrs. Barnard, Bishop, and Barnards, besides exhibiting their much-admired pavilion, with its sunflower enclosure, in the grounds of the horticultural portion of the Exhibition, supplied a very chaste wrought-iron *grille* for the Prince's pavilion, a wrought-iron stove for the dining-room in the same building, and many specimens of cast-iron seats, &c., for gardens.

The Coalbrookdale Company has more than won its spurs in industrial tournaments; it earned a foremost place in the first rank when it contributed its fine iron reproductions of the 'Eagle Slayer' of Mr. John Bell, and other works of Art, to the Great Exhibition of 1851, and its directors may consider that the famous foundry need no longer strive for honours; but *noblesse oblige*, we hold, and we were sorry to miss the well-known name. The only productions of the company in connection with the Exhibition were a casting of the royal arms over the entrance of the offices of the British Commission house, and the ironwork of two fireplaces designed especially for decorative tiles, shown in the collection of Messrs. Craven, Dunnill & Co., of the Jackfield Works, near Ironbridge.

In the interesting "Street of the Nations," which must remain one of the most charming souvenirs of the Exhibition, and comprised a multitude of wonders, Messrs. William Cubitt & Co., of London, by the side of their charming old English residence, exhibited a pair of entrance gates in wrought iron, after the design of Mr. Edward M. Barry, R.A., made for one of the approaches to Crewe Hall, Cheshire. The design of these gates is simple, effective, and eminently artistic; but the work was not seen to full perfection at the Exhibition, as the intended pillars, which are to be of stone, were replaced by cast iron, and thus the pleasing contrast of metal with stone was lost, and the effect of the whole diminished.

Messrs. Hardman & Co., whose names must be ever asso-

ciated with that of Welby Pugin and the revival of metallic and other Art workmanship, exhibited, amongst other first-class works, an admirably designed wrought-iron jardinière. Messrs. Hart, Son, Peard & Co. had a capital collection of articles in cast and wrought iron and other metals, exhibiting great variety within so-called mediæval limits. On page 85 of our Catalogue of the Exhibition is an engraving of a pair of wrought-iron gates of peculiarly original and most effective design. On page 58 of the same Catalogue will be found one of a pair of gates by Messrs. Jones and Willis, who (like Messrs. Hardman and Hart) have establishments in Birmingham and London: these gates are conceived and executed in the true spirit of the early Gothic period, when the ornamentation was real hammer-work, true forging, unspoiled by attempted imitations of the delicacy of the productions of the goldsmith. The amount of work expended on these beautiful gates may be estimated approximately from the fact that they measure about ten feet in height, and weigh about four tons.

The Coalbrookdale Company, as we have already stated, did not exhibit on its own account, and therefore did not come within the cognisance of the jury; but every British exhibitor of decorative ironwork mentioned above—and we believe we have been guilty of no omissions—was honoured by the award of a medal. In fact, every British Art metal-worker obtained a medal, and some of them two and even three each. We missed many names of excellent firms that we should like to have found, besides the one already mentioned; but the admirable character of the whole of the work sent from Great Britain is at once stamped by the decision of the juries.

As in the casting of statuary and decorative articles in bronze, so in ornamental iron casting, France takes a very high position. The perfection to which casting has been carried in that country was admirably shown by a number of busts, statuettes, groups of figures, and vases in the condition in which they left the moulds, exhibited by M. Tassel, of Paris. The collections sent by the French founders were superb, and would have made an admirable exhibition of themselves. Prominent among them were the productions of the great society of ironmasters and founders of the Val d'Osne, including every kind of ornamental casting, from an iron balcony to the grandest sculptural work, to which was awarded the diploma of *Grande Médaille d'Honneur*, M. Barbienne being the only French bronzist honoured in the like manner. M. Thiébault had a noble exhibit at the French extremity of the grand vestibule, principally of bronze and copper, surmounted by an equestrian group of Charlemagne attended by two knights. The castings of these firms are too well known to require further mention, and the same must be said of the superb iron castings of M. Durenne, of Paris, whose monumental fountains, groups, statues, and vases are almost as well known in England as in France. His principal works in the Exhibition were two immense fountains placed in the horticultural portion of the grounds in the Champ de Mars, one in the style of that which stands in the gardens of the Horticultural Society of London, the other somewhat like those of the Place de la Concorde; but, whether large or small, the castings of M. Durenne are all but perfection, and the designs full of taste and fancy. On page 204 of our Exhibition Catalogue there is a very graceful fountain, the principal flasque of which is supported by three charming figures, while others decorate the upper part; and on page 173 will be found fine examples of his smaller productions, replete with elegance, and the details worked out with great artistic skill. The only other exhibitor of sculptural and decorative works in cast iron that we noticed were MM. Denonvilliers et Fils, of Paris, who showed charming productions of both kinds. France furnishes more Fine Art castings in iron than England does, but the best productions of our own country in several classes are unsurpassed.

Cast-iron statuary and ornamental work have, through the fine quality and colour of the metal, and the capital and varied selection of models, become an important branch of Art in France. Champagne is the chief seat of the industry, the ores and also the sand of that department being of exceptional

quality, and producing iron of a soft character, very fine in the grain, with a close surface of a bluish tint. This iron is also extremely fitted for the purposes of the engraver and chaser. The annual production of such work in cast iron is estimated officially at twenty millions of francs per annum: about one-sixth of the whole is exported. Within ten years the cost of works of Art in cast iron has been reduced about 25 per cent., and balcony and other decorated work, which is in large and constant demand, has fallen within the same period from forty-five to thirty-five francs per hundred kilogrammes. This large reduction has been effected by the adoption of cast-iron instead of copper models, by the substitution of coal for charcoal in smelting, and by the preparation of the sand by machinery instead of by hand as formerly, a change which effects a large saving in expense. Another circumstance has tended greatly to the increase in this interesting industry, namely, the perfection to which the covering of iron castings with copper by the electro-galvanic process has been brought, and the close imitation which is now produced of fine bronze.

Among the most noticeable works in hammered iron on the French side were those of M. Eugène Bagnès, of Paris, engraved on page 109 of our Catalogue—a flower vase on stand, and a chandelier: both are very remarkable, and the chandelier, as a piece of elaborate hammer-work, is one of the most interesting specimens produced in our time, and of a very high class.

Another example of wrought-iron work will be found on page 125 of our Catalogue; it is a clock case by M. Leroy, of Paris and London, and, we believe, a production of the former city. The design and execution are undoubtedly good, but we incline to think that cast iron, like bronze, is more appropriate to works of this class than wrought iron, which offers, on the other hand, infinitely more scope in such articles as the chandelier above mentioned. We have seen cast-iron clock cases of great beauty. Other fine examples of hammered iron were exhibited by MM. Bergnes, E. Bodart, J. B. Bodart, Dechelette, Marron, Masson, Perret, and Stassar, all, with one exception, of Paris, M. Marron being of Rouen. The works range from fine house ironwork, including railings, balcony-work, &c., known in France as *serrurerie d'Art*, to the most delicate fancy objects, such as lamps, lanterns, brackets, &c. All the French work of the hammered class exhibits much fancy, and the larger kind of ironwork, such as railings and balconies, is generally admirably designed for its purpose and solidly executed. The same cannot be said of the smaller and more decorative productions, the details of which are too often over-delicate, and unfitted for the material in which they are executed. This ultra-delicacy has naturally led to a departure from the true practice in hammered iron. The leaves and other parts, being too fragile to bear welding, are brazed on to the main parts; the durability of the work is consequently greatly diminished, while breadth of effect is sacrificed.

Italy contributed some admirable examples of both cast and hammered iron, particularly the latter. Signor Brun, of Turin, exhibited excellent reproductions of ancient cast and chiselled work, including six bucklers from the Turin armoury, a targe, or shield, said to be the work of Benvenuto Cellini, several cuirasses and casques, and a large number of swords and others, skilfully executed. On the top of the Italian façade in the "Street of the Nations" was an elegantly designed *porte-drapeau*, which supported the Italian flag, by the Chevalier P. Franci, of Sienna, who also showed a very handsome candelabrum in hammered iron. Similar works were exhibited by Signor Zabaffi, of the same city.

Almost every European country exhibiting furnished some examples of artistic iron and other metal work. M. Viklund, of Stockholm, showed some beautiful castings; Señor P. Zuloaga, of Eibar-Guipuzcoa, in Spain, exhibited most admirable specimens of chased and damascened ironwork. We presume that this talented artist is of the family of Messrs. Zuloaga, of Madrid, who have for a long period been recognised as the most accomplished workers in the charming revived art of damascening, and whose works have been illustrated in the

Art Journal. But Señor Zuloaga was not the only Spanish exhibitor of beautiful metal-work.

There were a handsome iron candelabrum by a Warsaw exhibitor, whose name has escaped us; some excellent contributions of a similar kind by Herr A. Schwartz, of Buda-Pesth; and others by Herr C. W. Pichter, of the same city.

Vienna, however, was the largest contributor after Paris, and the examples were mostly of the highest class. Herr S. Grünwald showed *repoussé* steel articles incrustated with gold and silver; Herr A. Biro exhibited a capital hammered-iron gate for the cathedral of St. Étienne; Herr J. Gillar an extremely elegant hammered-iron lantern for gas, adopted by the court and for the museums of Austria and Hungary; Herr L. Gridl showed beautiful examples of bold hammered and fine *repoussé* work in iron; and three other exhibitors, Herren Jockl, Milde, and Schimp Brothers, sent works of the same kind. Two other exhibits deserve special mention: that of the well-known firm of Waagner, namely, a park gate of great beauty in the Florentine Renaissance style, in cast iron, the general effect of which is shown in an engraving in the *Art Journal* Catalogue of the Exhibition, page 152. The other work alluded to consists of iron ornaments in *repoussé* for the doors and façade of the Votive Church at Vienna, and a pair of gates in hammered iron by Herr Wilhelm, the design and execution of which were admitted to be unsurpassed, if equalled, by any in the Exhibition.

When artistic work is in question, Belgium is never absent; famous Antwerp furnished three exhibitors of copper and other *repoussé* metal-work, Messrs. Arens, Bruers, and Jacquet.

We may here mention that of late years the old art of hammered lead has been revived in France, and with excellent results, as a more effective finish to bold Renaissance roofs could not be produced, and lead lends itself admirably to the *repoussé* process. MM. Monduit, Gaget, Gautier & Cie. showed many admirable examples of this kind of work in lead and copper, including large statues, vases, and other sculptural works.

We have confined our remarks almost entirely to iron, but of late years the Art workman has exhibited much ingenuity in combining various metals, and even in availing himself of fine minerals and precious stones to increase the richness of his effects; as instances we need only refer to many beautiful gates and screens of our own metal-workers. The production of such large mixed works as those to which we refer has created a bold style of treatment, and hammer-work has been largely applied not only to iron, but to copper, brass, lead, and some other metals, giving rise to productions of the highest quality of their kind. Gradually the practice of this bold treatment has had a most salutary effect upon all metal-work, much of the poverty and conventionality of ornament in our brasswork has been corrected, and the best examples of this class now present elegant designs carried out in a masterly manner. Remarkable instances of such workmanship were shown in the British section, and drew forth great admiration and the marked approval of the juries. We need only mention the elegant brass and other bedsteads, chandeliers, gas fittings, &c., of Messrs. Wingfield & Co.; Messrs. Peyton and Peyton's excellent bedsteads; the lecterns, candelabra, and other works of Messrs. Hart, Son, Peard & Co.; Messrs. Jones and Willis; Messrs. Hardman & Co., and Messrs. Singer; and the beautiful fireplace decorations of Messrs. Fetham, Mark & Co., and Messrs. Longden & Co.

The same superior treatment of the metals is as evident in France and some other countries as in our own. The French section was rich in tripods and other stands, chandeliers and fittings in various metals, wrought principally by the hammer, many of them exquisite in design and admirable as regards execution. There is also a special application of metals which has arisen within a few years in France, that was well illustrated, namely, the escutcheons and other mounts which give so charming a finish to the works of the Parisian and other *ébénistes*. Every one who has any taste for *bric-à-brac* is acquainted with the brass, ormolu, or gilt mountings of Buhl and other furniture of the time of the later Louis—some of them pretty and tasteful, but by far the larger portion coarse, heavy, ugly, and profuse as it was bad. The furniture mounts of the

present day are as unlike those as one bit of metal ornament can be to another. Designed with admirable taste and in every style, of various dimensions, but all on a very moderate scale, they are the perfection of metal ornamentation. They are fine castings, chased with a delicate hand, and are executed in iron, steel, bronze, brass, and copper. The visitors to the Exhibition will recall, perhaps, one very charming instance of such mounts in the delicate cabinet, with the ivory angels on pillars of lapis lazuli at the four corners, exhibited by that master of the craft of *ébénisterie*, M. Fourdrinier.

Another and a very different form of metal-work occupied a most prominent place in the French section, namely, ecclesiastical plate and ornaments. The style of this work—still greatly overlaid with ornament, according to our ideas and taste—has undoubtedly partaken in the general renaissance of metal-working; but we think that our church metal-workers may boldly challenge the world for excellence of design in the mediæval style and perfection of workmanship. The collection of such productions was small in the British section, but the names of Hardman, Singer, and Hart are a warrant of the quality in all respects. Messrs. Singer exhibited a remarkable collection of rose-water dishes and church plates, decorated with subjects and portraits skilfully executed in *repoussé* and damascene ornamentation, and a new kind of decoration, consisting of copper inlaid in nickel silver, which called forth much admiration. Messrs. Chubb and Son also showed good church and lock metal-work.

In the French section the specimens of *repoussé* work were many of them of great beauty, the most remarkable example being a Centaur, in silver, a statuette, not a bas-relief, by Froment-Meurice. Messrs. Barbedienne, Fanniére Frères, Christoffe, Odier, and other goldsmiths displayed much beautiful *repoussé* and chased work; but the productions of the former class exhibited by Messrs. Elkington & Co.—the grand Pilgrim shield, by M. Morel-Ladeuil, and the Finding of Moses, by M. Willms—were not only by far the most important to be seen in the Exhibition, but rank with the finest known specimens, ancient or modern.

Some good work of the above classes was exhibited by Messrs. Tiffany, of New York, whose productions have often been illustrated in the *Art Journal*; and M. Keikes, of Leeuwarden, Holland, exhibited a fine *repoussé* cup, with scenes of the chase—a royal hunt—executed in sixteenth-century Gothic style. Signor J. Bertocco, of Padua, showed some examples of chasing on copper, and M. A. Castellani, of Rome, some interesting specimens of bronze inlaid with silver and copper. Lastly, Japan supplied innumerable instances of *repoussé* and almost every other kind of decorative metal-work, but not of the highest class, though unequalled in fancy and execution.

The revival of the most perfect of the old methods of decorating metal, the *repoussé*, has culminated in the production of colossal figures composed of sheets of copper or other metal beaten to the form of the model. Some fine examples of this kind have been produced in Germany, and are too well known to require further notice; but a portion of perhaps the grandest work of its kind appeared in the grounds of the Champ de Mars last year. This was the head of the projected Colossus which is intended to serve as a lighthouse in the roadstead of New York. The entire figure will be more than a hundred feet in height, the head measuring about thirteen feet: one arm of it was shown at the Philadelphia Exhibition. The face of this figure is very grand, and reflects great credit upon the artist, M. Bartoldi. Within the head is a staircase, and the light is to be held in one hand. 'Liberty enlightening the World' is the name given by the sculptor to his work. It is now, while we write, being set up on a piece of ground behind the Palais de l'Industrie, in the Champs Élysées.

On the last page but one of our Catalogue of the Paris Exhibition will be seen an engraving of a singularly beautiful work by Messrs. Winfield & Co., of Birmingham. It is a grand wrought-iron corona in black and gold, with one hundred and fifty gas jets. The passion-flower is the motive of the decoration, which is elaborate and admirable.

ART NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

BERNE.—We find the following item on continental Art in the *Building News*:—"A new museum of Art was opened on the 9th inst. at Berne. The recently deceased Duchess de Colonna, who, under the assumed name of Marcello, acquired considerable reputation as a sculptor, has by will left all her own works, as well as a large collection of objects of Art, to her native canton of Freiburg, on condition that they be kept in a special department of the Freiburg Museum. This is to be called the Musée Colonna, and for its maintenance the deceased lady has left a sum of 50,000 francs."

BOMBAY.—The equestrian statue of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales—the gift of Sir Albert Sassoon, C.S.J., to the city of Bombay—has been erected there, and unveiled with due ceremony, on the 26th of June, by the Governor, Sir Richard Temple. The statue, which is the work of Mr. J. E. Boehm, A.R.A., has already been described in our pages.

BRUSSELS.—The Palais des Beaux Arts of Brussels is about to be ornamented with a series of various sculptures, for which the following are to be the subjects, the sculptors, and the prices paid for the works:—"L'Enseignement de l'Art," M. Vander Stappen, £2,400; "L'Art récompensé," M. Paul Devigne, £2,400; "Music," M. Degroote, £760; "Sculpture," M. G. Geeps, £760; "Painting," M. Melot, £760; "Architecture," M. Sernain; "Industrial Arts," M. Brunin, £900; "Music" (a second representation), M. Vincotte, £900; three busts, "Van Ruysbroeck," by M. Bainé; "Jean de Bologne," by M. Cuypers; and "Rubens," by M. Van Rusbrough: £200 will be paid for each of these busts.

DRESDEN.—Aided by the powerful support of the director of the Royal Galleries of Paintings at Dresden, and by a number of private gentlemen, Herr A. Gutbier, of that city, has succeeded in bringing together a very interesting collection of works of Art representing the chief productions of Raphael. The exhibition, which was opened in the middle of August, occupies a number of rooms in the exhibition building at Dresden, placed at the disposal of Herr Gutbier by the Saxon Minister of the Interior. The catalogue, which has been drawn up on the model of Ruland's excellent list of the Raphael collection at Windsor, shows that the present exhibition consists of not less than 1,376 reproductions in oil, water colours, copperplate engravings, colour prints, and photographs. The whole are classified under the heads of Raphael's portraits, Old Testament, New Testament, various religious pieces, Holy Family, life of the Virgin Mary, saints, various portraits, Vatican frescoes, Loggia, various frescoes, architectonic works, sculptures, drawings, and studies. The collection accordingly presents a rare opportunity for inspecting and comparing the entire series of the great painter's productions and the different stages of his development. In addition to this collection of reproductions the exhibition includes twenty-nine original, and, for the most part, well-authenticated drawings, lent from the collection of Prince George of Saxony, the royal cabinets of engravings at Dresden and Munich, and the collections of Count Renand-Riesch, of Nischwitz, near Bautzen, Baron von Biegeleben, Herr B. Jolles, and Madame Grahl, of Dresden. There is, further, a collection of nineteen paintings in oil, and sketches, the authenticity of which is disputed, and upon which the judgment of Raphael connoisseurs is solicited.

MUNICH.—It is proposed to erect in this city a statue of Alois Senefelder, a Bohemian, who in 1796—at which time he was employed in Bavaria—invented that most useful and beautiful art known as lithography. During the last two or three years a large number of persons connected with the graphic arts in Germany and other parts of the continent have been collecting subscriptions for the alleged purpose, chiefly in Berlin, Leipsic, and Hamburg, and about £1,100, it is said, have been raised. It is, however, proposed to collect as much as £2,500, as the

bronze statue by which it is desired to perpetuate the memory of Senefelder cannot be produced and erected at a less cost. It was in Munich that the invention was first discovered and brought into use. The English Society of Arts awarded the inventor its gold medal in 1819.

NEW YORK.—It is stated that the unique, varied, and rich collection of portraits and objects of all kinds made by the well-known traveller, Mr. George Catlin, during his wanderings among the Indians of North America, will come into the possession of the Government of the United States. Mr. J. Harrison, of Philadelphia, acquired the collection with the object of preserving to his country these curious interesting *souvenirs* of the American aborigines, and the widow of this gentleman intends to present them to the National Museum.—The ninth annual report of the Trustees of the Association of the Metropolitan Museum of Art has been forwarded to us. After detailing the financial statement of the Museum, which includes the purchase of the Cesnola collections, of which some portion is still unpaid, the balance of accounts being slightly in favour of the trustees, the report "directs attention to the visible results already produced by the establishment of this Museum and its exhibitions of works of Art." The founding of the institution and its early success have resulted in a vastly improved "condition of Art education, Art manufactures, Art importations," and Art sales; and it has "led to the founding of similar institutions in other cities, and to numerous local exhibitions of specimens of beautiful work gathered out of old families, instructing the new generation, and surprising them with the evidence that their ancestors had possessed higher love of beauty than they had inherited from them." The trustees appeal to American patriotism for help to enable them to enlarge the usefulness of the Museum, which is entirely dependent upon public aid for its support. All, as we understand the report to say, the legislature has done was "to include in the tax-levy of the years 1879 and 1880 a sum not to exceed 30,000 dollars in each year, for the equipment and furnishing of the building"—the new institution in the park—"and the removal and establishment of the Museum in it." Recently the trustees organized an effort to raise a fund of 150,000 dollars for the Museum; this is the appeal they have made, and it is now in progress. One cannot suppose that a community like the rich and intelligent citizens of New York will allow their Museum to be straitened for lack of support.

STRASBOURG.—The grand portal of the cathedral, according to the Paris papers, is at last finished. The two doors of bronze consist of 1,500 pieces, 650 ornamental-headed nails, 300 rosettes, 98 large lozenge-shaped plates, 14 figure scenes, 14 half-lozenges with animals, 181 lozenges, with plants and foliage, and so forth. The subjects are all from sacred history.

THE PELOPONNESUS.—The Olympian researchers closed their operations of this year on the 24th of June. Their results have been reported, and, amongst other incidents, produce the following:—The sculpture in the Temple of Jupiter must have been polychrome. This is conjectured as a consequence of the appearance presented by facial fragments—hair, for instance, of head and beard. Such a conclusion is confirmed by the discovery on the northern steps of the temple, beside the tambour of a recumbent pillar, of a fragment representing the folds of a robe, the front of which is covered with a perfectly preserved deep-toned crimson tint. This fragment belongs, beyond doubt, to the chlamis borne on the statue, which commands the west central front. In this quarter have also been recovered two statuette of deities, the one representing Jupiter, the other Apollo. The latter realises in its delicate characteristics a gem of archaic Art. Objects of bronze, drawn from the earth hereabouts, prove the singular abundance of vases and utensils ministrative to luxury which, in antique times, embellished these sacred retreats.

OBITUARY.

EDWARD BLORE, D.C.L., F.R.S., F.S.A.

THIS gentleman, whose name is familiar among artists and architects, though he had for many years been laid aside from the duties of active life, died at his residence, No. 4, Manchester Square, on September 4th, after a long and painful illness, within a few days of having attained his ninetieth year. The *Times* has given a brief but comprehensive report of Mr. Blore and his multifarious labours: from this statement we learn that "he was born in Derbyshire on September 13th, 1789, and was the eldest son of Thomas Blore, F.S.A., a member of the Middle Temple, well known as the historian of the county of Rutland, and author of other works. His early days were spent in Rutlandshire, and in early youth he evinced that love for ecclesiastical and domestic architecture which distinguished him in after-life. Before he had attained the age of twenty he had executed the original drawings for the illustrations of the 'History of Rutland,' the first part of which was published in the year 1811. The excellence and accuracy of these drawings brought him prominently forward as a draughtsman, and during the next few years he was engaged by Mr. Surtees, of Mainsforth, to make the original drawings for the architectural plates in the 'History and Antiquities of Durham;' and by Mr. Britton, to make the sketches of York and Peterborough in his series of the 'English Cathedrals.' Many of the engravings in 'Clutterbuck's History of Hertfordshire' were also copied from his drawings. While still a young man he became intimately acquainted with Sir Walter Scott, with whom he always maintained a most friendly intercourse, and who employed him to make the designs for the exterior of the new house at Abbotsford, which, as it now exists, was one of his earliest works. Mr. Blore was also intimately associated with Sir Walter Scott in the beautiful work entitled 'The Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland.' In this task he was associated with Turner, Nasmyth, Calcott, Rev. J. Thomson, and many others of the most distinguished artists of the day. Mr. Blore was among the first to revive the taste for Gothic architecture, which had languished since the time of the Reformation. One of his largest undertakings was in connection with Peterborough Cathedral, where, besides numerous structural repairs, he designed the present organ screen and choir fittings. Under Archbishop Howley he was employed in making extensive alterations at Lambeth Palace, and under his superintendence the residential portion of the palace was entirely rebuilt, and the chapel and library carefully restored. His practice as an architect had now become most extensive, and he was engaged in all parts of the United Kingdom, many of the finest houses at present in existence having been built or reconstructed by him. The magnificent palace of Aloupka in the Crimea may be specially mentioned as having been erected for Prince Woronzoff entirely after his designs. He was soon after appointed architect to King William IV., and had the honour of serving her Majesty Queen Victoria in a similar capacity during the early part of her reign. He executed numerous works at Windsor Castle, and undertook to complete for £100,000 the building of Buckingham Palace, which had been commenced by Nash. The whole front towards the Green Park is his work, and he succeeded in carrying it out for less than the estimated sum. He was at this time offered the honour of knighthood, a distinction which, however, he thought fit to decline. He was next appointed architect to Westminster Abbey, a post he filled for many years, and in which he was succeeded by the late Sir Gilbert Scott. Mr. Blore then finally retired from his profession, and as a recognition of the eminent position he held in it he had the honorary degree of D.C.L. conferred upon him at Oxford. In addition to his high reputation as an architect,

Mr. Blore was a most admirable draughtsman, and has left behind him perhaps the finest existing collection of sketches of churches, castles, and other objects of antiquity, mainly in England, the result of more than seventy years' labour. He was a member of many of the great London societies, and also an honorary member of many of the provincial archaeological societies. In conjunction with Mr. Albert Way, with whom he was especially intimate, he was one of the founders of the Royal Archaeological Institute, and was for many years on the Council, both for this society and the Society of Antiquaries, of which he became a Fellow in 1824."

LUDWIG VOGEL.

The decease, at Zurich, on the 21st of August, of M. Vogel, removes from the list of living painters perhaps the oldest member of the profession, for he was born in 1788, and consequently had reached the age of ninety-one at the time of his death. He was a Swiss by birth, and all his Art sympathies were associated with the history of his country. A correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Geneva with reference to Vogel's decease, says, "He showed at an early age so great a predilection for Art, and acquired, almost untaught, so much expertness alike in drawing, painting, and engraving on wood, that his father, a respectable burgher, sent him at the age of twenty to Vienna, as a pupil in the Art Academy of that town." But the system of study laid down by the professors of that school was so little approved of by the young man, and he criticized it so openly and in terms not too mild, that when it reached the ears of the authorities they summarily expelled him from the Academy. In 1810 Vogel found his way to Rome, whither Peter Cornelius had likewise gone. Cornelius had also been a student in the Vienna Academy, and, like Vogel, was dissatisfied with the teachings of the professors. The two young men contracted an intimate friendship with each other; they studied together, painted together, and read together. Overbeck was at that time professor in the Academy of St. Luke, in Rome, and among the students there were several more young Germans, as Pforr of Frankfort, Wintergarst of Ellwangen, and Lutter of Vienna: these young men combined to create a new school of German Art in the old city. One of Overbeck's pictures, 'Christ at the House of Martha and Mary,' painted in 1815, became the property of Ludwig Vogel.

What Overbeck and Cornelius effected for Christian Art—the one from a mediæval or Romanist point of view, the other from one more nearly associated with Protestantism—Vogel did for the military and domestic history of his native land, and occasionally in illustrating some of the fanciful stories found in the pages of German literature, which he read with Cornelius when in Rome. In the notice to which reference has already been made the following are named as among Vogel's principal works, but none of them seem to be known to any great extent far beyond the range of his own country, nor can we find any special allusion to them in any volume within our reach speaking of European Art and artists. The pictures mentioned by the *Times*' correspondent are 'Return of Swiss from the Battle of Morgarten,' painted in Rome—one of the artist's earliest works; 'Winkelried's Fight with the Dragon;' 'The Fight of Adam Naf for the Banner in the Battle of Kappel, in 1531;' 'Tell embracing his Son after the successful Shot;' 'Nikolaus von der Flüe and the contending Confederates;' 'Putting the Stone on the Rigi;' 'Tell before Gessler at Altorf, in the act of showing the Landvogt the second arrow with which he intended to kill him, had the first arrow struck his son,' &c. "Ludwig Vogel," continues the writer, "was a true master of his art, and a painter of indisputable genius."

HOGARTH AND LANDSEER.*

III.—LANDSEER AS A HUMORIST.

IN my article in the last number I chiefly treated of Hogarth as an animal painter; in the present I propose to deal with Landseer as a humorist, in comparison or contrast, which you will, with the older master.

We have seen that the points on which these artists differed were points of personal character and the object of their art; and the points in which they resembled one another were delight in humour and sympathy with animals, together with a strange affinity of artistic perception which led them to notice and study certain facts in nature for

their artistic value, which have struck no other artists as important in the same degree.

In viewing Landseer as a humorist of men and manners in relation to Hogarth, we shall see that the two artists approach and recede from one another in much the same way; but we shall also see what was not so capable of demonstration in the previous article—how closely the two men resembled each other in certain moral and artistic qualities, especially in honesty and absence of *finesse*.

Landseer as a social satirist is of course heavily handicapped at the outset, from the fact that he was an artist of dogs, and



Paganini, from a Sketch by Landseer.

not of men. Even if he had wished to be a severe satirist or moralist, like Hogarth, his efforts would have been fruitless as long as he confined himself to impersonating men in animals. All his sermons would have commenced with a joke from which there was no possibility of transition to a serious peroration.

Yet, allowed for this, with the exception of Hogarth I know of no artist who has shown in a few of his works a keener perception of the follies and humours of human society. Whistler's 'Peacock' is not a finer satire on the fantastic tricks of 'Lord' and 'Lady' than Landseer's 'Jack in Office' and to find a parallel in the comic nature of the human humour of 'Pug' and 'Dog' and 'Alexander and Diogenes,' we

* Continued from page 204.

must, if we do not go to Hogarth, seek among the illustrations to plays and stories by such men as Leslie and Cruikshank.

Apart, however, altogether from satire on the one hand, and from animal burlesque on the other, Landseer's reputation as a painter of human character is deservedly far less great than as



Group from Hogarth's print of 'The Oratorio.'

a painter of animals; but this is due rather to the extraordinary pitch of perfection to which he carried the one than from natural incapacity to shine in the other. His pictures of men are all good, his Highlanders especially, and his study of the illicit distiller in 'The Highland Whiskey-still' is a masterpiece of character; yet, for all this, and in spite of the undoubted fact that after he went to Scotland to see Sir Walter Scott in 1824, the spirit of his work changed from the animal to the human, so that subsequently to that date the interest of his works, though composed principally of animals, all centred in the relation of animals to men, one feels, in looking at his human figures, that they are wanting in force, and that there is more interest—not only animal and artistic, but also human—in a few touches bestowed upon an animal than in his most carefully executed figures of men and women. With the exceptions of the hard, dare-devil features of the whiskey distiller, and the wonderful but terrible face of debauched beauty in his 'Comus,' there is scarcely a human countenance in his gallery (excepting portraits, of which more by-and-by) which can bear comparison in strength and interest with those of his animals.

As a rule, what was said by Fielding of Hogarth's men is true of Landseer's animals, viz. they think; but as much cannot be said for his men. But it is difficult to believe that an artist, who was capable of inspiring the faces of his dogs with the expression of so much human folly could not have become a real rival of Hogarth in human faces, if he had devoted his life to this branch of Art; and as for the greater portion of his artistic life he was far more interested in humanity than most artists, it needs something more than his exceptional love for animals to account for his never attempting a scene composed of human figures which would exhibit his really considerable natural talent for catching the various expressions of different men.

How fully Hogarth entered into the characters of animals in their relation to man has already been shown from his works; but the works of Landseer do not show to the full his powers of drawing humorous pictures of men. It is not generally known that a quick and clever caricaturist he was, and this not by any undue exaggeration, but by a power of seizing and enforcing the natural peculiarities of a face and figure. His sketch of Paganini is the only instance of this which can be shown here; but numberless are, or rather were, the humorous sketches which he drew of the men whom he met in society. It was his habit to make these sketches and pass them round for the amusement of the circle, and then to crumple them up and throw them in the fire. As a pendant to Paganini, Hogarth's

figure of the Conductor of the Oratorio is given, which was probably not more of a caricature than the other.

Of this reticence of natural faculty it is difficult to say how much was due to his early training, and how much to natural bent of disposition towards animals; but that the former had much to do with determining the character of his compositions will not, I think, be doubted. Though Hogarth in his earliest published works showed himself at once as a satirist of men and manners, it must be remembered that he was at this time twenty-three years of age. Down to this period he had been employed as an engraver upon silver, executing coats of arms, mottoes, and initials for that eminent silversmith, Mr. Ellis Gamble, of Cranbourne Street. Whatever essays in Art he made previous to his apprenticeship are lost to us; but he began as a child to draw, and his copy-books at school were more remarkable for the drawings which adorned them than for the correctness with which the exercises were performed. Among these, if we could recover them, we should doubtless find, together with caricatures of schoolfellows and masters (if he dared to ornament his books with such penal impiety), drawings of those animals of which all children are so fond. If he had been allowed, as Landseer was, to pursue his boyish taste exclusively—not only without let or hindrance, but with every assistance which his father and brother could lend him—we should probably have found that animals figured very largely among his chosen subjects; for though Hogarth, even in his childhood, showed his taste for satire by mimicking his fellow-creatures, no child's world is complete without its animals. But Landseer was also a consummate mimic, at least in after-life, and humanity played a much more important part in Hogarth's early life than in Landseer's. In the first place Hogarth went to school in London, and was to a far greater extent than Landseer a London boy. The school-



Group from 'Laying down the Law,' by Landseer.

room, with its inhabitants young and old, was his first studio, and this was afterwards exchanged for the crowded streets and the shops and shows of London life—he was a cockney, pure and simple. Moreover, he had to think for himself: poverty pressed on his parents, and it was by his own wish that he, to avoid the

misery which in his father's case he saw overtake the struggling scholar, gave up the hopes of "higher education," or a free artist's life, to bind himself for seven years to toil in a silversmith's shop. Thus by the time that his apprenticeship was over, and he was able to devote his energy to Art, he was, though still young, a man of the world, with views of life formed by daily intercourse with men, and with a store of human experience gained by study of their peculiarities in long years of London life. However dubious such an education may have been to him as an artist, it was an excellent training for an observer of life, and he came out of it a highly trained satirist, with a strong natural genius for Art, with his love for animals not extinguished, but altogether subordinate to his love for satire.

It was altogether different with Landseer, whose genius for Art, if possible more precocious even than Hogarth's, was fostered, to the exclusion of every other study, from the earliest age. Though born and bred in London, it was in no crowded thoroughfare, but in what then formed the northern outskirts of the metropolis, with little but open fields stretching between his father's house in Foley Street and the hills of Highgate and Hampstead. The open country, instead of a schoolroom, was his first studio, and his studies were cows and sheep, horses and dogs. From the age of five, when he could draw animals well, the drawing of them was his exclusive pleasure and duty till he grew to manhood. Without for a moment denying that he showed an extraordinary bent in this direction, there is no doubt that this bent was so exclusively cultivated, and so little interrupted by any more human studies, that any natural disposition he may have had to study and satirize the ways of men had little chance of showing itself in his art till he grew into a man. The curious thing is not that it did not show itself more, but that it should have shown itself as strongly as it did; but he had only one way of expressing himself pictorially, and that was by drawing animals. Thus we find him as a boy of twelve

dogs of different and characteristic breed. It was not, however, till 1824 that what I have elsewhere termed his natural-history stage was completed, and he began to look upon life through human spectacles, and to treat animals principally in their relation to man. So that just about the same time of



Group from 'Alexander and Diogenes,' by Landseer.



The Bench, by Hogarth.

contrasting the characteristics of England and France by his famous drawings of a 'French Hog' and a 'British Boar,' in a spirit which may properly be characterized as Hogarthian; and five years later we have the picture of 'The Braggart,' in which England, Scotland, and Ireland are represented by three

life as when Hogarth published his first satirical prints, Landseer was beginning, with his 'Catspaw' (1824) and his 'Travelled Monkey' (1827), to show that he, though a painter of animals, was a humorist at heart, and had a keen eye for the follies of humankind. But at this time he was a highly trained artist, with his love of satire not extinguished, but subordinate to his love for animals.

So at twenty-one, or thereabouts, both of these artists left the traditions of their early employment to strike out each a new line in Art—the one the animal propensities of men, the other the human propensities of animals. Without thereby denying that Hogarth's natural talent was essentially the drawing of human, and Landseer's of animal faces and forms, yet after Landseer's early life it would have been as difficult for him, whatever his bent, to have developed into the designer of the 'Marriage à la Mode' or 'The Bench,' as for Hogarth to have painted 'Night and Morning' or 'Laying down the Law.' Landseer had been brought up and educated in what may be called animal-land, and had learnt its language so thoroughly that for ever afterwards he thought in it, and his ideas, however human, clothed themselves as naturally in animal forms as Turner's in rocks and ruins, and clouds and light, and would have had to go through a process similar to translation before he could express himself otherwise.

One other reason may also be urged why he did not exercise more fully his natural talent for human. His mind, if less vigorous, was more intricate and many-sided than Hogarth's. Hogarth was a humorist only, a laughing when he attempted sentiment. Landseer was a lover of nature, a sportsman, and a poet beside a humorist. Humour was Hogarth's business, but it was Landseer's play, and it is therefore no wonder that we find his touches in gentle humorous works that the more serious was comparatively small, and that those which will bear anything like close comparison with Hogarth are not so numerous. At the same time, the distinctive character of

these few works is so unmistakable, and they are scattered so evenly throughout his artistic life, that they are plainly as legitimate growths of his mind as his 'Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner' and his 'Flood in the Highlands.' The most important of these are the 'Twa Dogs' (1822), the 'Catspaw' (1824), the 'Travelled Monkey' (1827), 'High Life' and 'Low Life' (1829); 'Highland Music' (1830), in which the idea of discordant sounds is almost as painful as in Hogarth's 'Distressed Musician'; 'Jack in Office' (1833), 'Dignity and Impudence' (1839), 'Laying down the Law' (1840). Then there comes a pause, the commencement of his attacks of nervous depression, which force his thoughts away from the carelessness of humour to the sadness of sentiment. In 1849 came the 'Alexander and Diogenes,' most humorous of all perhaps, but most laboured; and in 1865 the playful 'Connoisseurs' ends the list. Mixed with his more serious work throughout his life, even to the last, were many bright, genial, and sub-humorous pictures, but none to compare with those mentioned in the vigour of their humour, still less to compare with Hogarth.

To compare even these in detail with Hogarth's pictures would scarcely be a fruitful task. The views which they took of human life and the objects they sought to attain being so different, the resemblances which can be easily found between

them are of a more general kind. One or two of them we will mention, and leave our readers to pursue the comparison further if they will.

The first of these is the power they both possessed of placing a little humorous pictorial drama of their own upon the stage so that it told its own story without need of words. Not even Hogarth could have devised a scene fuller of greater varieties of human meanness than Landseer's 'Jack in Office,' of which, and of his other pictures of the same class, Landseer might have said in the words of Hogarth, slightly altered, "Let the figures in my picture be considered as players, dressed for genteel comedy or farce, for high or low life. I have endeavoured to treat my subjects as a dramatic writer; my picture is my stage, my dogs and monkeys are my players, who, by means of certain actions and gestures, are to exhibit a dumb show."

It is, however, in 'Alexander and Diogenes' that Landseer approaches most nearly to the variety of Hogarthian humour. This picture, despite its difference in subject and the nature of the human follies laughed at, has yet many points of resemblance to the boudoir scene in the 'Marriage à la Mode.' The composition is similar. The left is taken up in both pictures by the two principal figures, who are engaged with one another, while the rest of the company amuse themselves on the right.



Group from Hogarth's print of 'Taste in High Life.'

The levee of Diogenes is indeed very different from that of Lady Squanderfield. Alexander has no similarity in character to Counsellor Silvertongue, but for power of expression there is little to choose between the cynicism of the tub philosopher and the seductive gallantry of the lawyer, between the dangerous deliberation of the lady and the insolent pride of the conqueror; while, if we turn to the conceited folly of the courtiers in both pictures, we recognise our friends quite as well among the dogs as among the ladies and gentlemen. The two heads in Hogarth's 'Taste in High Life' are, however, more convenient for contrast with the canine courtiers of Landseer than any which could be selected from the 'Marriage à la Mode,' and are accordingly engraved here.

Hogarth prided himself on not being a caricaturist, and truly in the main; for though he may have, by accumulation of incident and by the exaggeration of fact, heightened the power and humour of his scenes, he never distorted or falsified nature. In this lies the secret of the greatness of his power, which, in spite of all his coarseness, still keeps, and will for ever keep, his fame impregnable from all attacks of the fastidious, and, in spite of all changes of manners and thought, from

the corrosive process of time. Without this the morality of his purpose would have been of little avail: morals are very cheap, and those he chose to illustrate the cheapest of all. That a harlot and a rake go to ruin, that marriages of convenience end in disgrace and crime, that industry succeeds better than idleness, are facts almost too trite for a copy-book; and if the force with which he had shown these truisms had been aided by distortions of fact or concessions to the popular feeling of the period, they would have decayed with the age that brought them forth. But his force was genuine, and unadulterated either by the temptation to be effective at the expense of truth, or by the fashion of the day. This criticism does not, of course, apply to his occasional squibs, which were ephemeral in their very nature.

It is early yet to speak of the endurance of Landseer's reputation, but in the majority of his works the same praise may be given. They are honest, straightforward, and manly to the backbone; and though some, such as the once famous picture of 'Bolton Abbey,' may decline in popularity, as it was painted in accordance with a popular sentiment which was ephemeral because founded on ignorance or partial knowledge, the majority

of his works should retain their place in the public honour, because, in addition to their cleverness, they are true, in just the same sense as Hogarth's are true, viz. that the humour of them and the sentiment of them, which gain our tears or laughter (humour and sentiment both as cheap as Hogarth's morals), are not enforced by any concealment or distortion of the truth, but at worst by such an exaggeration of it as was necessary for an artist who made his animals act the characters of men. In his picture of 'Alexander and Diogenes,' in which he exhausted the resources of his ingenuity to make dogs look like men, the effect is produced by such a subtle exaggeration of natural canine expressions, that were each dog cut out and placed in a canvas by itself, it is doubtful whether any exaggeration would be perceptible; and this is in a picture of intentional burlesque, to which it would be almost as absurd to apply the usual tests of truth as to an extravaganza.

One out of many more radical resemblances of disposition may be noted, viz. the simple straightforwardness of the method of expression. There was never any doubt in the mind of what

they wanted to do or how to do it; no confused, vague work in their handling, no indefiniteness in their aim, no attempt at concealment of thought, no striving after half-conceived ideas. This is especially observable in their portraits and their pictures of terror. The first of both artists represent the plain, unaffected impression of their minds, without added sentiment or artistic flattery of any kind. Hogarth's portrait of Captain Coram and Landseer's of his father, the former's portrait of Miss Rich and any of Landseer's portraits of the children of the aristocracy, show how much can be done by the simple, unaffected portraiture of benevolent or sweet faces. In their pictures of terror, on the other hand, no amount of pain daunted them. As Hogarth painted the child on the spit, Landseer painted the otter on the spear; as Hogarth did not shrink from the terrors of the madhouse, so Landseer could face the dread of the cruel bears disturbing with brutal irreverence the bones of the Arctic travellers; and there is no picture of Hogarth's which is more terrible in its plain rendering of sensuality and lust than Landseer's illustration to Comus.

W. C. M.

MODERN ITALIAN PICTURESQUE SCULPTURE.

THE RISING SCHOOL OF REALISM: GORI, ALBANO, CARNIELO, AND GALLORI OF FLORENCE; THEIR WORKS AND SPIRIT.

IT is sufficiently lamentable to witness the preference given by a large class of painters to painful, vulgar, or debasing topics, and a predilection for the ugly and commonplace, particularly those emotions and conditions of humanity which show its special degradations, sufferings, petty aims, and least noteworthy phenomena, under the specious plea of rendering natural truth. The old feeling for the æsthetic in Art is superseded by a passion either for a low standard of realism, mere surface imitation of the most familiar things of every-day life, or an abnormal appetite for whatever is difficult, sensational, and horrible, chiefly for display of technical dexterity, and of shocking the public mind rather than entertaining or instructing it. Petty materialism and demoralising sensualism are thus banishing from much of modern Art its primitive spiritual essence and function, and substituting for Beauty the Beast in its inmost soul. Sculpture not only follows the lead of painting in its baser choice of motives, but, contemning its rightful limitations, invades the realm of painting, seeking to outdo its sister art in realistic effects, and those imitative details which colour, light and shade, and linear perspective of the brush alone can adequately depict. Consequently it tends more and more to lose its true dignity of character and become a mere trick of the chisel, as superficial in aim and expression as children's toys, and of scarcely more account in the world of thought.

Highest Art essays to transmute the indefinable and suggestive into visible, sensuous form or sound. It is the opening wide of the windows of the imagination for the soul to look into the realms of an ideal universe, of which it is both the song and prophecy. Owing to its organic purity and freedom from gross elements, as an Art vehicle, marble has more of latent spiritual power than colours, however nobly used. For, like music, besides their intellectual suggestiveness, they inevitably quicken the sensuous apprehensions of men. Pure form in sculpture, on the contrary, is strictly intellectual and spiritual in its associations and interpretations. Mind must conjure up out of itself base feelings and ideas to wrest it to mean and sensual uses; for its reflex action in this direction is not instinctive, as with its sister arts. Hence, in trying for the picturesque and grossly real, sculpture plays an unnatural, unworthy rôle, in which, competing with painting, it can have no permanent success even in the artistic sense it struggles for; whilst, as a corrupter of taste and stimulator of debasing ideas, by inciting the mind to comprehend its ambiguity of meanings and salacious artifices, it

becomes a pander to the lowest springs of human action and character. We must acknowledge that modern sculpture, with little exception, instead of representing any wholesome idealism, is rapidly dwindling into a more or less vapid plagiarism of past heroic or lovely types, or else a confession of its incapacity to create anything that is not absolutely realistic and pictorial; in fine, a low standard of imitative art, overwhelmed by heavy accessories or petty details, which, however proper to painting, have no legitimate place in sculpture.

In strongly condemning this realistic-pictorial tendency, justice demands the recognition of one feature coincident with it, alike honourable to Art and human nature. This is the broad spirit of humanity sometimes seen in an endeavour to realise, in a silent eloquence, to our senses the trials and struggles of honest life, with the view of begetting for it practical sympathy and respect, and of widening and deepening the ties of human brotherhood. Any motive of this character, if seriously treated, although foreign to the scope of the classical rule of æsthetics, comes within the broader compass of Christian Art. I give one instance in point as a hopeful sign of the times.

There is now exhibiting in Florence a statuette, by Signor Gori, called 'Senza Lavoro'—(Without Labour)—representing a tall, vigorous, well-made man, in the prime of life, of good brain and noble countenance, unkempt hair, head cast down, seated in forlorn posture, meditating on his hopeless condition. In his emaciated, deeply furrowed features, and sunken eyes lost in vacancy, there is no ferocious despair, no degrading appeal to charity or expression of vindictiveness, but a touching consciousness of utter inability to contend longer against the inevitable. The shrunken limbs, gaunt body, thread-worn, much-patched clothing, still neatly respectable in decay, unmistakably bear witness to a hard-fought battle against want; of willingness and capacity to labour, and the severity of the defeat that has overtaken him. This little work has a beauty of its own, for its skilfully subdued realism, joined to pathetic sentiment and recognition of the claims of labour, raises it to the level of Fine Art, and sanctifies it for all time.

Italy's studios and shops of sculpture are as busy and full in this nineteenth century as ever they were when the art was in its prime. The demand does not abate, but only changes in its taste. Indeed, the passion for festivals is not stronger in the Italian mind than for sculptured monuments and portraiture. As in classical times, marble is the favourite medium

of Art expression and commemoration, from the simple mural tablet to the projected monument to Victor Emmanuel, costing millions of francs. In all other civilised countries sculpture is, more or less, an exotic, but in Italy it is the natural outcome of the deeply ingrained intuitive feeling for plastic art, which makes this country still the chief source of the world's supply or inspiration. Hence both the moneyed expenditure and native skill are quite sufficient to sustain a much higher standard of taste and motives than now obtains, and to redeem sculpture from the low position of catering mainly to debauched fancy, or providing *genre* novelties for uninstructed persons. If the epitomized plastic reproductions of the paintings of the old masters, now so popular, might be confined to groups like those plagiarised from Raphael's best pictures and others equally facile for the chisel, none may object. Although not new, they come from a lofty and altogether lovely ideal—wholesome to look upon and keep in daily remembrance. But Raphael erotically toying with the charms of a mistress-model, a group conspicuously exhibited in a fashionable shop window, is indecent Art and a wanton libel on that artist, whose types of virgins and mothers, sacred or profane, are always comely and pure. Every observer can note for himself the multitudinous inanities of which sculpture is now guilty in simpering, skipping, lascivious, impish, freakish, over and under-toileted forms, ridiculous attitudes or fashion-plate costumes, peeping and muttering indescribable things, savouring more of Art travestied in some grotesque carnival than sane work, and which will amuse or disgust him according to his own æsthetic sensibility and understanding, as they greet his eyes with every alluring device to make them marketable.

Leaving these aside, let us examine specifically a few of the works of some of the young sculptors of Florence who evince undoubted capacity, and seem destined, for better or worse, to impress their idiosyncrasies more or less deeply on the taste of the present generation, carrying realism to its extreme plastic limits. Three prominent names will suffice to illustrate the scope and practice of the rising school which makes war on all old traditions and motives. These are Albano, Carniolo, and Gallori.

Albano is a native of a rude hamlet in the Abruzzi Mountains, where there was no Art whatever to suggest to him a career as a sculptor, so that the impulse which, despite every obstacle, forced him to become one, sprang wholly from within himself, and in the outset was quite independent of example, instruction, and patronage. Indeed, it may be remarked that very many of the great painters and sculptors of Italy have been born in similar localities, where there was little or nothing to prompt them to the choice of a profession which required their migration to the chief Art centres for its perfect development. In most instances they owed nothing to systematic academic instruction, but developed in themselves those principles and that finished execution which led subsequently to the foundation of regular institutions of Art instruction. Real genius comes to the front in its own way with or without these artificial helps, which never create, although they may aid it.

Albano has a peasant's power of persevering toil, and is as sturdy in physique as one of his native oaks. Still in his most vigorous youth, he has filled a large studio with a variety of ideal and realistic works, grave and gay, that in number would suffice an average lifetime. Too many, however, are hastily gotten-up shop-merchandise, wanting in refinement, heavily materialistic in feeling, with, in the fancy busts, overmuch pseudo-picturesque detail. The sculptor is unjust to his own genius in bestowing his time on them. These unmistakably crude and bad works appear all the worse from their contrast to those of an opposite character, in which the actual ability of Albano is shown. The most graceful in lines and contours, significant in action, original in sentiment, well conceived and modelled, is called the 'Slave.' It is the nude figure of a girl in the first freshness of her charms, impotently struggling to free her hands from the rope that holds them; her beautiful face and shrinking body aglow with passionate indignation and mingled shame, there being more anger than fear in her glance. The movement is

energetic, feeling natural, and both serve to enhance the harmonious beauty of a form undisfigured by exaggeration of action, although sensible of the greatest indignity that can be offered to pure womanhood. By a happy unity of subtle modelling and lively emotions, if not quite subdued to that æsthetic repose which is one of the highest elements of Art, there is no obtrusive consciousness of nudity either in the maid or the spectator, but chaste beauty and lively sympathy become the predominant impressions. This result is highly creditable to the sculptor, besides the freshness he has given to a hackneyed motive, so unmeaningly treated and unskilfully executed by Hiram Powers.

Turning from this ideal composition, we see an extreme of realism in the shape of an old man crouching, so true in wrinkles, unelastic pose, and shrivelled flesh, with animalised dotage stamped on every feature, as to seem almost to be a cast from some decayed specimen of flesh and bones itself. If any good can come of Art devoted to material decay, and which shows only what is unpleasant to look on and repulsive to reflect about, without any intellectual reason for its treatment, Albano shows his power over the same. But the reality of disease, decay, and death is too near all men at all times for any one to take delight in looking on their counterfeit reminders in Art, reflecting as they do a material bondage out of which every soul capable of aspiring to an ideal life eagerly looks forward to escape.

More masterful and imaginative is its companion piece, a colossal group taken from Dante's "Inferno," of the *Ladro*, or Thief, agonizing in the folds of biting serpents, which entwine his limbs in every direction. Although recalling the idea of the Laocoon, it is more horrifying in character and execution; expresses intenser, hopeless, slow-consuming physical torment. As it has received a *Salon* medal at Paris, and not been sold, we may conclude the cleverness of execution has not been able yet to counterbalance the disagreeableness of the motive. The places for which such Art would seem to be best fitted are penal settlements and prisons for the worst criminals.

In his latest statue, of Faust's 'Marguerite,' Albano has shown equal capacity for the other extreme of ideal composition. It is beautifully modelled and draped, with a pure conception of maidenly love and pensive reflection. The type is very lovely, and the whole figure thoroughly refined, simple, and characteristic, with acute appreciation of the motive.

It will be noticed, however, from the four noteworthy examples cited, and his minor compositions, that Albano is equally sensitive to the classical and mediæval traditions and treatment of his profession, even if he yields too much to the exigencies of modern taste in florid picturesqueness or unqualified realism.

This is not the case with his still youthful rival, Carniolo. He finds nothing to please him in classical types and aims, and throws himself zealously into the modern passion for truth of nature as opposed to the Grecian spirit of idealism and restricted choice of the beautiful for forms of Art. Unmodified naturalism is his Art creed. Like all extremists, he leans backward in his enthusiasm of emancipation from old theories and rules, exaggerating the freedom of his own until his work borders on the sentimentally ridiculous or grotesque. This is especially exhibited in his studio in several carefully modelled sepulchral monuments in the shape of flat sarcophagi, with figures of men and women bending over them in presumable grief. These are gracefully posed and accurately executed, the attitudes are most decorous, and the men all have the latest immaculate cut of clothes, with stylish hats and canes in fashion-plate poise, whilst the women might serve for Worth's lay figures to exhibit the elaborate details of long, extended dresses of richest materials, which, descending from their tightened bodices, flow in rippling streams over their delicate limbs, and expand on the ground into freshets of costly dry-goods, dying gracefully away in surges of rich trimmings. Exquisite fans, gloves, and every touch and accessory of dainty toilets, are fashioned in strict fidelity to nature—if this word be expressive enough to cover all the craft and artifices of bodily decoration—completely extinguishing the body itself, and drowning any incipient graveyard sentiment and mournfulness, to say nothing of the hopes

and fears of a future existence, in a swashing flood of worldliness, which serves to recall both the last flirtation and the modiste's bill. The old pagans of Rome and Greece were not fond of unpleasant symbolism in their cemeteries regarding the mysteries of the tomb, but in their wildest imaginations for diverting the mind from distasteful thoughts they never invented such a commingling of the pomps and vanities of life with the memories of the dead as we see figured in Carnielo's groups, and actually cut in marble on a large scale by other artists in the Campo Santo at Genoa.

Carnielo also has tried his hand on old age, and produced a bust even more strikingly materialistic than Albano's. It certainly does not make the spectator any fonder of wrinkles, crow's feet, muscle shrinkage, and anatomical structure, whilst seeing nothing of the soul they hide.

But this sculptor's supreme effort is his 'Dying Mozart,' which has been bought by the Minister of Public Instruction, Paris, to be placed in the Conservatoire of Music. The great composer is represented just as his latest breath has escaped him, attenuated by a wasting consumption, his lips apart, little tufts of hair sprouting on his sunken cheeks, his head turned sidewise, half buried in a large square pillow, and his meagre form extended in a capacious high-backed arm-chair. A very heavy, cumbersome dressing-gown encircles the body with well-defined folds, disclosing the drooping anatomy beneath, the lines and contour of which are well suggested. Besides the face, only the thin neck and hands are shown. These are admirably modelled, of a refined character, and taken from the sculptor's own handsome extremities. One lies on the autographic sheet of music in Mozart's lap containing the *Requiem*. The expression is not painful, nor is it ecstatic or precisely peaceful, but as if there were either some apprehension of the future or the material phenomena of death had not quite subsided into perfect rest. It just misses the spiritual element, because of too much study of the physical. There is no doubt of its being a clever realistic representation of a death by consumption of a young man of prepossessing appearance, but it is nothing more, and, except the sheet of music, has no special significance as regards the proposed motive. Beyond its baptism, the spectator must derive whatever consciousness of the dying scene of Mozart he can quicken in his own mind, from his own associations or knowledge. True to his theory of uncompromising eye-fact as his basis of Art, Carnielo so carefully studied in the hospitals the death scenes of several dying young men, that the critic has no fault to find with his plastic representation of the usual phenomena, simply as such, in this statue. But it leaves the impression on the mind that a motive of this character is not suited to sculpture, especially if treated in the picturesque style, in which the accessories overpower the subject when given in marble, embarrass its interpretation, and confuse its delineation. Those logical sequences and natural conditions of things which are facily shown by painting, are most difficult in the more solid and less subtle materials of sculpture. They should be simply suggested, not directly imitated, but completely subdued to the chief motive, whose recognition must be complete and immediate to be effective.

Unlike, however, the emphasis given to organic decay, destitute of feeling, and in aspect repulsive, as seen in other works of this new school, the motive of the 'Mozart' is pathetic and pure, and the imagination incited to healthful action. Its failure is partly due to the surplussage of accessories, and partly to its unfitness, as treated, to sculpture. Neither the naked truth nor the whole truth must be bluntly told in Art. For it has a higher mission than to record facts; this mission is to suggest ideas, invent new joys, and so manifest the true and beautiful that this last feature shall always be first in the mind's appreciation, and precede analysis and instruction. The only immortal Art is that in which the ideal and æsthetic dominate the real and changeable, whatever the creed or circumstance.

The new-born nascent delight in organic ugliness and low motives reaches its climax in some works of E. Gallori, likewise of Florence. Realism in its coarsest vein he fondles as if it were the sweetest nosegay. In his work there is the heartiest good-

will as well as skill of hand. Loving it himself, he wants all the world to like it equally, and flings its insolent shamelessness into our faces as freely, according to Ruskin, as Whistler does his pots of paint; which pictorial feat, however, is innocence itself, or at worst harmless phantasmagoria, compared with Gallori's plastic revelations of mental and physical filth.

The first example to be gibbeted is that of the half-figure of a big-boned toper, prematurely aged, weather and vice battered, with clothes in keeping, leaning on a Tuscan wine-cask, and bending forward in sympathetic fondness of his support, resting his skinny, deeply furrowed cheeks on his claw-like fists. One eye is sightless, apparently battered out, and the other, buried in unwholesome swellings, has a cavernous look of light gleaming bodingly and jeeringly out of some demon's den. Combined with the other rugged, malevolent features, they give an audacious leer to the vulgar satyr-like countenance. His sunburnt, muscular arms are like sharply trained whip-cords. The open, liquorish mouth shows stumps of decayed teeth and two whole ones, retaining a pipe. Hair, beard, and moustache resemble the stubble of a burnt field. The entire conception is an artistic apotheosis, startlingly well done after its beastly fashion—may the brute creation forgive me!—of brutal human degradation, rejoicing in its depravity, seemingly bereft of every saving element; a compound of carnal appetites and plenary indulgence, minus a soul.

But this abominable Art invention is undefiled religion by the side of Gallori's masterpiece, the statue which a few years since caused so much discussion in Italy, and is now circulated in statuette form taken from the colossal original. It is called 'Nerone,' being an effigy of Nero, of heroic size, in the maddest freak of his debauchery and folly, attired as an actress. As regards the special motive and strong physique of the emperor, it is powerfully modelled, posed, and fittingly costumed, with accurately studied details of a fashionable Roman lady's toilet of the most sumptuous character, and every meretricious ornament and dainty device that the most prodigal female vanity of dress and person could sigh for. The lineaments and form, despite the disguise and counterfeit action, are heavily masculine; the type of features and movement, being decidedly ponderous and gladiatorial, contrasts repulsively with the assumed part, feigned grace, and smirk of Nero, simpering in admiration of himself, and watching with tiger-gleam of eye for any failure of the spectators' applause to equal his levathan self-conceit. If the work were less seriously and cleverly executed, the sense of the grotesque-ludicrous might be uppermost on seeing it. But it is too thoroughly a realistic exhibition of human diabolism concentrating into one emphatic expression and action all its possibilities of lechery, vanity, deceit, and malignity; a male debauchee and tyrant, intoxicated by supreme power, inventing a fresh supreme debasement of himself, and meanly attempting to pass it off on the world as the true image of the sex which he ridiculously and foully seeks to imitate in borrowing the artifices of dress, the luxury, the outspoken coquetties, the obscene allurements, and the monstrous vices of the worst of the women of a court that was a bottomless abyss of lust, cruelty, and falsehood. No doubt Nero in his paroxysms of wickedness was quite the revolting monster that Gallori has made him, but no good can come of Art that spontaneously and with pleasure exhibits the depths of degradation which humanity can sound within the limits of its free choice of good or evil; for it generates and perpetuates types of wickedness and ugliness that to susceptible souls only suggest even greater progress hellwards, and familiarise them with the paths that lead thitherwards. Evil Art, like public executions, chiefly operates to deteriorate humanity, increase immorality, and multiply criminals. The greater the talent shown in its creation, the more powerful it becomes for mischief. Modern taste should at once stamp it out by welcoming only that which is sound in principle and pure in feeling, as well as true and beautiful in execution.

JAMES JACKSON JARVES.

Florence.

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will as well as skill of hand. Loving it himself, he wants all the world to like it equally, and flings its insolent shamelessness into our faces as freely, according to Ruskin, as Whistler does his pots of paint; which pictorial feat, however, is innocence itself, or at worst harmless phantasmagoria, compared with Gallori's plastic revelations of mental and physical filth.

The first example to be gibbeted is that of the half-figure of a big-boned toper, prematurely aged, weather and vice battered, with clothes in keeping, leaning on a Tuscan wine-cask, and bending forward in sympathetic fondness of his support, resting his skinny, deeply furrowed cheeks on his claw-like fists. One eye is sightless, apparently battered out, and the other, buried in unwholesome swellings, has a cavernous look of light gleaming bodingly and jeeringly out of some demon's den. Combined with the other rugged, malevolent features, they give an audacious leer to the vulgar satyr-like countenance. His sunburnt, muscular arms are like sharply trained whip-cords. The open, liquorish mouth shows stumps of decayed teeth and two whole ones, retaining a pipe. Hair, beard, and moustache resemble the stubble of a burnt field. The entire conception is an artistic apotheosis, startlingly well done after its beastly fashion—may the brute creation forgive me!—of brutal human degradation, rejoicing in its depravity, seemingly bereft of every saving element; a compound of carnal appetites and plenary indulgence, minus a soul.

But this abominable Art invention is undefiled religion by the side of Gallori's masterpiece, the statue which a few years since caused so much discussion in Italy, and is now circulated in statuette form taken from the colossal original. It is called 'Nerone,' being an effigy of Nero, of heroic size, in the maddest freak of his debauchery and folly, attired as an actress. As regards the special motive and strong physique of the emperor, it is powerfully modelled, posed, and fittingly costumed, with accurately studied details of a fashionable Roman lady's toilet of the most sumptuous character, and every meretricious ornament and dainty device that the most prodigal female vanity of dress and person could sigh for. The lineaments and form, despite the disguise and counterfeit action, are heavily masculine; the type of features and movement, being decidedly ponderous and gladiatorial, contrasts repulsively with the assumed part, feigned grace, and smirk of Nero, simpering in admiration of himself, and watching with tiger-gleam of eye for any failure of the spectators' applause to equal his leviathan self-conceit. If the work were less seriously and cleverly executed, the sense of the grotesque-ludicrous might be uppermost on seeing it. But it is too thoroughly a realistic exhibition of human diabolism concentrating into one emphatic expression and action all its possibilities of lechery, vanity, deceit, and malignity; a male debauchee and tyrant, intoxicated by supreme power, inventing a fresh supreme debasement of himself, and meanly attempting to pass it off on the world as the true image of the sex which he ridiculously and foully seeks to imitate in borrowing the artifices of dress, the luxury, the outspoken coquetties, the obscene allurements, and the monstrous vices of the worst of the women of a court that was a bottomless abyss of lust, cruelty, and falsehood. No doubt Nero in his paroxysms of wickedness was quite the revolting monster that Gallori has made him, but no good can come of Art that spontaneously and with pleasure exhibits the depths of degradation which humanity can sound within the limits of its free choice of good or evil; for it generates and perpetuates types of wickedness and ugliness that to susceptible souls only suggest even greater progress hellwards, and familiarise them with the paths that lead thitherwards. Evil Art, like public executions, chiefly operates to deteriorate humanity, increase immorality, and multiply criminals. The greater the talent shown in its creation, the more powerful it becomes for mischief. Modern taste should at once stamp it out by welcoming only that which is sound in principle and pure in feeling, as well as true and beautiful in execution.

JAMES JACKSON JARVES.

Florence.

A COLLECTION OF THE OLD MASTERS IN PERU.*

THE *Temps* contains the following curious letter, which gives an account of a remarkable collection of the old masters at Lima:—"Who would believe that Lima, which has no museum of the fine arts, has, nevertheless, a private collection by the side of which many an European gallery would be colourless—a collection of more than eleven hundred paintings, the greater part of them signed by the noblest names of the Spanish, Italian, Flemish, Dutch, and French schools? Yet there is nothing more true than the existence of this extraordinary collection; the proof is that I have seen it, and this is what I saw: In one of the oldest houses in the city there lives a hospitable gentleman, Don Manuel Zaballos. Whoever knocks at the door of his house is well received; but I ought to say that generally none but strangers ever present themselves. The Peruvians seem to be ignorant of the Collection Zaballos, doubtless because they have none too much time to admire their female compatriots. In the first room are a hundred small Spanish and Italian paintings, perfect gems in their way. The master shows us, with a certain off-handedness, three admirable Murillos, and, although we are inclined to speak more at length of this 'Magdalen,' this 'St. John,' and this 'Descent from the Cross,' he leads us into his Salon Carré and confronts us with a Zurbaran well known to, or at least much sought after by, connoisseurs—'The Ecstasy of St. Francis;' on the right are two superb Rubens, on the left a Van Dyck; on every side hang haphazard, in tarnished and worm-eaten frames, Raphaels, Claude Lorraines, and Paul Potters. In the next room is the same profusion of *chefs-d'œuvre* in the same disorder; the schools are a perfect jumble; the subjects injure one another; here and there the frames overlap; but still here are the names of the same great artists. Before these canvases, blackened, smoke-discoloured, ill-arranged, our doubts vanish; our feelings of astonishment and admiration are better guarantees of the authenticity of the signatures than the signatures themselves. Finally we enter a gallery where there are perhaps fifty paintings; the middle and

the two ends are occupied by three paintings, three *chefs-d'œuvre*—the 'Communion of St. Jerome'—'But,' you will say, 'you are poking fun at us, my fine fellow; the 'Communion of St. Jerome' by Domenichino is in the Vatican: every one has seen it there, every one can still see it there. Because you are in Peru you think you can tell us fine'—Pardon, in my turn; I am very sorry for the Vatican, since the 'Communion of St. Jerome' which is there is only a copy of the original, which is here. Do you wish a proof of what I affirm? Look at the 'Death of St. Jerome,' at the other end of the gallery, by the same Domenichino, which has never been copied, as far as I know, and you will agree that it is difficult to be deceived when you have before your eyes two St. Jeromes in the same tone and almost in the same attitude. Let us move on. Here again is the first of Raphael's virgins; here is a battle piece by Salvator Rosa, as fine as that in the Louvre; three (life-size) equestrian portraits by Velasquez; some Tintoretto's, at least as fine as those in the Ducal Palace at Venice. Next is a complete collection of the Flemish School, with Teniers, Van Ostades, Gerard Dows enough to excite the envy of the Museum at the Hague; there are, besides, three Rembrandts. Whoever would study the Spanish school, too little known, would do well to come here to study it. He would see here a Cano, that Spanish Michael Angelo, representing the 'Birth of Christ,' where each figure is a complete picture in itself. There is not a great name which is not represented by two or three canvases, not a picture which is not full of life, movement, passion. In short, we leave this house wonder-stricken, enchanted with our discovery, and envious of Don Manuel's good fortune in being able to study these masterpieces at all hours. But before we leave him, he surprises us once more. Taking from an old Louis XIII. bureau a sheet of yellow paper, he says, 'I am always grateful to the strangers who come to see my paintings, but I only preserve the names of those of my fellow-citizens who visit me. Here is a list begun six years ago, and see, there are not yet fifty names!'"

BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

Engraved by H. BALDING, from the Statue by F. BARZAGHI.

IT is somewhat strange that the nation whose ancestors inherited a portion of the genius shown by the ancient Greeks in sculpture, and especially in poetic sculpture, and a people which has gathered into the museums and galleries of their country the finest specimens time has spared of the works of those renowned men, should have set the example of introducing into the world, and in a certain sense of making fashionable, a description of sculptural works which may be considered almost the extreme of realistic. Italy possesses the Apollo Belvidere, the Venus de' Medici, and a score of other great statues, which she holds for the benefit of the whole world, and to see them and to study them men go from countries far and near. From Italy, too, came such sculptures as 'The Bashful Beggar,' 'The Veiled Vestal,' 'The Reading Girl,' and others which it is not necessary to point out. At this present time there are sculptors

in Florence carrying the realism of their art to a point which would be ludicrous were it not sometimes repulsive.

The figure we have engraved here must also be classed with the realistic, except that it is semi-nude. We conclude from his name that the sculptor is an Italian, though we know nothing of him. M. Barzaghi was living in London in 1875, when he sent two small statues in marble to the exhibition of the Royal Academy, this one called 'Mosca Cieca' (translated, Blind Man's Buff'), and the other 'A Bit of Vanity,' a little girl attired in a dress which the wearer displays in a manner that justifies the title. To the International Exhibition held in London in 1871 he sent two small statues, also in marble, both being on the same subject, and called 'The Child Moses:' these, so far as we can ascertain, are the only works this sculptor has ever exhibited in our country. The statue, 'Blind Man's Buff,' gained great attention, as much from the originality of the theme and its clever treatment, as from its marvellous delicacy of execution, which can scarcely be surpassed.

* The above extract has been sent to us anonymously: the story is so incredible that one is almost indisposed to give it further publicity; we do so only to ascertain if any of our readers are able to verify such an extraordinary statement.



BLIND MAN'S BUFF

DESIGNED BY H. BARNARD FROM THE STATUE BY A. BARNARD

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REPRODUCTION OF THE MURRHINE VASES OF THE ANCIENTS.

THE beautiful examples of the art of glass-making, in which gold was fused into the crystal glass, were even in the time of the ancient Egyptians of great rarity, and by the Romans extolled under the name of VASA MURRHINA. Glass vessels instudded with granulated gold are now very scarce. There are specimens in the British Museum, and in the Hôtel de Cluny; also in the Slade collection there is a small glass bottle of the Roman era, with loops or festoons of dark blue, green, and powdered gold edged with brown, all amalgamated in the substance, and penetrating from the outer to the inner surface. At a later period we find Byzantine vessels, showing leaf gold engraved with a point in subjects between two films of glass, specimens of which from Cologne and the Catacombs of Rome are now in the British Museum.

The Venetians imperfectly succeeded in embedding granulated gold on glass, which process is thus described by Blancourt ("Art of Glass"), writing in the seventeenth century:—"Take a glass and moisten it everywhere you desire to gild with gum water, and lay on your gold leaf, letting it dry. This done, run the gold over with water wherein borax has been dissolved, and so dust it with impalpable powder of glass. Set it afterwards by degrees into your furnace until it becomes red hot, and the powder on the gilding be melted and run; then draw it out leisurely, letting it cool at the mouth of the furnace, and you will have your glass very finely gilded, so that nothing in nature can spoil it unless it be broken."

All these, and a variety of other beautiful objects in glass, can be successfully imitated by the discoveries and inventions of M. D'Humy, and a company is formed for carrying them out under his superintendence. The most important invention, in an artistic point of view, is the reproduction of the ancient Murrhine vases. "Murrheaque in Parthis pocula cocta focis."—(*Propertius*.) Gold, silver, and platinum, as well as other inferior metals, are amalgamated by fusion into the body of the glass, and M. D'Humy has such perfect control

over the operations that he can not only place the gold in the centre, but can incrust it on the outer or inner surface in any desired pattern at will, so as to become imperishable and indestructible by wear; hence the beauty of the invention when adopted in coloured glass, in tints of ruby, emerald, sapphire, and other precious stones, can be imagined, but must be seen to be fully appreciated, and gems are produced which have never been surpassed since the times of the Egyptians and Romans. In fact, precious stones themselves may be embedded in the body of the glass by fusion, simply, or with their gold settings. Gold ciphers and initials can be inserted in the same manner, and we have been astonished at the skill of this experienced glass-worker, by the introduction of gold flies, beetles, and other insects into the substance of the glass, the outer surface being highly polished. Beads, buttons, and other personal ornaments can, of course, be made of infinite variety and beauty. The Venetian filigree glass vessels of *latticino* threads and twisted canes of white and coloured glass, arranged in lengths or sectional cuttings forming mosaics of great variety, are successfully reproduced, the brilliancy being enhanced by the introduction of gold. Elegance of form is also strictly attended to, the most experienced glass-blowers the continent can supply being engaged to achieve with precision the delicate outlines furnished them to copy. Being produced by skilful manipulation alone, it follows that every specimen is an original work of Art. Another invention is blowing an ornamented glass vase or goblet into a metal mounting, such as basket-work with stem and foot.

One factory, under the direction of M. D'Humy himself, a clever artist and designer, and an efficient staff of assistants, is now at work. A gallery has been opened at 294, Regent Street, for the display of these beautiful objects, principally of an artistic character, proving how capable this fragile material is of ornamentation with the precious metals and gems in a manner hitherto unknown.

THE TURNERS' COMPANY EXHIBITION.

THE tenth annual Exhibition of the Turners' Company was opened at the Mansion House on October 6th. For turning in wood there were fifteen prizes, for turning in stone six, and for like operations in steel, brass, and gun-metal, seven. In awarding these prizes the qualities chiefly considered were beauty, originality and utility of design, novelty of application, truth in turning, with due regard to proportion as affecting stability, strength, and elegance of form. Special contributors for the purposes of the competition were the Baroness Burdett Coutts, Mr. Alderman Cotton, M.P., and Mr. A. P. Bower.

In wood the number of exhibits was not so great as in former years, but the standard attained by the various competitors was much higher. The first prize, consisting of the Freedom of the Company, a silver medal, and a complete copy in four volumes of Holtzapffel's "Turning and Mechanical Manipulation," was awarded to Mr. J. G. Norris, of 42, Cowper Street, City Road, for his pair of black ebony vases inlaid with tulip-wood, with turned medallions and handles. The tulip vase in ebony and ivory which carried off the second prize was also a work of great taste and beauty.

The first prize in stone turning was won by D. Penny, of 47, Old Street, with a monumental stone in Portland having bosses and circles as the basis of his design. With this and one or two other exceptions, the examples of stone turning were scarcely up to the expectation of the judges.

1879.

Nor did the specimens of turning in iron, steel, brass, and gun-metal reach, either in number or excellence, the standard looked for. Although, however, in a general way the judges were justified in expressing their disappointment, still, on the other hand, there were several cases in which the works exhibited were of the very highest quality. The first prizewinner, for instance, F. P. Munroe, of South Cottage, Thurley Park, Dulwich, exhibited a section of solid Dandy roller which struck us as being the *ne plus ultra* of delicacy, accuracy, and finish. The second prizewinner also showed wonderful exactitude and perfection of workmanship in his chronometer escapement. Nor must we omit mentioning the two boxes, chalice, and vase in Mexican onyx of the second prizewinner in stone. They were exquisite in every way. There were some cups and vases in Torquay serpentine which were also worthy of admiration for their design and finish. In wood turning there was much to admire besides the works we have mentioned. There was a flat Hebe-like oval dish in light wood of classic design which struck us as being remarkably beautiful; and our admiration was as frankly given to some special turning in candelabra for their delicacy, and to some hexagons, squares, and triangles for balustrades on account of their nicety and mathematical exactitude.

If all our London Companies would follow the example of the Turners, we should hear less than we do of merging the City in the Metropolis.

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MINOR TOPICS.

THE ARTIST HERKOMER receives one of the medals awarded at Munich: he is the only British painter on whom the honour has been conferred. We do not for a moment doubt his desert: we are quite sure the distinction is amply merited; but he was not the foremost and best of the British artists who competed, and it cannot be unjust to say that he owed his success mainly to his Bavarian descent. We do not believe the award to be altogether agreeable to the eminent and distinguished gentleman to whom it has been made, and are justified in stating our conviction that the arbitrators of destiny at Munich were not altogether guided by a sense of public duty. They cannot contemplate asking British painters to compete again.

SUMMERS, THE AUSTRALIAN SCULPTOR.—This very admirable artist, who died too young, upon whose career fame was but dawning when he left earth, is to receive honour in his own country. A bust of him is to be placed in the shire hall of Somerset, of which county he was a native. Fortunately he has found an appreciative friend, who loved him in life and honours him in death: Mr. P. A. Kinglake is also preparing a biography of the artist, to which we shall make due reference.

WE have before us another of the many reminders that Christmas is at hand—a collection of Christmas and New Year cards produced by Messrs. Goodall. Elegant and amusing they are, with all the variety that personations of the floral, insect, and animal kingdoms can supply. The only fault we can find with them is one that it is very difficult to remedy—viz. that like most other cards for the wintry season, they have no more application, as far as design and words apply, to Christmas than the dews of summer have to the snows of winter. Perhaps it is best so; the sight of glowing blossoms, radiant butterflies, and ladies in the scantiest of apparel tends to divert our minds from the cold, frost, snow, and east winds of reality, and in imagination we can inhabit a land of fairy orchids, ruby butterflies, giant grasshoppers, and all the supposed beauties of a tropical climate. Messrs. Goodall's playing cards are, as usual, charming in design and finish, and will keep up their character as the favourite cards of whist players. The firm has long been of established renown: if that renown is only sustained, much is accomplished.

MR. SULMAN has sent to us examples of his cards for Christmas and the New Year. They do not materially suffer in comparison with the season offerings of other producers or importers, for we presume Mr. Sulman is the latter. They are good specimens of Art—floral or figures—and certainly sustain the claim of all such productions to be considered Art teachers.

MRS. E. M. WARD, whose Art studio for ladies is at 6, William Street, Lowndes Square, will very soon commence her winter course of lessons on three days of each week. We have only to add to what we have already stated, that the project prospers; it was sure to do so: such an institution, as auxiliary to Art, was greatly needed. Her own advantages as a teacher are of a high order, and she receives the careful surveillance and personal aid of Frith, Millais, Horsley, Alma-Tadema, and other famous artists.

BUST OF THE LATE SIR ROWLAND HILL, K.C.B.—A highly satisfactory bust of this distinguished public benefactor has just been completed by Mr. Wm. Day Keyworth, jun. It has been modelled from the cast which the artist was permitted by the family to take after death, and from the success of the result there is little doubt he will be called upon to execute several copies in marble. Of the late venerable Archdeacon Musgrave, D.D., the same artist has just finished the model of a recumbent statue, to be executed in statuary marble and placed in the parish church, Halifax. The subscribers to this memorial have reason to be pleased with their choice of an artist; for, whether we regard the happy way in which he has caught the benign ex-

pression of the Reverend Doctor's face, the repose of the figure, or the treatment of the drapery, we cannot help regarding this as Mr. Day Keyworth's most successful effort in monumental statuary, and we say this with the full recollection of the recumbent figure of another eminent divine, which we noticed in laudatory terms last year.

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM HUNT AND SAMUEL PROUT.—We would remind our readers that, at the request of Mr. Ruskin, there will be held in the gallery of the Fine Art Society, during the winter months, an exhibition of the works of William Hunt and Samuel Prout. The aid of collectors possessing fine examples of finished works, sketches, or pencil drawings is solicited, and every care will be taken of such loans. Mr. Ruskin will contribute his own collection of Hunt and Prout's drawings, and will further enhance the value of such loan by writing a series of notes on the artists and their works.

THE LATE SAM. BOUGH, R.S.A.—The monument designed by Mr. W. Brodie, R.S.A., in memory of this eminent Scottish painter is a simple structure of grey New Galloway granite, bearing on one side a bronze relief of the late artist's head and bust, modelled by Mr. Brodie, and cast, it is stated, at Sir John Steele's foundry. It has been lately placed over the painter's grave in Dean Cemetery, Edinburgh. The committee, to whose energy we are indebted for the appropriate memorial of a distinguished painter, was presided over by Sir Daniel Macnee, P.R.S.A.

MR. R. CANTON, of Aldersgate Street, has issued a very excellent collection of Christmas cards; each has a good picture, well designed and drawn, and of more than ordinary worth as an example of chromolithography. Many of these may be classed with the best the season has produced. Most of them are floral in prevailing character—flowers in graceful and often emblematic groups; but such, although most numerous, are not the most prominent; resort has been had to figures, and these are from the studies of competent artists. There is a valuable as well as a large assemblage from which choice may be made, and those who select cannot often go wrong. Mr. Canton this year sustains, if he does not add to, the high reputation he has acquired by the production of these universally attractive reminders of Christmas and the New Year.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.—**MR. RIMMEL** again enters into competition with the best makers of England, and is by no means second best. His productions are in nearly all cases French—French in design and manufacture: they are, as will be expected, light, graceful, and effective, for the most part charmingly designed, and exhibiting thorough Art knowledge. This year the Almanac (a pretty and pleasant annual that is as yet without a rival) for 1879—80 gives us portraits of the great musical composers—chromos on gilt ground. There is also an almanac-grotesque, the cover of which is perhaps the best of it. But the Christmas gifts of Mr. Rimmel are by no means limited to Christmas cards. There are beautiful boxes, picturesque packages, imitation hampers, and so forth; a choice may be made out of a hundred, while the indispensable crackers are literally full of fun. Mr. Rimmel will be a valuable caterer in thousands of households when the year 1879 is closing in.

ON TUESDAY, September 16th, the picture painted by Mr. A. H. Fowler, of Ryde, representing the conveyance from Cowes to Newport of the last great charter granted to that borough, was formally presented to the town by Mr. Vivian Webber at the Guildhall, in presence of the Mayor, the members of the Corporation, and others interested in Art. The charter dealt with in the picture was granted in 1683, "when the country," said Mr. Webber in his speech on the occasion, "although only just recovered from the tremendous revolution in which King Charles I. had been beheaded, was on the eve of another revolution

which took place in the reign of James II., when he sacrificed everything for the Roman Catholic religion." Mr. Webber had given the Corporation three other pictures representing the various ships and yachts of the present day, as was stated in the speech returning thanks for the present gift. It would appear also, from what the Mayor said on the occasion, that an Art school has been established in Newport, the pupils of which have carried off many prizes at South Kensington. Last year Mr. V. Webber, who, we need not tell our readers, is an enthusiastic lover of Art, presented to Ventnor, Isle of Wight, a similarly characteristic painting, representing the grand naval review which the Queen held at Spithead in 1878.

MRS. BUTLER.—It is said that at the last meeting of the Royal Academy Mrs. Butler lost her election to the Association by only one vote. Next time we hope the Academy will honour themselves by unanimously honouring her.

SIR COUTTS LINDSAY, BART., has delivered an impressive address to the Art section of the Social Science Congress. It was a rambling discourse, with no special end in view, yet abounding in judicious remarks and sensible advice. Art is very largely indebted to the liberal and enterprising baronet; his work is only commencing, but it will continue. At present, perhaps, he finds himself in a thicket, out of which exit is not easy. He is, we feel sure, destined to do much for Art: with power derived from ample means, refined taste, and great love of the subject in all its bearings, it is fortunate that a patron—such he is in the broad, and not in the narrow, sense of the term—is found to study the true interests of Art with a view to advance them.

THOMAS MOORE.—A memorial window has been placed in the church at Bromham, Wilts, where the poet Moore, his widow, and two of his children are buried, close to the humble cottage,

Sloperton, where he had lived upwards of thirty years, and where he died in 1852. The window was obtained by the combined aid of 200 subscribers, brought together by S. C. Hall, with whom the project originated. The list is worthy the high purpose in view—to commemorate the genius and the virtues of a great poet who was also a good man, of whom Mr. Hall thus wrote:—"I regard Moore as the one of all the authors I have known who reflects the highest credit on the profession of letters—as the one of them all who was most perfect in the several relations of life—as husband, father, son, brother, friend. The list, headed by H.R.H. Prince Leopold, contains many names high in rank, in letters, in science and art; the several orders of society are duly represented. The project, therefore, is to be described as a thorough success. The window contains this inscription:—"This Window was placed in this Church by the combined subscriptions of 200 persons, who honour the Memory of "the Poet of all circles and the Idol of his own," THOMAS MOORE." It is the west window of the venerable church that has been filled: the east window is a memorial window to the estimable wife of the poet, placed there by her nephew, Charles Murray (recently dead), who considered it right that a "Companion" should be provided by the public: that duty the public has now discharged. It is an elaborate work—a work of the highest order—designed and executed by Mr. W. H. Constable, the eminent glass painter of Cambridge, who holds highest rank as an artist in that way. It has been produced by him without thought of gain; therefore, though costing a comparatively small sum, it may be compared with any production of the kind in the kingdom. The subject, which represents the Last Judgment, is addressed to all Christians: for among the subscribers are Roman Catholics and Nonconformists, as well as members of the Church of England. The window was "unveiled" by Mrs. S. C. Hall on Saturday, September 13th.

ART PUBLICATIONS.

THE portion of this thoroughly original work* which calls for notice in our columns consists in the illustrations, and in the eighth chapter, on Art and Science among the Israelites. The illustrations comprise four plates of Jewish coins, eight maps, and a plate of the alphabets used in the Holy Land, from the first monumental relics, dating about 877 B.C. The Aramaic, or Phœnician letters, the Samaritan letters, and the Ashuri, or sacred writing, in which alone it was lawful to transcribe the law, are shown side by side; and the dates of the varied Aramaic types are determined from monuments and coins.

The Jewish coins are represented as forming a series, with comparatively few breaks, from the time of Eliashib the high priest to the close of the reign of Agrippa II. An example of the first-named coin has previously been engraved by M. de Saulcy, with the remark that the legend is illegible. Mr. Conder has shown that the letters form the words "Eliashib the priest." They are arranged in an irregular boustrophedon mode, but are little, if any, more irregular than is the case with some later in the series. One of the coins of "Eleazar the priest" is remarkable as evincing the influence of the Greek spirit in Palestine, not only in the improved beauty of execution, but in the arrangement of the letters from left to right, in reverse of the usual Semitic order. The earliest coins bear Hebrew legends. Under the Maccabees the coins are bilingual, Hebrew on one side and Greek on the other. Under the Idumean reign Greek letters only are used on the coins.

Great interest will be excited by a plate showing the coins referred to by name in the Old and New Testaments, such as the golden "drams" of Nehemiah; the quarter shekel offered to Samuel by the servant of Saul; the "shekel of the sanc-

tuary;" the "Peter's penny," or coin found in the mouth of the fish; the dinarius, or "penny," bearing the "image and superscription" of Tiberius Cæsar; the assarion, or "farthing," for which two sparrows were sold; the "utmost farthing," a fourth of the assarion; and "the widow's mite." It is needless to remark what vivid illustration is afforded to the sacred text by this series of beautifully drawn coins.

The maps possess no less value and originality. There is a shaded map of the Holy Land, giving the results of exploration down to the present day. A map of ancient Jerusalem shows, for the first time, the actual contour of the live rock on which the city was built, which is now obscured by rubbish that in some places is more than seventy feet thick. The discovery of the original contour of the ground enables the engineer to settle most of the long-disputed questions as to the position of the sacred sites. These suggestions are indicated in red on the black map, so that there can be no confusion between the actual facts now brought before the world and the inferences of the authors.

One thoroughly new and interesting portion of the book is the map of Palestine before the exodus. The places marked are taken from the Egyptian records of the marches of Thothmes III. through Palestine, and the existence of Bible names at a period distinctly determined as previous to the invasion under Joshua will be read with great interest.

The chapter on Art and Science deals with the alphabet and language of the Hebrews; with their ideas of poetry and of music; with the musical instruments of the Temple, some of which are represented on the coins; with the vessels and silversmiths' work of the Temple; with the designs and execution of the coins, and with the purity of the metal of which they were composed. The fragmentary notices given by the great Hebrew and Arabic writers are illustrated by actual relics; and what has

* "A Handbook to the Bible. A Guide to the Study of the Holy Scriptures, derived from Ancient Monuments and Modern Exploration." By F. R. Conder and C. R. Conder, R.E. London: Longmans.

hitherto been vague and shadowy as to Jewish Art and science is now indicated with precision, on the authority of those chiefly concerned. The weights and measures of the Jews are elaborately explained.

AN ETCHING of Salisbury Cathedral has been published by McLean; it is a copy by Mr. J. M. Youngman from the famous picture, the property of the nation, and ranks among the most valuable of the works of John Constable. It was a good thought thus to bring so grand a painting within easy reach of those who can and do appreciate the highest order of Art. Mr. Youngman has done it well; he has given a valuable contribution to the portfolios of all Art lovers. The etching is thoroughly well done, with sufficient vigour, yet manifesting great delicacy and refinement.

MESSRS. MOXON, SON & CO. have supplied a valuable boon to a very large public by the issue of a series of "Gift Books," four in number, each containing nine engravings from the designs and drawings of Gustave Doré. It is a reissue, under circumstances that bring them within the reach of ordinary purchasers of illustrated books: * admirably printed and bound, each makes a folio volume of imposing size, for the engravings are not small, and are shown to advantage with a sufficiency of margin. They are not wood engravings, but engravings on steel, in nearly all cases from the burins of renowned British engravers. To examine these four books is a treat nowadays, when so much that is meretricious, prepared for only a season, comes to claim patronage when, perhaps, taste is less fastidious than it is at any other period of the year. The nine prints contained in each of these four graceful and goodly gift books are intended to live, and will live, among the best Art achievements of the century. Gustave Doré found favour in England from the first dawn of his genius; his popularity has increased, and beyond question he holds foremost rank among the Art favourites of this country—perhaps as thoroughly so as he does in France. Conclusive evidence of this is obtained by a visit to the Doré Gallery in New Bond Street; it is always crowded, though other Art exhibition-rooms may be empty. These very remarkable volumes cannot fail to be extensively circulated; the subject matter is universally interesting, for the time will never come when the names of King Arthur and Queen Guinevere fall on listless ears, and when that of Merlin is heard with indifference. These stories are the classics of Fairyland—just such as should be read by our firesides, where the Yule log is burning, and cheerful greetings go round among friends made happy as well as merry at Christmas-time.

"BUNCHY" is a book for young people, one of the annual issues of Messrs. Griffith and Farran, who lead other publishers, and go a long way before them, in productions of the class such as children desire, and ought to have—instructive without being over-didactic, and amusing without being trifling as to lessons and their results. There are not many books better than this before us; † the lady who writes it is a very close and familiar acquaintance of children; she knows all their ways, all their wants, all their needs; without preaching to them, she teaches them; and if her stories are sermons, the little ones will not know them to be so. That is, after all, the grand secret of writing for children; if medicine be administered, there is no good reason why it should not be disguised by something sweet. We hope Mrs. Phillips has little ones of her own, and

that she will be fortunate in their bringing up, for of a surety Providence has given them to one who knows well how to cater for their future. The book she has written is in all respects charming. "Bunchy," who tells her own tale, is a careful guide through the thickets and over the quicksands that imperil the voyage of life; she can not only help them onwards, but provide for them enjoyment as they go, and lead the way to happiness in the end. The book is one of the very best of the present or of any season.

WE place together two more of the valuable books of Messrs. Griffith and Farran, because both are stirring and exciting relations of adventure, fictions based on truth, descriptions of peculiar people and marvellous scenery, in combination with anecdotes and illustrations that impress both.* We care not to ask how much of the volumes is true, and how much has been added by fancy. They will be read with eager delight by all boys; and to boys we specially recommend them, although children of older growth may peruse them with almost as much pleasure. Yet, although they sometimes thrill and even pain nervous readers, their enjoyment, like that derived from written or acted tragedy, arises from a source that lies deep in all human hearts.

WE doubt if any of the Christmas books will, in beauty and interest, equal that which the eminent publishers, Ward and Lock, place upon our table.† It is a new edition of a most charming book—charming as to its literary contents, and charming as to its Art embellishments. There is no living artist to whom the task of illustrating the Sabbath could have been intrusted with greater confidence. The pictures of which he makes lessons are delicious bits of simple English scenery; each in some way commemorates the Sunday—a day on which it becomes a solemn duty to rest and be thankful, for the blessing of which so many good and gifted men and women have recorded thanks in imperishable verse. It is well that the artist should in his way echo the voices of the poets. The editor of this admirable gift book has done his part with great industry and ability. It would be hard to find a poem or a poetical passage on the subject that he has omitted from the collection. The series begins with "The Sabbath Sonnet," one of the very happiest (it was nearly the last) of the compositions of Felicia Hemans. Then follow about sixty poems on the deeply interesting topic, taken from all the leading poets, who have impressed in immortal verse the value of the Sabbath-day—a day to be "remembered." We have but to add to this brief notice that the book is beautifully "got up," and that its numerous illustrations are well and skilfully printed by Mr. E. Evans.

BETROTHALS and bridals! The subject is fertile, and might supply material for a very large volume. It is, however, treated within small space in a very pretty book,‡ by Mr. W. T. Marchant. Although a compilation—the information being obtained through several channels—it is skilfully put together, and cannot fail to interest all who marry, or expect to marry, and would fain know something of the holy state into which they desire to enter. It is said of young ladies' Prayer-books that the leaves which show most certain signs of use are those that easily open about the middle—the service that begins with "dearly beloved," and ends with "amazement." Well, it ought to be read often and carefully by those who contemplate a change on which must inevitably depend much of the happiness or misery of after-life. It will do no harm—nay, it may do much good—to candidates for matrimony to peruse these records that will tell them "all about it." It is by no means a sermon they will have to read, perhaps it is too much the opposite, although entirely free from a single passage that can cause inquietude. Knowledge is pleasantly conveyed, and the style is graceful and effective. There will be fewer books more welcome to any table, and that whether they induce thought of a past or hope of a future.

* The Doré Series of Gift Books, each containing Nine Steel Engravings from Drawings by Gustave Doré:—

1. "Guinevere"—The Story of King Arthur and Queen Guinevere. From the traditions of the Mythical Period of British History, Welsh, Breton, Norman, and Italian Chroniclers and Romancists, and later Ballad and Idyllic Poetry. With Nine Illustrations by Gustave Doré.

2. "Vivien"—The Story of Merlin, the Enchanter, and Vivien, as related by the old British and Breton Chroniclers, and in later Poetry. With Nine Illustrations by Gustave Doré.

3. "Enid"—The Story of Enid and Geraint. From the old Welsh, French, German, and Scandinavian Legends. With Nine Illustrations by Gustave Doré.

4. "Elaine"—The Story of Elaine. From the Arthurian Legends collected by Sir Thomas Malory, and later Writers. With Nine Illustrations by Gustave Doré.

Published by Moxon & Co., London.

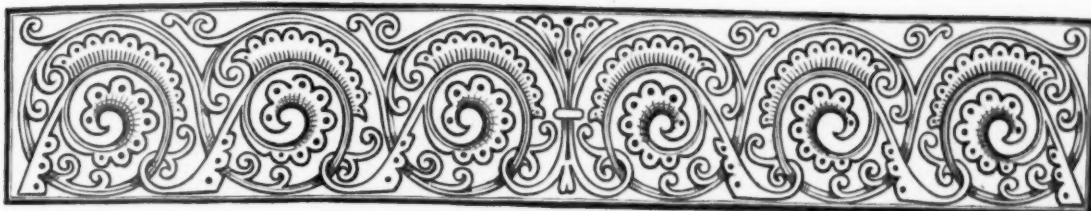
• "Bunchy; or the Children of Scarsbrook Farm." By E. C. Phillips; with Illustrations by A. Johnson. Publishers: Griffith and Farran.

* "Travel, War, and Shipwreck." By Parker Gilmore. Griffith and Farran.

† "The Men of the Backwoods." By Ascot R. Hope. Publishers: Griffith and Farran.

‡ "Sabbath Bells, chimed by the Poets." Illustrated by Birket Foster, and printed in colours by Mr. Edmund Evans. Publishers: Ward, Lock & Co.

• "Betrothals and Bridals: with a Chat about Wedding Cakes and Wedding Customs." By W. T. Marchant. Published by W. Hill and Son, London.



THE LAND OF EGYPT.*

BY EDWARD THOMAS ROGERS, ESQ., LATE H.M. CONSUL AT CAIRO, AND HIS SISTER, MARY ELIZA ROGERS.

THE DRAWINGS BY GEORGE L. SEYMOUR.

CHAPTER XII.



A Jew's House.

VERY large proportion of the lower classes of the population of Egypt, including tradesmen, artisans, water carriers, and agriculturists, belong to one or other of the many orders of dervishes. Of these there are very many who only occasionally assist in the rites and ceremonies of their respective orders, while others have no occupations except the performance of *zikrs* at the festivals of saints and at private entertainments, and chanting in funeral processions.

Each sect or order of dervishes is presided over by a chief, who is supposed to have inherited, in a direct line from the founder of the order, through his predecessors, a special gift or secret charm, enabling him to heal, or rather to protect from harm, any member of the

fraternity who voluntarily submits to certain ordeals, more or less severe, during their special services.

The religious exercises of the dervishes chiefly consist in the performance of *zikrs*. Sitting or standing in the form of a semicircle or an oblong ring, or in two rows facing each other,

they exclaim or chant, "Lá ilaha illa-lláh!" (There is no deity but God); or they repeat the name of God, "Allah! Allah! Allah!" over and over again with a deep loud utterance in the throat or chest, and a quick drawing in of the breath afterwards, which it is almost impossible to describe. These ejaculations are accompanied by regular movements of the head from side to side, or a swaying of the whole body, and sometimes even by jumping and by contortions more or less violent. From long habit they are able to continue these exercises for a surprising length of time without intermission. They are often accompanied, at intervals, by one or more players upon a kind of flute called a *náy*, or a double reed-pipe, and by persons singing religious odes, in order to renew the energy of the devotees when they have become almost exhausted.

The object of these violent religious exercises seems to be to



Woman wearing a Burka, or Veil.—(See p. 212 ante.)

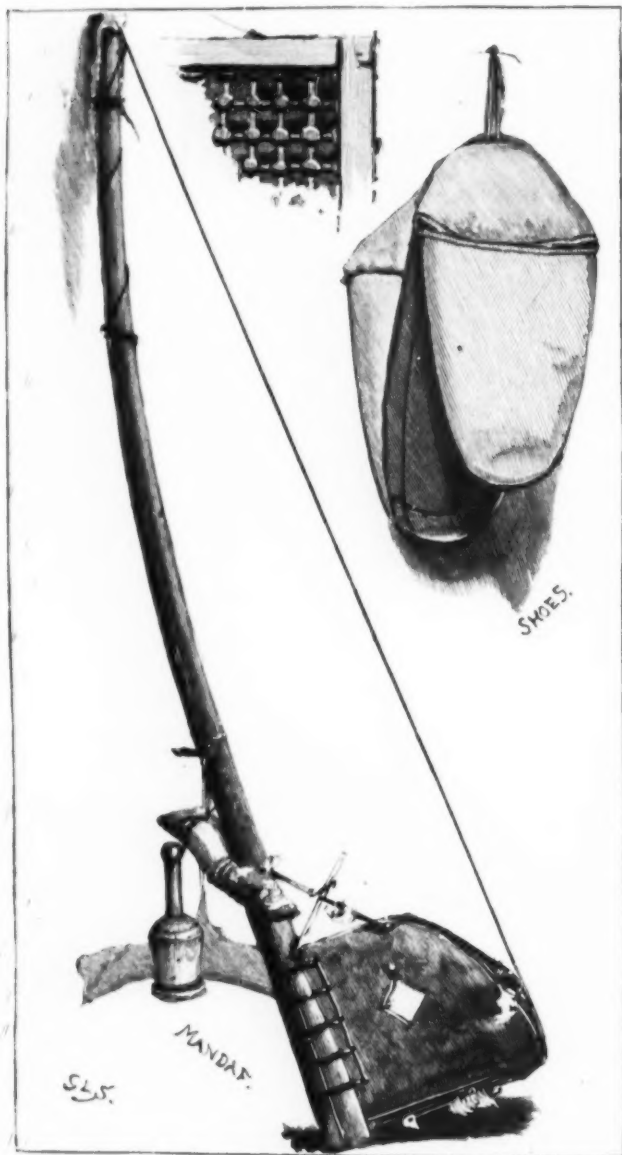
produce a giddiness which amounts to abstraction from the world of thought, in the belief that while under this peculiar influence the intelligence is elevated to the presence of the Creator; and the importance apparently attached to the drawing in of the breath after each utterance of the name of God is suggestive of the idea of the "Divine afflatus."

One sect, the Mawlawis, of Persian origin, attain a state of ecstasy by twirling round and round for many minutes at a time in a sort of waltzing step, and when they stop they stand quiet at once, without appearing giddy, but thoroughly absorbed. It is said that the founder of this sect, Mawla Jelal ed-din er Rumi,

* Continued from page 232.

of Balkh, in Persia, who flourished about A.D. 1208, twirled in this manner for thirty-six hours.

They are commonly called dancing dervishes by Europeans, and they perform their peculiar *zikr* in the Mosque el-Akbar every Friday, from two to three o'clock in the afternoon. Visitors may, without special permission, enter the mosque, and take their seats outside a railing which encloses a circular



A Pair of Slippers and a Munda, a kind of Bow used for separating Cotton.

space of about twenty feet in diameter. At the appointed hour the sheikh, with slow measured tread, comes forward, followed by a dervish, and takes his seat on a carpet opposite the entrance to the enclosure. The other dervishes enter the circle in order of their ages, all wearing conical felt hats and long gowns. They walk solemnly up to their superior, kiss the hem of his robe, and take up their position to his left. In the meantime, from the galleries, a weird kind of music is heard, consisting of a single prolonged note of a stringed instrument, accompanied by a flute and a human voice, while time is beaten, with varying rapidity, by a tambourine. The singer recites a hymn expressing the most ardent love of God. Then the dervishes walk in procession three times round the circle, headed by the sheikh. The sheikh resumes his seat, and with closed eyes and a deep intonation murmurs a prayer, the word "Allah" alone being audible. When the prayer is concluded the dervishes throw off their outer garments, the under dress being a tightly fitting vest

and a very full, light-coloured skirt, or kilt, reaching to the ankles. After bowing before the sheikh they begin to move slowly in a circle noiselessly, with closed eyes and outstretched arms, the palm of one hand being turned upwards and the other downwards, and their heads either thrown back or leaning on one side. They turn on the left foot, propelling themselves by touching the waxed floor from time to time with the right. They make about forty or fifty, and even sixty gyrations in a minute. During the dance the beat of the tambourine gradually accelerates, the skirts of the dancers become fully extended, and the tones of the flute grow louder, until a signal is given by the sheikh, and suddenly there is silence, and the dancers as suddenly stop, crossing their arms over their chests. The dance is performed three times by all except the superior. The latter, however, walks several times noiselessly through the midst of the dancers, who, although their eyes are closed, avoid contact with him and with each other. This *zikr* generally occupies one hour. A backshish of one or two piastres is expected from visitors at the conclusion of the ceremony.

The members of some orders pride themselves on their long hair, and perform their *zikr* standing and without their turbans; they bend forward very low, and allow their hair to sweep the ground, and in rising they toss it back over their shoulders. The physical exercise is so violent, and the deep groan with which the name of "Allah!" is uttered after each backward and forward motion of the body is so fatiguing, that some of the dervishes, after almost every performance, fall down in epileptic fits, perfectly rigid and foaming at the mouth, the rest of them being more or less in a state of giddy unconsciousness or of wild frenzy.

When worked up to this pitch of enthusiasm they are prepared to torture themselves, or to be tortured by others; they stick



A Dragoman.

skewers through their cheeks and other parts of their bodies; they force spikes into their flesh, and cut themselves with battle-axes, reminding us of those wild worshippers of old of whom it is written, "They called on the name of Baal from morning even until noon; and they cried aloud and cut themselves, after their manner, with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them."

Many other degrading and revolting performances are practised by the dervishes, a large proportion of which are merely feats of jugglery, whilst others are severe ordeals.

A man of the Hantûsh sect, for instance, will throw a cannon ball into the air and allow it to fall with a terrible thud on his bare shaven head, thereby producing a wound and an immediate flow of blood streaming down his face and neck. He then approaches his sheikh, who passes his hand once over the wound and dismisses him, apparently restored by the magic touch.

Some of the Rifây'a dervishes lie on the ground, whilst their companions place swords deep in their flesh. The sheikh of the order, supported by his attendants, then walks over them, pressing his feet on the swords as he passes.

On the anniversary of the "Mawled un Nebi," the birthday of the Prophet, which is the most important festival of the Mohammedan calendar, the sheikh of the Saadiyeh dervishes rides on horseback over the prostrate bodies of several hundreds of devotees. This ceremony, which is called the "Doseh," takes place on the eleventh day of the month of Rabi' al Awwal, which in this year, 1879, corresponded with March 4th, when it was, as usual, performed with enthusiasm in the large open space of ground near to the road from Cairo to Boulac, in the presence of fifty or sixty thousand people, including the late Khedive, his sons, his ministers, various members of the Government, assembled in magnificent tents pitched for their reception, and also by a large concourse of Mohammedan ladies,



An elaborate Verandah Meshrebiyyeh, with a slanting wooden screen before the lattice-work, to conceal the occupants of the window-seat from opposite neighbours and passers-by.

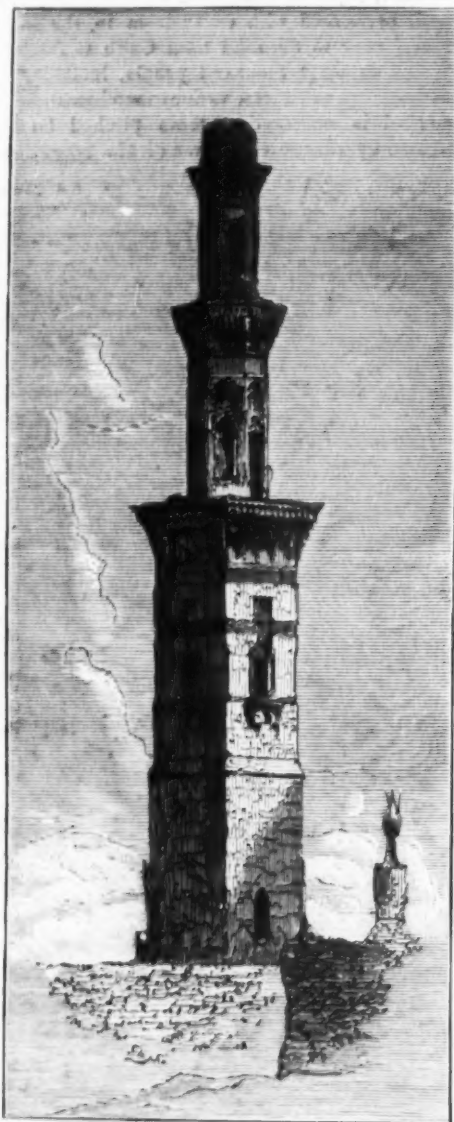
members of the Khedive's and other families, who remained in their closed carriages, drawn up in lines three or four deep opposite the tents. The other portion of the ground was occupied with the tents and the booths of the people like an ordinary fair.

The dervishes, having been worked up into a state of religious enthusiasm at the various mosques and hospices, are brought to the appointed place, preceded by banners, immediately after noonday prayers. They lie down side by side in a long row on their faces, many of them being apparently entirely unconscious, some fainting with the noonday heat, but all muttering, "Allah! Allah! Allah!" without intermission.

When the long lane, lined with eager spectators, and paved with the living bodies of three or four hundred enthusiasts, is

formed in due order, the sheikh approaches, riding on a white horse preceded by men bearing banners. When this procession arrives at the commencement of the row of bodies, it stops suddenly, and the "Fatihah"—that is, the first chapter of the Koran—is recited. The horse is always evidently very unwilling to place his foot on the first of the prostrate figures, but, on being led by two men and forced by others from behind, he is induced to begin the ceremony, whilst the sheikh, supported in the saddle by a man on each side, sways about apparently in a state of abstraction. The spectators immediately give vent to their excitement by a prolonged cry of "Allah-la-la-la-lah!" The procession goes on slowly from one end of this living lane to the other, all walking on the prostrate dervishes, who are so closely

packed together as to prevent the horse's hoofs from slipping in between them. Each man receives two treads from the horse, one from one of his fore legs, and a second from the hind leg, while the attendants often cannot help treading on the heads and feet of the men; yet each one, directly the procession has passed over him, jumps up and follows the sheikh, with the



Mosque of a Tomb at Cairo.

people pressing from behind, or he is dragged from the ground and carried away by his friends. Thus the long lane is by degrees broken up, and it is almost impossible to ascertain if any of the devotees have been seriously hurt. It is not unusual,

however, to see them seized with epileptic fits after the ceremony, and this is not regarded by them as a calamity, but rather as a mark of close communion with God.

It is said that persons who have properly prepared themselves for the ordeal, by repeating certain prayers and invocations, are never injured by it, but that those who have ventured to undergo it in an unprepared state have been severely hurt, or even killed.

The origin of the "Doseh," which signifies "treading" or "trampling," is ascribed to the immediate successor of the founder of the Order of Saadiyeh, who possessed the power of riding over glass bottles, eggs, and other fragile objects without breaking them. His successors, the inheritors of his so-called miraculous gift, have for about a century thus annually ridden over the devotees of the order.

These practices of the dervishes are condemned by the orthodox Mohammedans, and cannot fairly be said to have arisen from Mohammedanism. On the occasion of the performance of the "Doseh" in 1878 a Mohammedan gentleman expressed his opinion of it thus:—"It is iniquitous that this sheikh should be allowed to trample on human beings. God said in his holy book, 'Verily, we have honoured man above all other creatures,' and this sheikh debases man by causing his horse to trample upon him." This being the opinion of the majority of the most thoughtful and most religious portion of the population of Cairo, it is remarkable that such performances should be not only tolerated, but countenanced.

The devotees, in their credulous infatuation, are induced to do anything that their sheikh may direct them to do; indeed, they vie with each other in the severity of the ordeals.

The sheikhs assume and maintain an air of sanctity and of supernatural power, and possibly they may be sometimes led to have faith in themselves.

The rest of the population, from the lowest to the highest, imbued with superstition from infancy, believe in the miraculous pretensions of these men, and even while they condemn such practices as the "Doseh" in private conversation, they personally revere the sheikh, kiss his hand, and have more faith in the potency of his written talisman for the cure of a disease or the averting of evil than in the prescription of the most skilled physician, or the adoption of the most ordinary precautions.

It is highly probable that, by means of the implicit faith and confidence they inspire, the sheikhs of the various orders of dervishes may frequently have been the means of curing disorders of the nervous system and maladies depending on the state of the mind, and that they have thus been enabled to maintain their supremacy. Dervishes of the order called Khalwetees distinguish themselves by occasional seclusion, and take their name from "Khalweh," a cell. Sometimes a Khalwetee will enter a solitary cell and remain in it for forty days and forty nights, fasting from daybreak to sunset during the whole time.

On the occasion of the feast day of the sheikh Ed-Demirdashee a number of these dervishes visit his sepulchral tomb at the north of Cairo, and confine themselves, each in a separate cell, remaining there during three days and three nights, eating only a little rice, and drinking a cup of sherbet in the evening. Their special forms of prayer are not imparted to the uninitiated.

A MOORISH CHIEF.

J. E. MILLAIS, R.A., Painter.

C. GOODEVE, Engraver.

THIS study of a 'Moorish Chief,' by J. E. Millais, R.A., is in his third and latest manner. When, at seventeen years of age, he won the gold medal at the Royal Academy, his inspiration, if we may judge of his 'Rape of the Sabines,' now in the Munich International Art Exhibition, came from the works of Etty, both as to colour and form. A few years afterwards he adopted the practice of some earnest young students who made minute elaboration and detail a *sine qua non* in all they did, thus sacrificing to parts that thought and consideration which

should have been given to the whole, and became the acknowledged high priest of this so-called pre-Raphaelite brotherhood. After many years of this most painstaking and laborious work, he fell under the personal influence of John Phillip, of Spain; and the first picture which gave a suggestion of a coming change in his method was that of 'The Romans leaving Britain.' On Mr. Phillip's death he abandoned his former manipulation, and successfully addressed himself to the broader and more vigorous practice of that great colourist and character painter.



DE MULLAIS R A FINXT

F. W. GIVE SCULPT

A. MESSIAH COPIED

THEY SAY THAT THE MESSIAH IS COMING AND THAT HE WILL BRING PEACE AND HAPPINESS TO ALL

THEY SAY THAT THE MESSIAH IS COMING



NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL ART EXHIBITION AT MUNICH.

SECOND NOTICE.

TURNING to the foreign sections of the Munich Exhibition, which occupy the right-hand half of the building, the impartial visitor is very soon struck with the magnificent appearance made by France. Indeed, Munich artists themselves acknowledge the surpassing excellence of the French section, and eagerly account for it by saying that the French authorities, in order to make thus brave a show, and produce pictures of the necessary importance and merit, had to ransack the municipal halls of France, and send to the German Exhibition whatever canvases could be spared from the walls of Government reception-rooms and other public places.

In this assertion German enthusiasm, or rather jealousy, goes a little beyond the mark. It is true the authorities of the "Administration of the Fine Arts" in France have chosen pictures from public collections, and that the words "App. au Gouvernement Français" occur repeatedly in the catalogue; but mostly all the pictures thus chosen have been produced within the last two or three years, and may be regarded as fairly illustrating the present state of Art in France.

The grand mural triptych, for example, of 'St. Cuthbert' (52), by E. A. Duez, of Paris, was exhibited in this year's *Salon*: so also were the 'Entombed Jesus' (78), by Jean Jacques Henner, now belonging to the Lyons Museum; the 'Birth of Venus' (9), by W. A. Bouguereau, also bought by the French Government; the powerful portrait of 'Victor Hugo' (8), by Léon Bonnat, reproductions of which, in black and white, are to be seen in almost every print shop in Europe; Aimé Perret's very touching picture of the procession of the 'Holy Viaticum' (127), which, like the 'Birth of Venus,' has been purchased by the Government; the 'Extatique' (118), stretched upon the cross in the midst of a too credulous throng, and 'Blanche of Castille, Queen of France' (117), surnamed 'L'Amour des Pauvres,' both by Moreau de Tours; and the 'Deliverance of those immured by the Inquisition at Carcassonne in 1303' (98), by Jean Paul Laurens, are among the most important pictures of the French department. It is true that, with one or two exceptions, they all belong to the Government, but only since the opening of this year's *Salon*; for every one of them was exhibited on its walls.

Turning now, on the other hand, to ascertain who are the owners of the more notable pictures in the German half of the Exhibition, we find such expressions as "Eigenthum der K. National Gallerie in Berlin," "Eigenthum des Museums in Breslau," "in Königsberg," "Eigenthum d. Cölner Museums," and the like, occurring again and again in the catalogue; and we have no hesitation in coming to the conclusion that each nationality has done its best, and that in the competition France has deservedly borne away the laurels. We must not forget, however, that Piloty is only represented in the section pertaining to "water colours and drawings," and that his great pupil, Makart, is absent altogether.

As in my notices last year of the great International Exhibition of Paris I described with an approximation to fulness the characteristics of the leading masters of the French school, it is scarcely necessary, now that we meet them again, to recapitulate former remarks.

It ought to be mentioned, however, that the Germans appear to have done their best to conciliate their late foes by erecting in their section a handsome octagon room, richly decorated with statues and vases, and having a single-jetted fountain in the centre. With the exception of the centre vestibule and reception hall, described in a former article, this is the only architectural feature in the Exhibition. On its walls will be found some of the most important pictures belonging to the French section: James Bertrand's 'Acis and Galatæa,' for example, remarkable not only for its clever painting, but for its quaint and original treatment. The lovers—two young creatures—who

cling together under a rocky wall, and look up like frightened children at the horrid head of the Cyclops, as if they had been caught stealing apples, are delightfully tender in treatment; and, as we watch Polyphemus laying his hand on an ugly piece of rock, we feel that the fears of the young people are by no means groundless. There is in this canvas a blending of the nursery and the academy, of the realistic and the ideal, which is at once curious and captivating. It was first exhibited in this year's *Salon*. Another *Salon* picture of mark is Léon Lhermitte's 'Le Pardon du Ploumanac'h,' in which we see some white-capped peasant women walking in procession along the seashore of Finistère, preceded by persons bearing a cross and two lighted candles. Four of the women bear on their shoulders a wooden platform, on which is placed a sculptured *Pieta*. The scene is characteristic of the country, and is rendered with much *vraisemblance*.

More realistic still, however, in its treatment, and more startling in its subject, is Olivier Merson's 'Wolf of Agubbio,' which was exhibited in last year's *Salon*. Those familiar with the legends of the church will remember that once on a time a certain town was kept in a state of perpetual terror by a ferocious wolf, which, whenever occasion offered, spared neither men nor cattle. The good St. Francis of Assisi met him one day, and, by a word in season, converted the beast, which ever afterwards was most exemplary in his behaviour. The episode the artist has chosen to depict belongs to the converted period of his life, and we see the wolf, with lots of good-conduct medals round his neck, receiving, one winter's day, bitter enough, as we may observe, to freeze the waters of the town fountain, a piece of meat at the hands of a butcher standing in his shop door. The citizens of the place look on with interest mixed with admiration, for they know that the gaunt-looking beast is a Christian and a brother. There is nothing grotesque in the rendering of this, and if the incident ever happened—and it is quite possible—we feel assured that it must have happened in this wise.

Two very naturalistic and powerfully painted pictures, in both of which the figures are life size, are Paul de la Boulaye's row of women listening to a sermon, and G. Haquette's 'Chez le Garde,' in which an old man offers an unwilling but laughing boy a tumbler of wine. Powerful also in brushwork, and perfect in chiaroscuro, is the picture of two codfish lying on a board, by A. Vollon; and in the strong, dark, Neapolitan manner of the post-Raphael period, of which Spagnoletto was a notable exponent, we could scarcely have a finer example than T. Ribot's two monks washing devoutly the wounds of the martyred St. Sebastian.

Turning to another school, which affects greater smoothness of finish, but scarcely at the expense of force, we would point to Charles Landell's 'Angel weeping by the Thorn-crowned Cross,' and to Jules Joseph Lefebvre's magnificent embodiment of 'Truth' holding aloft in her hand the enlightening torch, and to his no less lovely 'Huntress Diana.'

There are three fine examples of Jules Dupré, two of them landscapes and one a marine subject, in all of which his impetuous brush conveys at once fact and thought. Nor must honourable mention be denied the very remarkable landscape of Hector Hanoteau, representing a dead sedgy pool, the haunt of innumerable green frogs, overshadowed by lofty green trees, through the branches of which a lovely glimpse of a distant hayfield is caught. The picture belongs to the Luxembourg. Another remarkable landscape is Léon Pelouse's 'Rosy Sunset.' Behind snow-covered cottages and trees. The grey quality of the evening snow is most truthfully given. In contrast to this we would point to the bright green, but withal rather spotty landscape, showing the 'Valley of Aumance,' by Henry Harland; and to the serene beauty displayed by A. Segé in his pignies; and to the golden with blooming furze and sunshine. Then Jules

Didier has a procession of yoked cattle ascending a rising ground, beyond which there is a sweet, cloudless, grey evening sky—a picture worthy of Troyon. Rosa Bonheur has a picture of 'Ploughing,' which is in every way worthy of her reputation. A. Hagborg's canvas, showing shrimpers on the sands, with a nice grey sky in the Belgian manner, is rather too large for his theme, although painted with great knowledge and mastery. In choice of subject, or perhaps rather in treatment—for there is a certain similarity between them—many will, no doubt, prefer F. Feyen-Perrin's procession of pretty fisher-girls coming from the oyster grounds.

Henriette Browne sends a very pleasing picture called 'Bâton de Vieillesse,' showing a bright young girl, life size, in a lemon dress and broad white bonnet, leading with filial care her grandmother, who is attired in black lace, and leans on her staff; and H. P. Delanoy shows what can be made of objects of so-called still life when treated by a master. 'Chez Don Quichotte' represents a collection of antique objects, such as shields and armour of all kinds, with gorgeously illuminated tomes, but all so finely grouped and so richly painted that one forgets he is looking at a collection of *bric-à-brac*.

In flower painting we have two brilliant examples by Dussurgey Chabal and George Jeannin. The former shows a great rose-tree growing up most luxuriantly by an architectural gateway, and the other a truck-load of all kinds of beautiful flowers. To the names already mentioned might be added many more of high renown, such as Cabanel, Hébert, Rousseau, Corot, Robert-Fleury, Isaby, Daubigny; but enough has been said to show the high character and quality of the French section. At the same time we cannot close our remarks on the French section without according our hearty admiration of two historic works which bespeak for their young authors the highest renown in their profession. The one is by Lucien Mélingue, and represents Stephen Marcel, the provost of the merchants, hastily exchanging bonnets with the Dauphin Charles during the disturbances of 1358, by which the life of the latter was saved; and the other is by A. N. Morot, who was a pupil of Cabanel, and carried off the *Grand Prix de Rome* in 1873. His picture, which is fine both in composition and colour, represents a fiery episode in Thierry's "History of the Gauls." After the defeat of the Ambrons by the Romans, the women of the tribe defended the camp so effectually against the cavalry, and attacked them with such dauntless bravery, that the Romans were fain to retreat. The artist has seized the most ferocious moment of the Amazonian onslaught, and has rendered it in a spirit in every way worthy of so heroic an occasion.

Turning to the Belgian school, which forms the next most important section of the Exhibition, we find many familiar names, and not a few pictures, whose acquaintance we made in last year's French Exhibition. Jan Verhas, for example, is represented by a very clever portrait picture of two children in a garden of asters; G. Van Luppen by one of his fine landscapes, showing some cattle coming round the rocky corner of a wood in autumn; F. R. Unteberger by a splendid moonlit scene on the coast of Norway, with wreckers busy plundering a beached ship; not to mention important works by the two De Vriendts, J. Stallaert, Schampheleer, P. J. Gabriel, the incomparable De Haas, and, above all, Charles Hermans, whose workman and family contemplating with pity and surprise, as they go to their early labour, the pitiable exit from the den of their carousal of a tipsy youth and his two flaunting companions will be in the memory of all who saw this wonderfully realistic picture when exhibited in London two or three seasons ago.

The glory of the Dutch school is fully maintained by the two Mesdags, the more famous of the two, H. W. Mesdag, sending, among others, the two remarkable sea-pieces which received our highest praise when they adorned last year the walls of the Paris International Exhibition, representing, the one the setting out of the lifeboat to rescue the crew of the English ship *Hope-veningen*, and the other the triumphant return of the saviours and the saved. The bustle and anxiety of the crowd, the relentless aspect of the sea, the local truth as to the beach and

its belongings, are, in both pictures, rendered with a mastery that is scarcely to be equalled by any other marine picture in the whole Exhibition. Next in importance to Mesdag is undoubtedly J. Maris, also of the Haag, who paints sea-pieces much in the same manner, but with scarcely the same freedom of brush. At the same time his 'Seashore,' with fishing-smacks on the sands, and a grand grey sea rolling beyond, is a work of rare merit. There are many other notable Dutch artists besides those named, but the German catalogue is in such a miserably incomplete state that it is impossible to reconcile it with our own notes, and feel anything like confidence as to the accuracy of the names introduced.

Our remarks on the British section need not take up much space, for the works exhibited, though of a very high order, are sadly few in number. This arises from the fact that the German authorities did not think fit to place the collecting of British works in the hands of a regular London Art agent. The firm in the City who had the administration of their affairs is of the highest commercial position, but their influence in the London Art world is absolutely nil. The natural consequence of this was that the British school was confined to about half-a-dozen artists. Considering what a brave show the British section made at the International Exhibition of Paris last year, this is a melancholy falling off.

Sir Frederick Leighton's lovely 'Mignon,' in pale green robe and white dress, leaning thoughtfully against a wall, is a fine example of the English Academy President's ineffably tender manner; while his portrait of 'Captain Burton' shows what amount of vigour he can throw on a canvas when his sitter is of the manly and heroic stamp. The bold defiant brushwork of J. E. Millais, R.A., is well illustrated by his portrait of Madame H. L. Bischoffsheim; and what he could do when a lad in his teens is shown by his gold-medal picture of the 'Rape of the Sabines.' G. F. Watts, R.A., is represented by his powerful portrait of 'Robert Browning;' and Alma-Tadema, R.A., by his 'Sculptor's Model,' and by three of his small *genre*-like works, which prove how intimate he is with the habits and customs of antique Rome. F. Goodall, R.A., has a small replica of his famous picture of 'The Finding of Moses;' and Philip Calderon, R.A., has a work no less famous, viz. 'The Burial of the Patriot Hampden.' The manly ability of Marcus Stone, A.R.A., is vouched for by his 'Return of the French Conscript' to the welcome bosom of his wife and family—a picture with which German artists have been greatly pleased. Hubert Herkomer, A.R.A., appears only in the water-colour section, with a few of his fine Bavarian drawings, and his noble life-sized portrait of 'Richard Wagner.' This is the only member of the Royal Academy who has received a medal at the Munich Exhibition.

Such is the appearance which the British school makes. So far as they go, our readers will see that the works, as we have said, are of the highest class, but most inadequate as to numbers. On the opposite wall to that on which hang most of the English pictures will be found a noble historic work, largely and broadly treated, by F. Pradilla, of Rome, showing the crazed Johanna standing by the coffin of her husband Philip, which the weary bearers have placed on the ground to rest, while the wind blows back the flame of the burning candles, and her courtiers look fatigued and harassed.

Hungary is mainly represented by J. Munkácsy's remarkable picture of 'Milton dictating Paradise Lost' to his daughters; but the great representative of Austrian Art is absent: we refer to H. Makart, of Vienna. His famous picture, however, of 'Charles V. entering Antwerp' will, in all probability, be shown in London next season by the well-known Munich house of Fleischmann. Russia supports her claim to Western culture by two of Siemiradski's fine works, which appeared in last year's French Exhibition, viz. 'The Goblet or the Lady,' and 'The Mendicant Seaman.' As we described all these pictures in our notice of last year's French Exhibition, it is needless to go over them again. Our conclusion is that, so far as German, Belgian, Dutch, and especially French Art is concerned, the Exhibition is a decided success.

J. FORBES-ROBERTSON.

OBITUARY.

PAUL FALCONER POOLE, R.A.

THIS truly eminent and original artist died on the 22nd September, at his house, Uplands, Hampstead, aged seventy-three years, having been born in Bristol in 1806. Without any Academic training or educational advantages, by cultivating assiduously his native instincts, which were of a tender and high poetic order, he was very soon able to assert himself in the realms of Art. With a strong conviction of the powers within him, he came to London while still under thirty years of age. In the meantime he had contributed to the Royal Academy, in 1830, 'The Wells, a Scene at Naples;' but it was not till 1837 that his next picture, 'Farewell! Farewell!' appeared on its walls. After this he was almost a constant contributor both to the Academy and the late British Institution.

'The Emigrant's Departure' (1838), 'The Recruit' (1839), 'Herman and Dorothea' (1840), 'By the Waters of Babylon' (1841), will be remembered by many, the last especially revealing to the observant public the fine poetic imagination of the young painter. In 1842 he exhibited 'Margaret at the Spinning-wheel' and 'The Tired Pilgrims.' What, however, attracted all eyes to his high merits was his Academy picture of 1843, representing 'Solomon Eagle calling the People of London to Repentance during the Great Plague.' The same year he produced for the Cartoon Exhibition 'The Death of King Lear,' a very vigorous design. After this his works were looked for eagerly on the walls of the Academy, and he followed up these successes by producing, in 1844, the wonderfully impressive picture of 'The Moors besieged by the Spaniards in Valencia.'

In 1846, when 'The Surrender of Lyon House' was exhibited, Mr. Poole was elected to the minor honours of the Academy; in 1855 he received a medal of the third class for his three pictures sent to the Paris Universal Exposition; and in 1861 he was made full Academician. From that time till his death he was a steady contributor to most of the London exhibitions; and in his pictures of this year's Academy, 'May Day' and 'Imogen before the Cave of Belarius,' the twin impulses of his life assert themselves vividly. The earlier of the two was unquestionably towards the idyllic in subject, and its character is expressed in his 'May Day.' As he grew more familiar with the *technique* of his art he soon revealed his passion for the dramatic, which found its first emphatic outcome in 'Solomon Eagle,' and its last in 'Imogen before the Cave of Belarius.' 'The Goths in Italy,' 'The Messengers announcing to Job the Irruption of the Sabeans,' and 'The Escape of Glaucus and Ione' are also among his dramatic triumphs.

His idyllic pictures are numberless; and in this respect he was in oil what the late Mr. Topham was in water colours—that is, he was always sweet, simple, and tender. To the idyllic and dramatic faculty he added a fine poetic imagination, which found special expression in such pictures as 'Autumn' and 'The Dragon's Cavern.' Such landscapes were almost independent of figures, and owed their effect to the suggestiveness of their colour and the mystery of their chiaroscuro. It is on these qualities that Mr. Poole's fame, we believe, will ultimately rest. To Academic accuracy in his figures he never pretended, for, in the strict sense, he had had no Academic training; but the dramatic instinct was strong within him, and in suggestiveness and in imagination he stood quite alone. The key-note of his colouring was a tawny gold, so cunningly leading into darkness or leaping up to light that his chiaroscuro had a fascination peculiarly his own.

In person Mr. Poole was a tall, spare, elegantly built man, unassuming in his manners, and without a vestige of pretension. Among his friends he was remarkably genial, and as ready to receive as to impart personal experiences as to the ups and downs of life and the changes going on around him. He used

to resent in a humorous way the rapid advance of London brick and mortar, and asserted that a man wishing for quiet would have to flee presently to unutterable ends of creation. He thought he was safe when, some years ago, he built for himself a handsome house in the then comparatively remote suburb of Haverstock Hill; but the advancing tide compelled him to betake himself to the Uplands of Hampstead, and there, as we have said, the poet painter died. We hope the Academy at an early date will make a separate exhibition of his works. Many of Mr. Poole's pictures have appeared in the pages of the *Art Journal*, and his exhibited works always received appreciation at our hands.

M. E. E. VIOLLET-LE-DUC.

The greatest modern writer upon architecture, either in France or in any other country, Eugène Emmanuel Viollet-le-Duc, Commander of the Legion of Honour, and Professor of the History of Art in the École des Beaux Arts, died on the 17th September. In respect of the Gothic buildings of his native country he was the Sir Gilbert Scott of France, only his reputation was much wider, and his abilities on the whole—especially as an expounder of the theory and principles of architecture—were of a higher order than could be claimed by his British compeer. He was at once an architect and an engineer, an archaeologist and an artist, and on all these subjects his writings are held throughout the world as authoritative text-books.

M. Viollet-le-Duc was born in Paris, January 27th, 1814, and after his preliminary educational course became a pupil of Leclerc, the most eminent architect of his time. After acquiring with him a practical mastery over the technical details of his profession, he proceeded to Rome, and ultimately devoted himself to mediæval Art, showing by the publication of his famous "Dictionary of Architecture" how thoroughly he had mastered its every detail, both decorative and structural. The ten volumes embodying this splendid monument of his intellectual activity appeared between 1854 and 1868, and we should not imagine that there is a single architect of any pretensions in Europe or America who does not possess a copy of the work. It had for a sequel in 1858 the "Dictionary of French Furniture," and Mr. Benjamin Bucknall, of Coaley, Gloucestershire, has furnished us with admirable translations of his "Annals of a Fortress" and his "Habitations of Man in all Ages." The style in which these books are written is of the most finished character, and he gives to scientific and artistic composition the charm of romance. Besides these M. Viollet-le-Duc wrote many interesting *brochures* concerning the ancient châteaux and cathedrals with whose restoration he had been intrusted by the Historical Monuments Commission of France.

He carried off a medal of the third class in 1834, of the second class in 1838, and he obtained the Legion of Honour in 1849. Again in 1855 he took a first-class medal, in 1858 he was made an Officer of the Legion of Honour, and in 1869 a Commander. He was a member of the Municipal Council of Paris, and in politics an unflinching Republican. In last year's *Exposition Universelle Internationale* he had no fewer than twenty examples of chapels, churches, abbeys, convents, châteaux, and palaces restored by him under the special direction of the Historical Monuments Commission; and, although only sixty-five years of age at his death, he has left behind him such a mass of written exposition and of practical achievement in his profession that he is entitled to the very first place among modern architects.

Two of his brothers devoted themselves with unquestionable success to painting. Étienne Adolphe Viollet-le-Duc, the landscape painter, died last year; but the other brother, M. Victor, the less eminent of the two, perhaps, is still among us, and was represented on the walls of this year's *Salon*, where his more gifted brother was a frequent contributor.

THE AUSTRALIAN EXHIBITIONS.

AT the exhibitions to be held at Sydney during the present year, and in Melbourne in 1886, the Fine Art collections will hold prominent and valuable places. Our readers are aware that on the 4th of April a British Royal Commission for the two exhibitions, under the presidency of the Prince of Wales, was appointed. A vote of £6,280 for the expenses of the commission was taken in Parliament just before the close of the session. The Royal Commission proved specially favourable to the Fine Art collection, concerning which difficulties at first were apprehended. A loan committee was formed, Sir Frederick Leighton acting as chairman, and the Duke of Manchester, Lord Granville, Mr. Childers, Sir D. Cooper, Sir Joseph Hooker, and Professor Owen as members. With such efficient assistance all obstacles were overcome, and some rare and valuable works have been forwarded to Sydney. Insurance premiums to the amount of £3,000 have been paid on works of Art alone.

Foremost amongst the "lenders" is her Majesty the Queen, who has ever generously proved her willingness to spread the refining influences of Art, on this particular occasion setting an example which has been promptly followed. Her Majesty has graciously lent Leslie's famous picture, 'The Queen receiving the Sacrament: the concluding part of her Majesty's Coronation'; also 'The Royal Family in 1857' (copied by Signor Belli from Winterhalter's picture at Osborne), 'The Marriage of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales,' by Frith, and 'The Royal Procession to St. Paul's on Thanksgiving Day,' by Chevalier. The Prince of Wales has lent a picture by the last-named artist—'Ceremony of the Opening of the International Exhibition in Vienna, 1873.'

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The water-colour drawings are numerous, and include many favourite and charming works of British artists. Sir John Gilbert has forwarded his familiar work, 'Louis XIV. transacting Business with his Ministers in the Apartment of Madame de Maintenon,' and Louis Haghe his 'Rood Loft in the Church of Dixmude (Belgium),' both highly finished works of Art. Among this collection is 'The Dead Christ and the Mater Dolorosa,' attributed to Domenichino.

There will also be some exhibits of architectural drawings. The engravings and etchings form a valuable collection. They include twenty-nine etchings of James Barry's, lent by the Society of Arts to the Royal Commission, all of which, at the close of the Exhibition, will be presented to the Government of New South Wales. Six of those etchings—'Orpheus,' 'A Grecian Harvest Home,' 'The Victors at Olympia,' 'The Thames,' 'The Society,' and 'Elysium, or the State of Final Retribution'—represent the series of paintings executed for the Lecture Hall of the Society.

The Art Union sends seven engravings after Frith, Maclise, Severn, and Stanfield; the Fine Art Society, specimens of Miss Thompson's famous 'Roll Call' and 'Quatre Bras,' with other engravings after various artists; and Ballin, four etchings of the 'Battle of Trafalgar.' Specimens of photography have been also supplied, together with some beautiful designs of decorative stained glass, Sèvres vases, and valuable Gobelin's tapestry. We believe King Leopold is an exhibitor in this latter branch of Art.

Altogether the 493 paintings, sculptures, drawings, and engravings form a very worthy exhibition of British Art, and will, we have no doubt, prove of exceptional interest to the Australian colonists. The Arts of Manufacture will also be duly represented; but of these an adequate notice must be postponed.

THE RESTING-PLACE OF THE DEER.

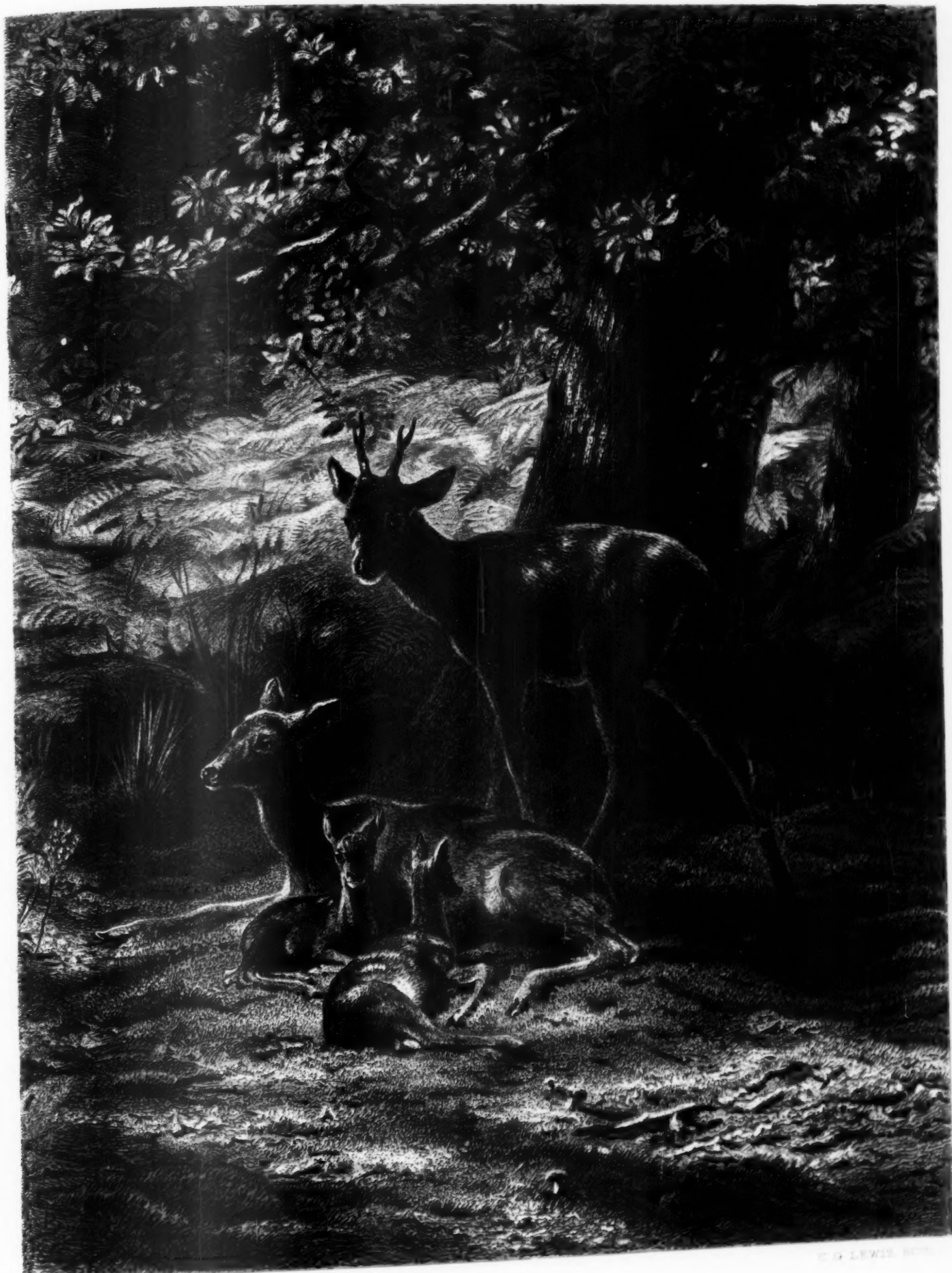
ROSA BONHEUR, Painter.

C. G. LEWIS, Engraver.

THE home and studio of Rosa Bonheur, like those of several other artists, are in the magnificent forest of Fontainebleau, and she has chosen, as we see, one of its most retired and umbrageous spots, carpeted with fern and overshadowed by oak, as 'The Resting-place of the Deer.' The doe and her two young ones rest securely and confidently on the velvet turf, while the buck stands quietly over them "at gaze."

The picture of this eminent artist which first attracted public attention in this country was 'The Horse Fair,' which was exhibited many years ago at the French Gallery, and which is known throughout the world by means of engravings. Since then she has made great strides in her profession in treatment,

texture, and colour. In the present Munich Exhibition, for example, she has a large picture of 'Cattle Ploughing,' which by no means suffers in the spectator's estimation when he turns his eye to Constant Troyon's 'Oxen going to Labour.' The only one in this country who can be successfully pitted against Rosa Bonheur is Mrs. Butler, better known as Elizabeth Thompson. Indeed, the latter has the advantage over her French sister, inasmuch as she is equally at home in the delineation of men and the depicting of animals. It is not the only branch of the Art school in which we claim and obtain pre-eminence; but *place aux dames* is surely a golden rule: it is more than pleasant to prepare wreaths of laurel wherewith to crown two great artists.



MRS. ROSA BONHEUR, PINX.

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FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF GEO. HODGSON ESQ. SUMMERVILLE, BRITAIN

"LUCKS" ASSOCIATED WITH ART OBJECTS.

By LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.



WITHOUT even for a moment entering into the general subject of Fairy Lore or Fairy Gifts—tempting and fascinating though that subject undoubtedly is—I purpose in this brief article, to call attention to some rare works of early Art, the possession of which, according to popular belief, insures to their owners, so long as they remain intact, good luck in their families, undertakings, and estates. In different ages and in different localities these "Lucks," as they are called, have found their mysterious way into the possession of families more or less noted, and have been treasured and handed down with religious, or rather superstitious, care from generation to generation; and the beliefs, the legends, the traditions, and the rhymes by which they are surrounded, however wild and impossible they may be, are believed in with a steadfastness of faith worthy a better cause.

"There was a king and queene of Phairie," says our royal James in his "Dæmonology," "that had a jolly court and traine; they had a teynd and duetie as it were of all goodes; they naturally rode and went, eate and dranke, and did all other actions like natural men and women. Witches have been transported with the Phairie to a hill, which opening, they went in, and there saw a Fairie Queene, who being now lighter gave them a stone that had sundrie vertues,"—and not only so, but cups of rare value, goblets of wondrous make and of choicest material, or cups of crystal and glass that were beyond human skill to make or human calculations to over-estimate. These were supposed to possess marvellous powers both for good and evil, and, where fear or awe had not prevented their acceptance, were carefully retained as heirlooms. "One day these fairies," says Moses Pott, "gave my sister Mary a silver cup, which held about a quart, bidding her to give it to my mother, but my mother would not accept of it;" and to another they gave a gift of a cup, and after having themselves fed the recipient with sweet fairy cakes, gave her ointments and salves to heal diseases with, and a power to do good for herself and others so long as she retained the cup perfect as received by her.

The most charming, however, of all the fairy stories of luck-attending objects is that of the "Luck of Edenhall," to which I propose first of all to draw attention.

Cumberland is undoubtedly the "luckiest" of our English counties, for within its confines no less than three so-called "Lucks"—the first, that of Edenhall, having a fairy origin; the second, that of Muncaster, being purely historical; and the third, that of Burrell Green, seeming to have no foundation beyond simple tradition—are carefully preserved, and, each having its own peculiar story, are held to be beyond measure in interest, and far above price in literal value.

Undoubtedly of all the traditional stories, superstitious beliefs, and fairy-lore tales attached to the histories of any of our grand old English families, the most pleasing in incident, venerable in age, poetical in conception, and well supported and sustained by actual circumstance, that of the "LUCK OF EDENHALL," connected with the famous historical family of Musgrave, stands pre-eminent not only for its beauty and originality, or the unique excellence of the cup itself as an early work of Art, but for the immense stake that is believed to rest on its safe keeping. In most cases, as I have elsewhere written, the stories attaching to old families and homes have no tangible object connected with them. They are mere old-world tales that have passed current for generations, and have had their original foundation in some dark deed or other "woful circumstance" associated with the forebears of the line, but they have nothing to show as a tenure by which they may be held and perpetuated. Not so with the Edenhall tradition: its mission is the preservation of a choice object of ancient Art, and the perpetually handing of it

down, age after age, in the same family, by the sure means of nurturing the thought that the welfare and well-being—the "Luck" in fact—of that family rests and depends on its safety. It would be difficult indeed to find a surer or more effectual means of securing the safety of any precious heirloom than that of attaching to it a religious belief that, should harm come to it, the downfall of its possessors would inevitably follow; and doubtless, to some extent, it is the superstitious belief in the fairy prophecy that has "held its own" for so many ages, and has taken such fast hold of the minds of sire and son during that time, and still, it is to be hoped, lingers at the present day, that the Edenhall cup is now, at the hour in which I write, as safe as it was when it first came from the hands of its maker.

The fragile cup—the "Luck of Edenhall"—on the safe preservation of which the "luck" of the family is by this popular tradition said to depend—is one of the finest existing examples of ancient glass, and its preservation is matter of sincere congratulation with all lovers of the antique. It is of very early date, and in form differs from most glass drinking



The "Luck of Edenhall."

cups that are preserved to us. In size it is about six inches in height, four inches in diameter at the mouth, and two inches in diameter at the foot. It is of clear glass, with the slightest possible tinge of amber, and is exquisitely ornamented in arabesque pattern with enamel and gold. Its shape is extremely elegant and well proportioned, the flow of its outline possessing an ease and grace not always apparent either in old or modern Art productions. It partakes much of the form of a Chinese beaker—wide at the mouth, curving inwards at the sides, and narrow at the foot. The pattern is particularly rich and effective. It is in gold and enamel, thickly laid on upon the surface, the colours being red, blue, green, and white. It is different in many of its characteristics from other remaining examples of ancient glass.

The "Luck"—i.e. this exquisite and priceless glass—is preserved in a marvellously fine mediæval *cuir bouilli* case, made especially for its reception and safe keeping. This case, which is of the same form as the glass, is of wood, and retains its original green lining. It is covered with *cuir bouilli*, elaborately and beautifully pressed or carved in the usual manner with upright bands of scroll-work and trefoil foliage and other ornaments, while the lid, which still fastens with its original leather thongs, has an encircling border around its curved rim, and the top filled

to almost its entire size with the sacred monogram *ihc* exquisitely formed in the leather. The case is undoubtedly one of the very finest, most interesting, and most delicately executed examples of *cuir bouilli* that has yet come under my notice, and is a choice and unique example of mediæval Art. The material, of course, is not unusual for cases for cups, and for scabbards, shields, and portions of armour, but I know no example that in beauty and intricacy of design, elaborate tooling, or extreme delicacy of treatment equals the case that enshrines the priceless Art treasure of which I have spoken.

The legend, tradition, fairy story, or what you will, connected with this cup, and which throws such a halo of interest not only around the Art object itself, but the home and family of its right worthy owner, is simply this—that in ages now long gone by one of the family or their retainers (the butler, it is popularly said) went one night, as was usual, to fetch water from St. Cuthbert's Well, close by the mansion—a "Holy Well" that still remains there, and gives a never-failing supply of the purest water—and on approaching, saw near the well a "glorious company" of fairies with their queen in their midst, dancing, and "holding high court and revelry" on the greensward. Disturbed and confused at his approach, they began hurriedly to disperse, when he, seeing their regal goblet left standing by the well, seized it and held it fast. Enraged at this "rape of the cup," the "little people" demanded its return, and menacingly endeavoured to retake it from his grasp. In this they were unsuccessful; the man retained his prize, and then the queen, in her rage and vexation, uttered the ominous and prophetic words—

"Should the cup e'er break or fall,
Farewell the Luck of Edenhall."

As these prophetic words, clearly and shrilly emphasized, fell on his ear in the still night air, the whole company disappeared, and the man returned to the mansion bearing his captured treasure; and from that moment to the present it has there been preserved with religious care, and with a due reverence to the solemnity of the fairy queen's malediction.

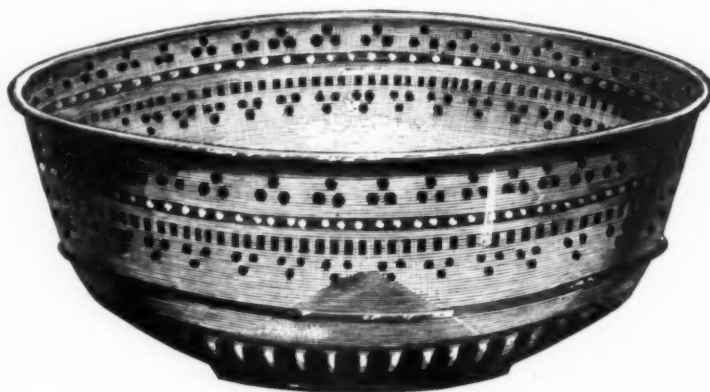
This sweetly pretty tradition, which from generation to generation has been handed down from time immemorial, has formed the theme of many ballads, songs, and stories, which have more or less departed from its original simplicity, and given colouring after colouring to its supposed incidents. One of the earliest metrical allusions to the cup is the famous ballad by the profligate Duke of Wharton (on the model of "Chevy Chase"), entitled "Upon a remarkable Drinking Match held at Sir Christopher Musgrave's,"* which begins—

"God prosper long from being broke
The Luck of Edenhall!
A doleful drinking bout I sing,
There, lately, did befall."

Uhland, the German, seized on the legend as one after his own heart, but so utterly transformed it as to destroy its connection with the relic itself. His lines were translated by Longfellow, with the prefix of a note stating that the cup "is still preserved at Eden Hall, and is not so entirely broken as the ballad describes"—a statement ludicrously absurd, for the cup is at the present moment in which I write as perfect and as free from injury, or even blemish, as it was on the first day of its existence, now several centuries back, when it left the hands of its clever and gifted maker. But it has had its narrow escapes—notably when the wild, reckless, but highly gifted Duke of Wharton, to whom I have alluded above, having drained its contents in drinking the health of its noble owner, and success and perpetuity to his race, inadvertently let it slip from his hand. The "Luck" was, however, as "luck would have it," instantly caught by the wary butler who had brought the draught, and thus saved from destruction.

* This ballad, and others founded on the "Luck of Edenhall," appear in the *Reliquary*, vol. xix.

The "Luck of Edenhall," as of course the drinking glass is called, is shown, with case, in the preceding engraving. The sacred monogram of *ihc* on the lid of the case has caused much speculation among writers as to its origin, some having supposed from this that the glass was a chalice "used as such at a time when it was unsafe to have these vessels made of costlier metals, on account of the predatory habits which prevailed on the borders," and others forming equally erroneous views. In the absence of all record as to the true history, or as to the time when the treasure first came into the hands of the Musgraves or their alliances, it is difficult to form a correct conclusion, but I am clearly of opinion that the glass is of Oriental (Saracenic) make, certainly not Venetian, as has been stated by some, and the probability is that it was brought back as a trophy from the Holy Wars by one of the Musgrave knights, and that the case—certainly of considerably later date than the glass itself—was afterwards made for its preservation, and the Christian monogram properly, wisely, and most appropriately added to symbolize the occasion of the bringing of the trophy. The ornamentation of the glass is purely Oriental; its age, so far as one is able to judge, corresponds with the period of the latter Crusades; and the whole matter seems sufficient to warrant me in assigning the "Luck" to that period. The events of the Holy Wars, too, were the most prolific of all themes in the Middle Ages for wild romance and fabulous story, which were invested



The "Luck of Muncaster."

with additional interest by surrounding them with such a halo of superstition and romance as would best take hold of the popular mind. Thus the legend of the fairy origin of the "Luck" would have arisen, and so, having once become part and parcel of popular belief, would remain current, as it has done, to our own day. Long may it continue so!

The "LUCK OF MUNCASTER," for particulars of which I am indebted to its noble owner, the Right Hon. Lord Muncaster, is also of glass, but of different period and form, and owes its name and interest to a purely historical circumstance. This remarkably curious, and I believe unique, glass bowl is five inches and five-eighths in diameter at the top, and two and a quarter inches in height. It is formed of glass of a greenish hue, with simple ornamentation in gold and enamel. The two upper rows of dots, forming, as it were, a series of trefoils, as shown in the engraving, are of a pale dull lilac-coloured enamel on the glass itself; the next band is a row of white enamel spots upon a gold ground, with a delicate gold line above and below; next a band or line composed of small gold squares; and the next the same as the first, but reversed, while the lower part is roughly ornamented on the glass itself, and has almost a bronzed appearance.

This curious and highly interesting relic was, according to the family tradition, given to the direct ancestor of Lord Muncaster, Sir John Pennington, by King Henry VI., on leaving Muncaster after the battle of Hexham or of Towton. Sir John was a staunch adherent of the unfortunate monarch, whom he sheltered at Muncaster Castle on his flight from the Yorkists. It has been stated by Mr. White that the King was twice there—first "in 1461,

when, accompanied by his Queen and their young son, with the Dukes of Exeter and Somerset, he fled with great precipitation from Scotland; and, second, after the battle of Hexham, which was fought on the 15th of May, 1463. On his defeat at Hexham, some friends of the fugitive king took him under their protection and conveyed him into Lancashire. During the time he



King Henry VI. presenting the "Luck of Muncaster."

remained in concealment, which was about twelve months, the King visited Muncaster. On this occasion the royal visit appears to have been attended with very little of regal pomp or ceremony. Henry having made his way into Cumberland, with only one companion, arrived at Irton Hall soon after midnight; but his quality being unknown, or the inmates afraid to receive him, he was denied admittance. He then passed over the mountains towards Muncaster, where he was accidentally met by some shepherds at three o'clock in the morning, and was conducted by them to Muncaster Castle. The spot where the meeting took place is still indicated by a tall steeple-like monument on an eminence at some distance from the Castle." In reference to this Lord Muncaster informs me that according to the family tradition the King was only *once*, not twice, at Muncaster Castle; this was after the battle of Hexham or Towton, when he came as a fugitive, and of course devoid of all regal state.

The remembrance of the visit of the King is still retained at Muncaster, in addition to the tradition of the "Luck," by a bedroom being called "Henry VI.'s Room," or the "King's Room," and is said to have been the one he occupied and "was concealed in at the time he was flying from his enemies, in 1461, when Sir John Pennington, the then possessor of Muncaster, gave a secret reception." "The posts of the bed in which he slept," continues Roby, "which are of handsome carved oak, are also in the same room in good preservation." On this point, not having seen these supposed remains, I express no opinion. The Castle was much altered and restored by Mr. Salvin, but Lord Muncaster informs me that much of the old building still remains, particularly the corridor in which "Henry VI.'s Room" is situated, and a tower in which were found (when alterations were made a century ago) Roman bricks and a gold coin of Theodosius. "The bed-posts," his lordship adds, "are undoubtedly old, and probably of the date of Henry VI."

On leaving Muncaster Castle the monarch is said to have given this precious relic into the hands of Sir John Pennington, saying to him, "Your family shall prosper so long as they preserve this glass unbroken." "The benediction attached to its security being then uppermost in the recollection of the family, it was considered essential to the prosperity of their house at the time of the usurpation that the Luck of Muncaster should be deposited in a safe place; it was consequently buried till the cessation of hostilities had rendered all further care and concealment unnecessary. Unfortunately, however, the person commissioned to disinter this precious jewel let the box fall in which it was locked up, which so alarmed the then existing members of the family

that they could not muster courage enough to satisfy their apprehensions. It therefore (according to the traditionary story still preserved in the family) remained unopened for more than forty years, at the expiration of which period a Pennington, more hardy or more courageous than his predecessors, unlocked the casket, and exultingly proclaimed the safety of the Luck."

In Roby's "Traditions" is a metrical version of the story, not very cleverly put together, and entirely different in its incidents from the tradition. In it the King is made to say to Sir John Pennington—

"But take this cup—'tis a hallowed thing
Which holy men have blessed;
In the church of the Holy Sepulchre
This crystal once did rest;
And many a martyr, and many a saint,
Around its brim have sate;
No water that e'er its lips have touched
But is hallowed and consecrate.

'Tis thine, Sir John; not an empire's worth,
Nor wealth of Ind could buy
The like, for never was jewel seen
Of such wondrous potency.
It shall bless thy bed, it shall bless thy board,
They shall prosper by this token;
In Muncaster Castle good luck shall be
Till the charmed cup is broken!"

Sir John he bent him on his knee,
And the king's word ne'er did err,
For the cup is called to this blessed hour,
'The Luck of Muncaster.'

Roby's ballad then makes it that in the border wars Sir John, fearing for the safety of the "Luck," sent his "kinsman good at need," "Sir William of Liddislee," to Muncaster to his lady to—

"... bid her, rather than house or land
Take heed of that cup of grace,
Which King Henry gave to our ancestor,
The 'Luck' of our noble race.
Bid her bury it deep at dead of night
That no eye its hiding see,"—

but he, traitorous knight as he was, got the cup on pretence of burying it, and then, with the intention of destroying the "luck" of the house, threw down the casket and fled! Years after, as



The "Luck of Burrell Green."

the sequel of the ballad recounts, the head of the family, having gone a wooing to "Lonsdale's Lady Margaret" at Lowther, was rejected by that lady with contumely, who twitted him with the fact that the "Luck" was broken, and, as he returned moodily homewards, he was met by a sprite—an "elfin dwarf" or "goblin"—who uttered the prophetic words, "There's a key in Muncaster

Castle can break that maiden's heart in twain." Returning to his castle—

" He kicked the casket o'er and o'er
With rage and contumely;
When lo! a tinkling sound was heard—
Down dropped a glittering key.
He took the key, and he turned the lock,
And he opened the casket wide.
The holy cup lay glistening there,
And he kissed that blessed token,
For its matchless form unharmed lay,
The 'Luck' had ne'er been broken!"

Nor has it down to the present hour. It rests safely in Muncaster Castle, guarded with the religious care so eminently due to so fragile and so choice a relic, and only exhumed from its hiding-place in the "Strong Room" on special occasions, one of these occasions being that on which my dear friend Jacob Thompson, the eminent painter, had it placed before him on a recent visit made to the grand old castle for the purpose of making the drawing that illustrates my present notice, and which so exquisitely represents its manifold beauties. To him I am greatly indebted for the drawing by which I am thus able, for the first time, to offer to the antiquarian and Art world an engraving of this inestimable relic.

In this delicate and fragile bowl, rich in its associations, and surrounded by a halo of interest far brighter and more lasting than that attached to many remains—fresh as it once was from the hands of royalty; hallowed by age and rendered superlatively interesting by a blending together of historical incident and traditional lore—in this invaluable vessel all the members of the Pennington family, as I am informed by their noble head, the present Lord Muncaster, have been christened, and thus their "Luck" has been "luckily" preserved from the hour of the gift to that in which I write.

I am informed by Lord Muncaster that until recently a painting was preserved in the castle which represented "King Henry VI. giving to Sir John Pennington, on his leaving the Castle in 1461, the Luck of Muncaster." This painting, his lordship tells me, was, very much to his regret, destroyed during some alterations in the building. A small painting on panel is, however, still preserved in the castle, which represents the King (Henry VI.) in regal costume, holding the "Luck" in his

left hand. It is rudely drawn, but possessed of special interest: a rough sketch of it is given on the preceding page.

A third "Luck," to which, however, I can but very briefly here refer, is that known as the "LUCK OF BURRELL GREEN," but is totally different in its own character and in that of its traditional story from either of the others. The legend connected with this relic is obscure and very vague in most of its particulars. It is said that the "Luck" was given to an ancestor of the family "in the olden time" by a fairy or "hob-i'-th-hurst" to whom kindness had been shown—or, according to another version, a witch or soothsayer, with a strict injunction that it should never be parted with "for love or money," or be allowed to pass out of the family, and that this injunction was emphasized by the uttering, in prophetic tones, of the words—

" If this dish be sold or gi'en [given],
Farewell the luck of Burrell Green."

This couplet is evidently a tolerably modern paraphrase on the well-known lines of the Luck of Edenhall. This curious relic belongs to Mr. Lamb, of Great Salkeld, in Cumberland, in whose family it has been carefully preserved for some generations, and to whom I am indebted for permission to engrave it. It is of brass, circular in form, and bears around its central ornament an almost illegible inscription as follows—

Mary. Mother. Of. Jesus. Saviour. Of. Men

—in old English characters; and in another circle, outside this one, is the "Luck" inscription, in very much more modern lettering:—

IF THIS DISH BE SOLD OR GI'EN. FAREWELL THE LUCK OF
BURRELL GREEN.

The diameter of this brazen dish is sixteen and a quarter inches, and its depth one and a half inches. Its form and device will be best understood by the accompanying engraving from a drawing specially made for me by my friend Jacob Thompson. It is the first time this interesting object has been engraved, and it is eminently fitting that it, as an early example of Art metal-work, and the Muncaster relic in glass, should first be given to the public, along with the "Luck of Edenhall," through the medium of the *Art Journal*.

THE ART SEASON—1879.

THERE is no escaping from the fact that the Art season just closed is the worst we have experienced for many years. That it should be so is natural enough. Commercially, Art follows the same economic laws which regulate other products; and when industrial enterprise is paralyzed, the shock is speedily communicated to all pertaining to the Fine Arts—unsold canvases begin to lumber the studio, and the cellars and store-houses of the dealer become fearfully plethoric.

That manufactures and trade are at a deplorably low ebb in this country few of our readers need be told. In wandering through any of our provincial towns, whether in England or Scotland, the traveller stands aghast at the number of unemployed workmen he sees hanging about at every corner. In many districts factory hands are on half time, and in others the mills are closed altogether. In the ship-building trade alone, the Clyde, which in a sense used to supply the world, and present to the eye of the voyager on its waters literally miles of building yards all fully employed, has not now ten ships on the stocks to the hundreds she had in former years.

On the back of this prostration comes the present bad harvest, the third and worst of a dreary succession extending to other countries than ours, in which, as much as in anything, must be sought the chief causes of our commercial distress. Fortunately for the population of these islands, the crops in America

and elsewhere have been abundant, and in this fact will lie the main hope of continental and British artists for the next few years.

America, we think, has reached the nadir of depression, and her commercial star is already on the rise. Indeed, during the present season, the only pictures of any consequence sold in London were bought by a well-known American citizen, and with this sole exception Art transactions in the metropolis have absolutely been, in any tangible sense, nil. This remark applies to exhibitions as well as to dealers, and we fear another year must elapse before either the one or the other can hope to experience anything like a healthy reaction.

The promise of better things comes, then, as we have implied, from America. The quantity of corn this country will necessarily have to import will be immense; money will flow into American coffers, and among their owners, as will be readily allowed by all who are familiar with such matters, are to be found some of the most liberal patrons of Art and letters known to modern times.

For the next two or three years, then, we must be satisfied to see our American cousins "go in" for those best things in Munich, Paris, and London, and rejoice to know that such treasures are still, as it were, in the family. Presently, it is to be hoped, will come to the nations the customary breathing-time of peace, and

to these islands the welcome breath of drying winds and the ripening warmth of autumn suns, so that seed-time and harvest may again be assured to us.

In the meantime let our artists, like some we could name, who are satisfied now to take two hundred pounds for what three years ago they readily received a thousand, reconcile themselves to humbler prices: like other producers they have justifiably

enough gone in for their full share in the national prosperity, and now that markets and manufactures have taken a turn, it is to be hoped they will have philosophy enough to adapt themselves to what is, no doubt, only a momentarily altered condition of things. Let, then, building of great hall-like studios and palatial residences be suspended for a year or two, till we see how the world's more immediate business is likely to go on.

ART NOTES FROM THE CONTINENT.

ITALY.—Italian Sculpture.—Professor Rossi, who organized an exhibition of modern Italian sculpture in Paris, has addressed a letter to the *Événement*, which has attracted the attention of the artistic world of France. The professor refers to the very diverse opinions of the critics respecting modern Italian sculpture, expresses the greatest respect for such opinions, and then deals with the whole subject in a brief but expressive manner. To the magnificent expansion of the Renaissance of the fifteenth century, says Signor Rossi, came a decadence, which became more and more marked until the end of the eighteenth century. At that time Canova, by his teachings and his works, raised the level of Art by the creation of that Græco-Roman school which may be said to have animated the antique grace with the breath of modern Art. But Canova no more, his admirable creation, misunderstood by his successors, was abandoned for the servile imitation of the antique. At length, thirty years since, sprang up another school. Artists such as Vela, Rosa, Barzaghi, Tabacchi, Monteverde, Tantardini, Dupré, Magni, Massini, Rossetti, Bottinelli, Argenti, and Lombardi thought that the time had come to review the traditions of the ancients in connection with absolutely new ideas. From this school emanated in turn works inspired by the histories of Greece and Rome, and others of which the subjects were drawn from modern life. The talent in each case was equal. Thus Dupré, who had executed a 'Pieta' in the most rigorous classic style, and obtained the *Grand Prix* for it at the International Exhibition of 1867, is also the author of 'Cain and Abel,' conceived in the modern style. Vela, who had executed his 'Spartacus' in an elevated and classic style, was the first to represent the different sensations of children with the aid of modern subjects, and with a talent which caused M. Charles Blanc to say that Vela "worked and kneaded marble like wax." Magni executed his 'Socrates,' which is one of the finest draped statues of the present century, and yet he is the author of the 'Liseuse' and 'La Joie.' The same may be said of many French and other foreign artists who have the power of treating ancient Art as well as modern. Paul Delaroche, for example, painted the 'Hemicycle of the Beaux Arts' and 'Sainte Cécile' in an absolutely classic style, which did not prevent him painting the 'Children of Edward,' 'Cromwell,' 'The Execution of Lady Jane Grey,' and other works of a different class. Doubtless, had Phidias lived in our time, he would have illustrated antique subjects by means of the nude, or of figures dressed as were the heroes of antiquity; and beyond doubt also he would have produced modern figures in contemporary dresses. Further, Canova himself, if still living, would not think of executing his Napoleon in the costume of Adam. Struck with the extraordinary fancy, the Emperor made a remark to the artist, who replied with an offended air that "it was for him, the Emperor, to be the general, and for him, Canova, to be the artist." Thus treated, this statue, which stands in the court of the Beaux Arts at Milan, and which all the world admires as a classic and Academic *chef-d'œuvre*, is such that no one recognises the individuality of the Emperor. It is regarded, with reason, as an anachronism. "That which

astonishes me," says Signor Rossi, "and which I cannot understand, is why experts in the Beaux Arts admit in painting that which they condemn with so much severity when introduced into sculpture. I readily admit," he adds, "that the objects of painting and sculpture are not the same" (which many of the severe critics alluded to would probably hail as an admission which settled the question); "still they are two sisters who have a claim to the same privileges. Finally, as every one should know, modern Italian sculpture is not, and should not be, a result of the fantastic Art of mythology, of the mystic Art of the Middle Ages, or of the sentimental Art of the Renaissance. In other words, modern Italian sculpture does not address itself only to the learned and the classic, but to men in all the social conditions of life. It will certainly be one of the most glorious creations of our century, for it unites in itself the best conditions of work and expression; that is to say, all the qualities which have illustrated previous styles. Such," says Signor Rossi, "is my opinion—the opinion of an artist, be it understood. As Professor, I should be the first to recognise the utility, for young artists, in studying models so perfect as the old masters have left us. I even insist that there is danger in bringing them immediately into contact with the difficulties of modern Art. I will add that it is precisely through those treasures of classic *chefs-d'œuvre* preserved in her museums and galleries, and dispersed in her churches and palaces, that Italy has again become the true school of Art, of which she was the cradle. Thus we see all the Academicians of the Peninsula living and working in the midst of an immense and unrivalled museum, in which all the schools and all the epochs of Art are worthily represented, and surrounded by the natural splendour of a country of exceptional beauty. Italy, being thus the blessed land of study and inspiration, unites within her two vital conditions of Art. It is in this capacity that every year she gives hospitality to legions of artists of all nations, including the laureates of France, whose admirable works suffice to prove that which I have the honour to set forth."

SÈVRES AND ITS CREATIONS.—From the *Chronique des Arts* we derive intelligence which cannot fail to convey an especial interest to a wide circle on this side of the Channel. It is to the effect that the French Administration of Fine Arts have commissioned M. E. Garnier, who has been for eight years one of the *attachés* of the Sèvres Museum, to proceed to England, and there derive, from researches in public and private collections, an estimate of the quantity and quality of French ceramic creations, more especially of that known as the tender porcelain. M. Garnier is further directed to report upon the actual state of English work in this art. This proceeding is doubtlessly much commended, and as to the capacity of the agent there can be no second opinion. The late Great Exhibition demonstrated what might be considered an enormous progressive move in the cultivation of ceramic art, and the general unequivocal rivalry to France, patent as it was, throughout the entire European market, has obviously suggested the inquiry confided to M. Garnier.

LITERATURE WITH ART.



It is not often that a work of such high Art merit is given to the world as the one now before us; it is therefore one that eminently calls for notice and commendation at our hands. Apart from its literary merits—and these are by no means few—"Eldmuir" possesses a charm in the fact that the engravings by which it is so admirably illustrated are literally the work of the gifted painter, and embrace some of the best and most popular of his pictures.* These give the volume an interest that is more than usually refreshing, and that is surpassed by but few.

The paintings of Jacob Thompson have been so often referred to in the pages of the *Art Journal*, and always in terms of well-deserved praise, that little more is needed than the simple announcement of his name to insure for the present volume—the

first that has been fully illustrated from his works—a cordial and encouraging reception.

The preparation of the story of "Eldmuir" has a "story" of its own that is worth the telling; this we gather from the short introductory note by which it is preceded, and which, in few brief words, is as follows:—It is, we are told, its author's first literary venture, and as such is put forth by him with becoming and characteristic diffidence. The only son of Jacob Thompson, and strongly imbued with his father's love of Art, and with a commendable and natural love and admiration of the many grand works that have emanated from his easel, the young author's aim has been to so connect together such of these admirable conceptions as more especially illustrate Scottish life and scenery, that they shall form a series of pictorial episodes in a narrative of the actual home life of the people among whom he has moved,



Eldmuir, or Solitude.

and the story of whose lives he has studied. Thus he has endeavoured to carry the mind of the reader through all the various incidents so charmingly depicted on canvas, and to make him feel as though, while he was breathing the pure mountain air, he was literally drinking in the full rich mellowness of atmospheric effects, revelling in the glow of colour, and entering heartily into all the minutiae of heath and lake, mountain and home. This self-imposed task he has lovingly performed, and has succeeded in producing such a well-thought-out and purely homely narrative of peasant life in the Highlands as was best suited to his purpose.

It is enough to say of the literary part of this "Art story" that, as

* "Eldmuir: an Art-story of Scottish Home-life, Scenery, and Incident." By Jacob Thompson, junior. Illustrated with engravings after paintings by Jacob Thompson. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington, 1879.

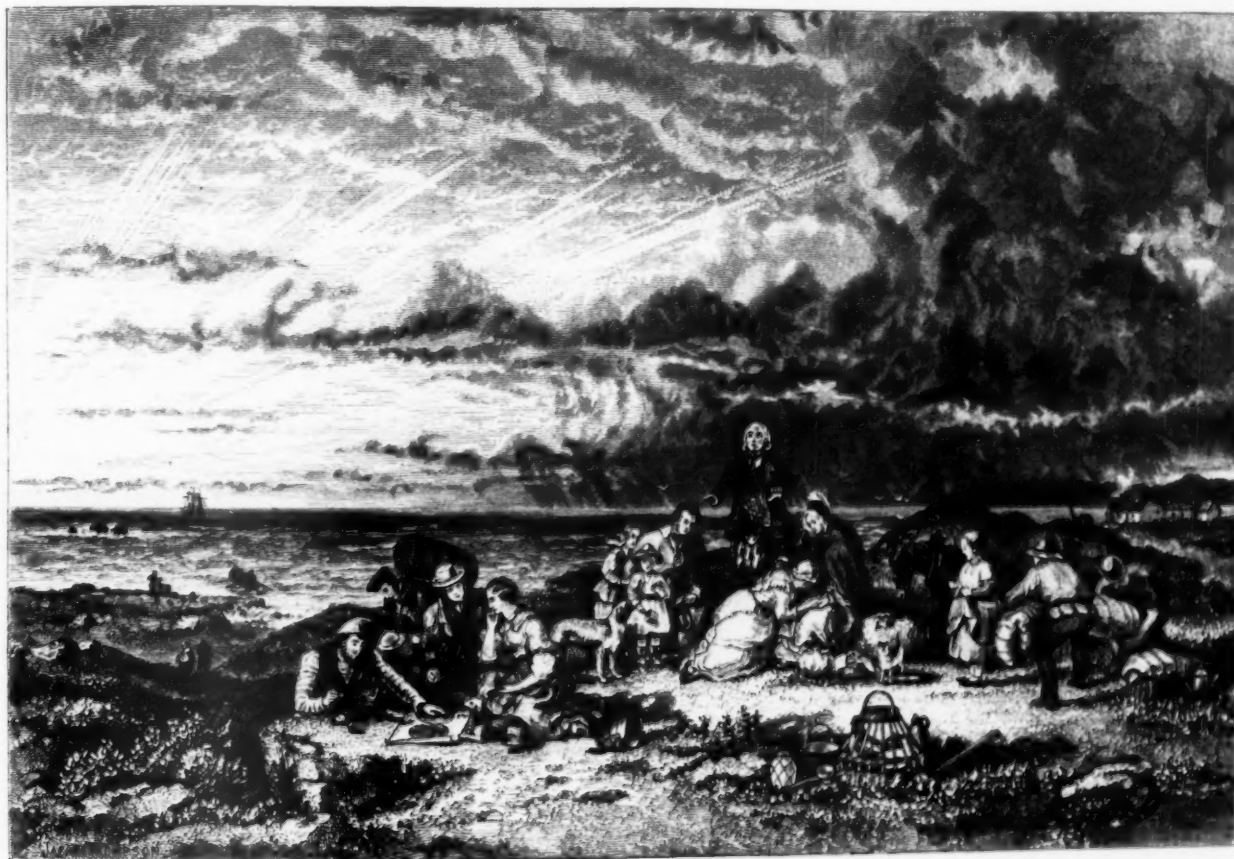
a tale of every-day Scottish life, simply told in language eminently in keeping with the homely character of the people who are portrayed, and with their manners, customs, habits, modes of life, and sentiments, the story has merits beyond what could be attained by a higher, more flowery, or more ambitious style of writing. Its twofold mission has been "to link together some few of the creations of the painter by means of a pleasantly written, well-thought-out, and appropriate narrative; to give to the world, with their all-important aid, a word-picture—drawn with pre-Raphaelite nicety and minuteness—of simple home life, with its attendant changes, vicissitudes, and trials." There is no "plot" in the story, no "sensationalism," and no evil thought or disfigurement. It is a purely conceived, simply told, and eminently truthful narrative, and as such will have a far higher, better, and more ennobling influence on its readers than

all the "society" trash in the world could ever accomplish. Drawn strictly from the life—and that life being devoid of faults and failings, such as some writers gloat over and bring to the fore for the purpose of insuring a greater sale for their works—the characters in "Eldmuir" possess a charm in their very naiveness and simplicity that is eminently pleasing and refreshing. There is throughout no ugly excrescence one would wish removed, no sentence one would desire to see expunged, and no blot to be wiped out. Eminently creditable to the heart and mind of its writer, the book has a good tendency, and will be received and read with pleasure and with mental benefit.

Of the engravings it would not be easy to say too much, for they are well and carefully executed; and having been drawn on the wood by the painter himself, and engraved under his own superintendence, they may be said to be literally the work of his own hand, and as such they possess a charm entirely and peculiarly their own. These plates are fourteen in number, and embrace, first of all, the very latest of Mr. Thompson's productions, 'Eldmuir,' or 'Solitude,' a picture that eminently and to the full

carries out his truthful and grand perception of colour and of atmospheric effects, and shows how true to nature is his every touch, and how each accessory, no matter how minute or how subordinate in position or delicate in detail, is made to play its part in the one grand whole. The picture, a lovely scene of moorland and lake, with distant mountain, central wooded island, and richly heathered foreground with its one noble stag, "solitary and alone" save for its own reflex on the unruffled surface of the water, is indeed solitude personified and made apparent in the very calmness and chilling ruddiness of the evening atmosphere.

Next is a pleasing view of 'The Hermitage' in the "lake country," which for some forty years or thereabout has been the home—a true "Home of Art"—of the painter, and from which all his paintings have emanated. This is followed by his well-known pictures of the 'Mountain Ramblers,' engraved in the *Art Journal*; 'First Lessons in Dancing'; the 'First Lamb'; 'Sunny Hours of Childhood'; the 'Height of Ambition,' a group taken from the charming picture of that name, of which a steel



The Hope Beyond.

plate by Cousen was given in these pages in 1867; its companion picture, the 'Downfall of Pride'; 'Going to Church,' one of the most naturalistic and lovable of groupings, in which boat and water, distant landscape and calm sky, rough rocky foreground and grouping of figures, from the tottering and stick-supported old woman to the minister and the kilted little boy, are all equally well considered and admirably treated; the 'Highland Ferry Boat,'* one of Thompson's grandest achievements, and one that, as well as the 'Highland Bride's Departure,' is constantly taken to be one of Landseer's finest pictures, and which, having been engraved by Willmore, has sold by a larger number of thousands, both at home and abroad, than almost any other picture has done; 'The Course of true Love never did run smooth,' painted for the Academy in 1854; the 'Highland Bride's Departure,'† to which we have just alluded, and which, also engraved by Willmore, has

become one of the most popular and best examples of the school of British Art; 'They have seen better Days'; and last, that which will be pronounced his grandest work of all—the 'Hope Beyond.' This picture, still in the artist's own studio, is here (as are some of the others) for the first time engraved, and is one of the best-conceived, well-studied, forcibly grouped, and exquisitely painted pictures yet exhibited. Of this (the 'Hope Beyond') and of 'Eldmuir' we are fortunate in being able, thanks to the courtesy of Mr. Thompson, to reproduce the admirable engravings which accompany this notice; and we are sure our readers will thank us for doing so, and thus enabling them to judge, by the two we have selected, what a rich Art treat is in store for them in the volume itself.

We ought to add that 'Eldmuir' is carefully and tastefully printed on slightly toned paper, and is issued in an elegant manner by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. It will form a remarkably nice gift-book, and be an ornament to any library.

* Engraved in the *Art Journal* for 1861.

† Engraved in the *Art Journal* for the same year.

ART NOTES FROM THE PROVINCES.

DUBLIN.—FOLEY'S O'CONNELL MONUMENT.—Out of a correspondence between Mr. Brock and the committee has arisen this fact—the statue of O'Connell is clad in a huge and ungainly cloak. O'Connell used generally to wear such a one, but that is no reason for the ungraceful introduction. Mr. Brock requires power, which he will no doubt receive, to lessen its heavy character. It may help the decision if we state that when we first saw the design "in the raw," we strongly objected to its overpowering effect, and that Foley entirely agreed with us in the view we took, and certainly intimated his intention to modify it. The figure is of necessity large: O'Connell was a man of more than usually robust form—a broad-shouldered man, with very stout limbs. The artist possibly thought to lessen them by a cloak covering, but it was a mistake, and Foley fully felt it to be so: he would have surely done that which his successor proposes to do. That it ought to be done there is no question. The pedestal is, it appears, to be of Irish limestone: would not the Galway marble be far better?

KIDDERMINSTER.—A new school of Art, erected by public subscription, has been opened at Kidderminster. The site has been given by Mr. D. W. Goodwin, a former mayor, who has also presented land for a future science school. Mr. John Brinton presided at the opening meeting, and among those present were Earl Beauchamp, Lord Hampton, Lord Lyttelton, Sir William Fraser, M.P., and Sir E. Lechmere, M.P. Earl Beauchamp formally declared the school open, and in subse-

quently addressing the meeting commented on the virtue of such an institution in connection with the local carpet trade, mentioning as a significant fact that there were half as many Art students in Kidderminster as in the much larger town of Manchester. On the general question of Art in England he said he thought this country was often unjustly depreciated. England was renowned for goldsmiths' work before the Conquest. Its artistic embroidery was highly esteemed in the mediæval ages. English sculpture stood high in Europe till at least the thirteenth century; and in architecture and painting they had also held their own. Their schools of Art were established by the wisdom of the Prince Consort, in order that the true principles of design might be placed within the reach of the commercial manufacturer. He heartily congratulated them on their new school, and hoped it would long conduce to the prosperity of their town.

WATERFORD.—This city has had an exhibition of Art—Art manufactures and antiquities—a collection of very great interest, gathered principally from the stores of neighbouring gentry, liberally aided by the South Kensington Museum. It has been well supported, and is not only an artistic, but a financial success. Many of the gentlemen of the town are not merely contributors, but zealous supporters of the institution. Foremost among them are the Mayor, Dr. Macheson, Alderman St. George Freeman, and Mr. Ware, the editor of the *Waterford Mirror*; while Dr. Atkins and Mr. Bolton have lectured to large audiences.

NATIONAL SCHOOL OF ART WOOD CARVING.

UNTIL the time of the late William Gibbs Rogers, who was taken from us only a few years ago, we have had no native-born artist who could at all compare in wood carving with the famous Dutchman, Grinling Gibbons, whom Evelyn recommended to Charles II. That the beauty of his art was fully appreciated by the magnates of that day is borne out by numberless examples which are still happily extant: the lightness of his flowers and foliage, and the loyalty with which he followed nature, can be illustrated by his matchless performances at Chatsworth, Burleigh, Petworth, not to mention his ornamental achievements for the choir of the Chapel at Windsor, or for that of St. Paul's Cathedral.

A hundred and fifty years elapsed before Gibbons found a worthy successor in the late Mr. Rogers, and although his labours were scarcely appreciated to the full extent they deserved, he nevertheless received practical encouragement in many high quarters. The æsthetic sense was not so widely spread among the people when Mr. Rogers was at his best as it is now; and it is gratifying to think that this highly interesting branch of the Fine Arts has at last attracted the attention of gentlemen sufficiently influential to establish at the Royal Albert Hall, Kensington, a National School of Art Wood Carving.

The Committee of Management, with Lieut.-Colonel J. F. D. Donnelly, R.E., as Chairman, embraces such well-known names as W. Chapman, Esq., R. W. Edis, Esq., F.S.A., W. P. Sawyer, Esq., J. H. Donaldson, Esq., E. J. Poynter, Esq., R.A., and H. T. Wood, Esq. The Secretary is T. Healey, Esq.

The object of these gentlemen is to encourage, or rather revive, the greatly neglected art of wood carving, and their efforts in establishing a school for that purpose have been greatly aided both by the Society of Arts and the Drapers' Company, which latter body has given various indications lately of its wish to forward the interests of Art, and administer its vast revenues as becomes a faithful steward.

The committee we have named have engaged as master Signor Bulletti, an eminent Florentine wood carver, and the Royal Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851 have now placed an excellent room in the Royal Albert Hall at their service, and through the liberality of the Drapers' Company the committee are enabled to provide for the instruction of twelve free students. Such students will very properly be selected from persons of the industrial class intending to earn a living by wood carving. Other students are admitted to the day classes of the school on payment of £2 a month, or £5 a quarter, and to the evening classes on payment of 15s. a month, or £2 a quarter. All students are required to provide their own tools. The school claims the work done by free students, but students paying their own fees may take away their work.

All this has our heartiest approbation, and we wish the school every success. While fully impressed with the fact that no institution of this kind can flourish unless it be self-supporting—and we are glad to see that the committee are keeping this fully in view—still during its minority, as it were, some extraneous aid will be needed, and on those of our readers who take an interest in such matters we would urge the claims of the school. At present the fees strike us as being rather high for the class of persons for whom the school has been established, and therefore the need of contributions. One other suggestion we would make to the committee, and it is this—that the classes be thrown open to female students. Any one familiar with the process of wood carving must be aware that many passages occur in sculptured wood where delicacy more than strength is wanted, and with whose details and beauty a female hand would sympathize much more readily than that of any male carver. If the committee would keep this fact before them, and, when opportunity offers, act upon it, we cannot help thinking they would secure a much larger body of active co-operators than if they were to ignore altogether the claims of our poorer sisters.

THE LOST REMBRANDT.

BY GEORGE WALLIS, F.S.A., SOUTH KENSINGTON.



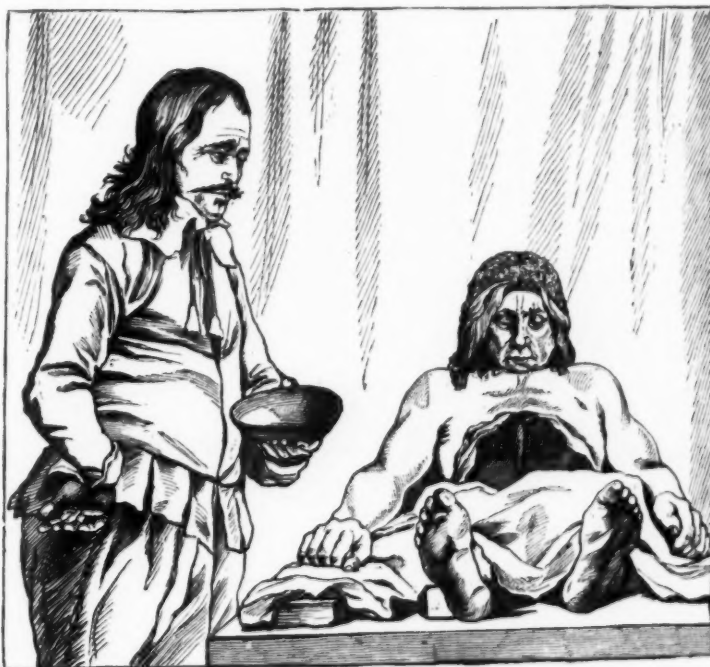
PICTURES have not unfrequently disappeared from public galleries without a trace of their whereabouts being discovered, and it has not been an uncommon thing for the possessors of fine works of Art, having only a life interest in them, to have them cleverly copied, leaving those copies to their heirs, in order to realise the market value of the originals without incurring the penalty of an infraction of the laws of entail, as also bequeathing to future generations the task of finding out the unpleasant fact that pedigrees may apply as much to copies as to original works.

The disappearance of a well-known picture by so famous an artist as Rembrandt, after it had been publicly sold by the Institution at Amsterdam, where it had remained from the period at which it was painted, 1656, without any trace of its fate, might well excite inquiry, especially in Holland, as in that country its existence, down to 1841, was well authenticated.

The missing picture is described by Sir Joshua Reynolds in his "Journal of a Visit to Holland in 1781" (Cadell's edition, 1819, vol. ii. page 257) under the head "Surgeons' Hall, Amsterdam." After describing the picture of 'The Lecture on Anatomy,' now in the gallery at the Hague, Reynolds says, "Above stairs is another Rembrandt of the same kind of subject,

Professor Deeman standing by a dead body, which is so much foreshortened that the hands and feet almost touch each other; the dead man lies on his back with his feet towards the spectator. There is something sublime in the character of the head, which reminds one of Michael Angelo: the whole is finely painted, the colouring much like Titian." This is a clear statement by Reynolds of what he thought of this work in 1781.

Smith, in his "Supplement to Catalogue Raisonné" (edition 1842, page 794), says, under "Rembrandt's 'Anatomical Lecture,'" "This masterly and powerful production of Rembrandt represents on the right a gentleman of about forty years of age, of a mild and intelligent countenance, seen merely in profile view, habited in a dark dress, relieved by a plain pendent collar, attached with strings and tassels; he holds in his left hand a portion of the cranium, and his right is placed on his hip. He appears to be engaged in a professional discourse upon a male subject placed before him, in a foreshortened view to the spectator, and covered in part by some linen. The figure is shown to the knees, and the name of the painter is written in bold characters at the bottom of the picture. This was painted at the most energetic period of the master for the members of the Surgeons' Hall at Amsterdam." Smith then gives the size of the picture as three feet eight inches by four feet five inches,



and adds, "Sold by auction at Amsterdam, 1841, for 600 fl. (£50). Imported by Mr. Chaplin."

It will be seen by these extracts that both Reynolds and Smith regarded the picture which they saw and described as a complete work by Rembrandt, and did not in any way consider it as only a portion of a much larger composition.

In the German *Journal of Pictorial Art* (*Zeitschrift für Bildende Kunst*), edited by Professor Dr. Carl von Lützow (vol. viii. page 19), is an article on "The Anatomical Pictures of the Netherlands," by Dr. C. Vosmaer, of the Hague. He says, "In 1656 Rembrandt was asked for a second time to paint a similar picture" (*i.e.* to the picture now at the Hague, and known as 'The Lecture on Anatomy'). "He was to paint Dr. Johann Deymann, who, since 1653, had been Inspector of

the Medical College at Amsterdam, together with eight of his colleagues. When Sir Joshua Reynolds visited Holland in 1781 he saw this picture in the building of the Surgeons' Hall." (Dr. Vosmaer here quotes the passage from Reynolds's "Journal" already given.) "This picture suffered severely from fire in 1723, and was sold in 1842 (?) to Mr. Chaplin, of London, for 600 florins. What has become of it since then? No one hides a Rembrandt. The picture was quite unknown until I was fortunate enough, a few years ago, to purchase, with other anatomical drawings, one by J. Dillhoff, 1760, in black chalk, from a sketch made by Rembrandt. It shows a corpse as described above, exactly in the same position which Reynolds and Smith (Supplement, No. 5)"—as also already quoted—"describe, whilst near to the table stands the Doctor (Dey-

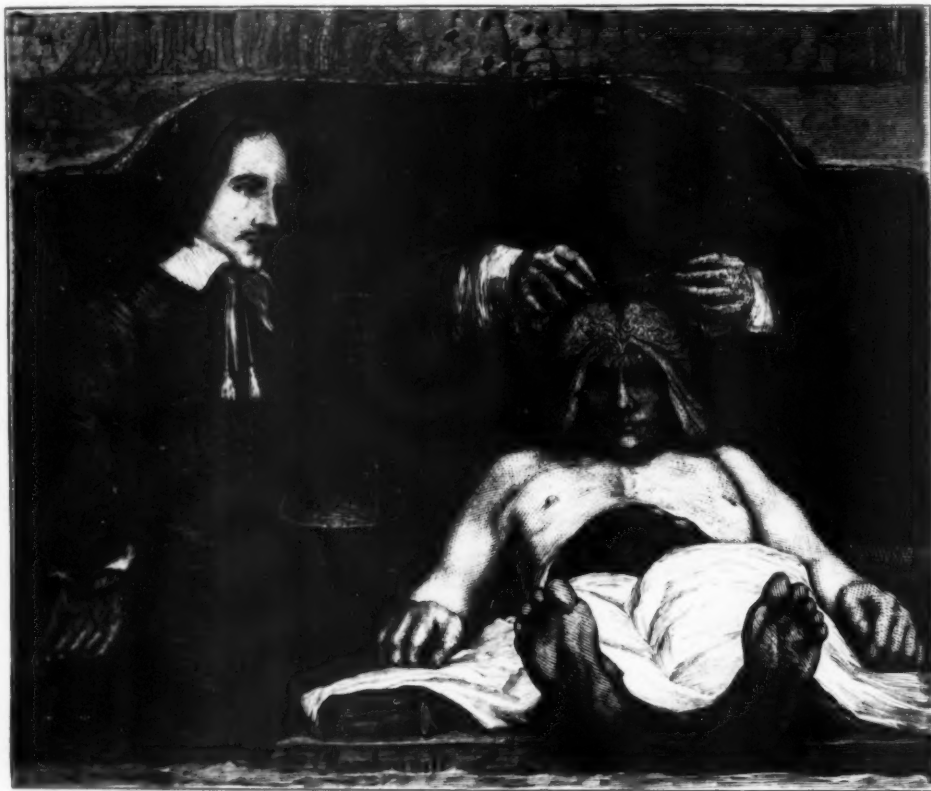
mann), and holds in hand the cup-shaped scalp of the corpse. No other figures are there. Probably we have in this drawing some trace of the lost picture, which it may now be possible to find out." Dr. Vosmaer here inserts an illustration engraved after Dillhoff's drawing in his possession, of which our first illustration is an impression.

In a foot-note Dr. Vosmaer states, "Herr J. von Westerheene saw in the exhibition at Leeds a picture entitled 'The Medical Lecture,' and attributed to Rembrandt, which is perhaps our picture." Had Westerheene quoted the description of the picture given in the Leeds catalogue correctly, Dr. Vosmaer would have seen that it was identical with that of the missing picture, for, as we shall see presently, the proper title was given, at least so far as known to Sir Joshua Reynolds and Smith.

Dr. Vosmaer concludes, "All the evidence as to the further composition of the picture is denied us; the drawing leads us to suppose that the corpse and head of the doctor are exceedingly well treated." Subsequently, however, Dr. Vosmaer was fortunate enough to discover unmistakable evidence of the full

composition of the picture, and to make good use of it in his articles in the French journal *L'Art*, "Les Leçons d'Anatomie dans la Peinture Hollandaise," to be cited in due course.

We have seen that Reynolds records the fact that the picture known as 'The Lecture on Anatomy,' now in the Hague Gallery, was in the Surgeons' Hall, Amsterdam, in 1781. This picture, according to Mr. Nieuwenhuys, in his *Life of Rembrandt*, was painted in 1632, which must have been immediately after Rembrandt went to reside at Amsterdam. It was the gift of Professor R. Tulp, who presented it as a remembrance of himself and his colleagues. It remained in Surgeons' Hall until 1828, when, according to Mr. Nieuwenhuys, it appears that "the Directors of the Anatomical Theatre resolved to sell the picture for the purpose of augmenting the funds for supporting the widows of members, and in consequence the sale was announced for Monday, 4th of August, 1828." The King of the Netherlands opposed the sale, and orders were given to the Minister of the Home Department to obtain it for 32,000 gulden, and it was placed where it now is, in the gallery at the Hague.



The picture painted by Rembrandt in 1656, representing Dr. Johann Deymann and eight of his colleagues, which, as already stated, was seriously injured by fire in 1723, remained—or rather the unburnt portion of it—until 1841, when that also was sold by the Directors of the Surgeons' Hall to Mr. Chaplin, as stated by Smith in 1841, and by Dr. Vosmaer as in 1842.

The question now arises, What became of the picture after Mr. Chaplin brought it to England? The picture appears to have been utterly lost sight of by those interested in the works of Rembrandt, as shown by Dr. Vosmaer's inquiries.

Early in 1879 the trustees of the late Rev. Pryce Owen, of Cheltenham, offered to the authorities of the South Kensington Museum the loan of a collection of pictures, and I visited Cheltenham for the purpose of inspection before acceptance. Amongst other works was a picture which had been lent to the Leeds Exhibition of 1868, and described in the catalogue, page 68, as by Rembrandt van Rhin: "863. Dr. Deeman demonstrating from the dead subject. The celebrated work referred to by Sir Joshua Reynolds," and not described as represented to Dr. Vosmaer by Herr Westerheene.

The picture had evidently been considered by the late owner as unsuited, in a domestic sense, to the prominence which its merits as a work of Art entitled it, and it was hung in a dark corridor, where it was practically invisible. This apparent neglect had probably led to some doubts as to its authenticity. I had so little doubt that it was selected for acceptance on loan to the Museum with other works. On careful examination in a good light after its removal to London, it was pronounced to be an undoubted original by Rembrandt, but evidently much painted upon and deteriorated on the surface. The result is the restoration, in the proper sense, of a magnificent fragment, for it is unhappily nothing more or less, of the picture painted by Rembrandt in 1656, signed and dated.

The evidence of its destruction—or rather the greater part of it—by fire is complete, for on clearing away the added paint, &c., belonging to the *first* and probably a subsequent "restoration," the hands of the principal figure of the original group of eight or more figures became visible, painted with singular power, above the head of the corpse, one hand holding an instrument with which the operator is demonstrating upon the brain.

By our illustration of the present state of the picture it will be seen that the upper portion above the white line was burnt away. The rediscovered hands bear evidence of blistering by fire, and the added canvas above the white line was cut from some other picture, evidently a portion of a painting of Danae, part of a curtain and the "shower of gold" being very distinct.

Happily the fine head, which was assumed by Sir Joshua Reynolds and generally believed to be the portrait of Dr. Johann Deymann, escaped the fire, though it has evidently been affected by the heat to the extent of minute blistering in the upper portions. This head, which deserves Reynolds's praise of its grandeur and colour, is now restored to us; but that it is the portrait of Dr. Deymann is more than doubtful, for fortunately there exists evidence of the full composition of the painting of that physician and his eight colleagues.

Mr. Six, of Amsterdam, the present representative of the family of Rembrandt's patron, the Burgomaster Six, has in his possession a small pen-and-ink sketch by Rembrandt of the full design for the picture of Dr. Johann Deymann and his col-

leagues, which he was commissioned to paint in 1656. Mr. Six kindly offered to place this drawing at my disposal for the purpose of illustration, but Dr. C. Vosmaer, having discovered the sketch, had used it in the series of articles in *L'Art*, as already mentioned. It is inserted here* to show what the picture was intended to be as a whole, and is a fac-simile of the sketch in the possession of Mr. Six.

It must be evident that the central figure of the group, the hands of which are indicated above the head of the dead subject, as carried out in the fragment of the picture retrieved from the fire of 1723, must have been intended for Dr. Johann Deymann, and therefore the figure preserved to us is a portrait of one of his colleagues. Is it now possible to ascertain who this was? Can Dr. Vosmaer throw any light upon this question? Looking at the change in the composition as seen in comparing the fragment of the picture, it is possible that the sketch in chalk by Rembrandt, from which Dillhoff is stated to have made the drawing in 1760, now in the possession of Dr. Vosmaer, was a study by Rembrandt for the change finally made.



Two figures are indicated in the pen-and-ink sketch, the head of one being placed above the other. The composition as carried out was evidently changed to the standing figure as we see it, and another placed at the back; for in the painting there are indications of the hand of such a figure, with faint suggestions that the hand held a glass or goblet; too faint, however, to be properly indicated in the illustration.

Of the high artistic character of the picture—or rather remnant of it left to us—it is sufficient to say that it has all the power and wonderful facility of handling, depth and purity of colour, of Rembrandt at the highest point of his practice, which was certainly about the date of the work, 1656. The signature is one of his grand ones, and the date clearly traceable, although the lower portions of the last two numerals are partly destroyed by the "stopping" used to level the lining canvas employed to keep the picture together after the fire.

The work, as a whole, must have been a magnificent one. The composition and grouping suggest a theatre for anatomical demonstrations, affording great freedom in the placing of the

several figures, so that all could be brought out effectively. Fine as 'The Lecture on Anatomy' at the Hague certainly is, one cannot but feel that this work, in its entirety, must have been very much finer.

Pedigrees of works of Art are as often misleading as confirmatory. The best proof is always in the face of the work itself. This proof is here, but it may be interesting, as a final link in the chain of evidence quoted, to state that on consulting the records kept by the late Rev. Pryce Owen—himself an amateur artist, and a personal friend of Etty—kindly placed at my disposal by his trustees, it is found that he also states that the picture hung in the Surgeons' Hall at Amsterdam; and after alluding to the sale of the Tulp picture to the Dutch Government for the Hague Gallery, he notes, "The cause of the sale of these renowned productions was to obtain funds for the rebuilding, renewing, and enlarging of the Amsterdam Surgeons' Hall."

* The sketches of Dr. Vosmaer's two illustrations have been kindly placed at my disposal by the proprietors of *L'Art* for the illustration of this paper.—G. W.

Hall. The proprietor has letters from Amsterdam regarding this work of Art to Mr. T. Chaplin. This picture was painted for the Surgeons' Hall in Amsterdam, where it remained until the day of the sale, which took place in that town December 23, 1841." Thus confirming the year given by Smith.

It is almost needless now to say that the picture was pur-

chased by the Rev. Pryce Owen from Mr. Chaplin, and remained in his possession until his death, and now forms one of the most interesting works in the collection left by him.

As a matter of fact it may be stated, in conclusion, that the dimensions of this picture correspond with those given by Smith in his "Supplement to Catalogue Raisonné," as already quoted.

PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.

THE Photographic Society of Great Britain opened their annual exhibition on the 6th of October, at the gallery of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, Pall Mall. The number of exhibits reached four hundred and four, and it is interesting to note how much nearer to nature the art reaches year after year. When we say this we have in our mind scientific experimenters, a class represented by such men as Colonel H. Stuart Wortley, Major Van-der-Weyde, Captain G. H. Verney, Captain Abney, A. Lombardi, A. Boucher, William Bedford, Matthew Whiting, Payne Jennings, and Vernon Heath.

The last-named photographer occupies a place of honour at the far end of the room with his enlarged landscape view of 'Stoke Pogis Church' (8), and in its immediate neighbourhood will be found his 'Burnham Beeches' (7). For pictorial treatment and truth of detail this most successful manipulator finds a worthy rival in Captain G. H. Verney, of Esher. His views of 'Tintern Abbey' (74 and 76) and 'Raglan Castle' (75) are as well chosen as they are happily executed. How the former subject can be treated architecturally is admirably exemplified in 15, 16, and 17, which have been manipulated so cleverly by members of the "School of Military Engineering."

Beneath the Autotype Company's enlargement of 'Stoke Pogis Church,' already mentioned, will be found very small negatives and carbon enlargements of 'Lion and Lioness' (111), by T. J. Dixon, also a 'Lion' (118), by Henry Dixon, all remarkable for their felicity of pose as well as truth of texture. We can imagine the operators waiting a long time before the beasts assumed—unconsciously on their part, of course—an attitude to please them.

Turning to the opposite end of the gallery—that nearest the door—the place of honour will be found occupied by the Autotype Company, with a large collection of enamel photographs burnt in upon porcelain and earthenware. Some of them are surprisingly large; but none of them have the delicacy and refinement, nor the power and decision, to be found in the paper-printing process, as illustrated, for instance, by the *wet* and the *gelatine* landscapes of Payne Jennings, or in the *dry plates* of James Russell and Sons.

Colonel Stuart Wortley's sea and cloud studies (197 to 203

inclusive) are as full of natural fact as ever, and they are all instantaneous gelatine plates. Several of these represent what one not familiar with the process would imagine moonlight, but they are in reality all sunlight pictures; and the resemblance arises from the fact that the high lights come out so rapidly that the operator gets no detail in his shadows: hence the peculiarly lunar character of several of the plates. We would call especial attention also to the instantaneous views of 'The Boat Race' (373), by Wratten and Wainwright, and to the various pictorial landscapes by W. Willis, jun., the Armenian views of Leon Warnerke, the 'Views in India' by A. T. Penn, and I. Gale.

In life-sized portraiture we have a very brilliant example of what Signor Lombardi can accomplish; his portrait of Charles Reade, novelist and dramatist, is as characteristic in pose as it is truthful in feature. See also his beautiful 'Lady Gilford' (277 and 278). No less successful are the Woodbury Company's portraits of Professor Huxley, F.R.S., and Birket Foster. The enlargement in the last-named case is from a negative by Lock and Whitfield. Then we have, besides many exquisite portraits of a cabinet size, all taken by the Van-der-Weyde electric light, a brilliant life-sized enlargement of the Prince of Wales. M. Van-der-Weyde was never more successful than here.

Thomas and Robert Annan are names new to us, but their various portraits will satisfy any judge that excellence in the photographic art is by no means new to them. A. Boucher, whom we have already mentioned, deserves special praise for his 'Portraits direct from Life' (137). There is remarkable suavity as well as *vraisemblance* about every one of them. They are among the very best examples of the art which the exhibition supplies. Were we to single out any, we would name the portraits of a 'Lady' (4 and 6), and that of 'Major-General Cameron Shute, C.B., M.P.' We have some well-chosen bits of nature by the Rev. B. T. Thompson, and more particularly by A. Donald, in moist collodion; but our space is already exhausted, and such accomplished operators as the Hon. Mrs. Holden Hambrough, Mrs. S. G. Payne and her husband, also W. Huggins, D.C.L., F.R.S., Samuel Fry, Lieut. Darwin, R.E., must for the present rest satisfied with honourable mention of their names.

ARNAUTS PLAYING DRAUGHTS.

J. L. Gérôme, H.R.A., Painter.

H. VALENTIN, Engraver.

THIS picture, by Baron Gérôme, of two Arnauts seated on a wooden crate playing draughts, although apparently simple in composition, will be found, on a little closer examination, to have been the result of no small amount of thought. The lines of the drapery in both figures, especially in that of the one smoking, are exceedingly graceful, and there is a consent about the disposition of the two figures—a bodily absorption, so to speak—in what they are about, as well as a mental concentration, that quite rivets the attention. The term Arnauts, or Arnauts, as the word was usually spelt two hundred years ago, is another name for the Albanians, who in old times, as

we learn from Richard Knolles, were esteemed by the Turks to be men of dull understanding, notwithstanding that some of them rose to the distinction of being Grand Vizier. In these latter days it is probable the Turks have considerably modified their opinions respecting the mental capacity of the Albanians. At all events, the region which produced such heroes as John Castriot and Scanderbeg is at present occupying no small amount of the attention of European politicians; and if bravery gives any claim to freedom, the Albanians will doubtless get theirs. The print is one that will interest all genuine Art lovers.





MINOR TOPICS.

AN IRISH TRIBUTE TO THE QUEEN.—Let none who murmur at signs of Irish discontent question Irish loyalty as regards the Queen. All classes, of all parties and all religions, honour and love the illustrious lady who rules over both islands. A people true to the instincts of domestic virtue and home duties, with warm and strong sympathies for both, controlling every order of "society," from the highest to the lowest, have, at all events, this merit—that affection, no less than homage, is given to her Majesty by the Irish of every section and grade. The principle that we know to be universal has recently received a somewhat remarkable, and certainly an interesting, illustration. It is "An Address of Condolence from the Mothers and Daughters of Ireland to her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen on the death of the Princess Alice;" an illuminated volume, quarto size, prepared to contain a letter of condolence, signed by about one thousand ladies. They are in all cases ladies of rank, denizens of every Irish county. The address is very beautifully written, and as beautifully embellished by a series of drawings—emblematic. One contains a picture of the home of the Princess at Hesse-Darmstadt; another of the home at Windsor. There are figures representing Erin in sorrow, and other kindred subjects. Art and Letters have combined to render it acceptable to her Majesty in her affliction; it has been received and recognised by the Queen with thankfulness for kind feeling and expressions of sympathy on the part of so large a number of Irish ladies. The project originated with the Hon. Mrs. More-Smyth and Mrs. Maxwell. It is more than creditable to the press of Ireland, but that is its least merit; it has a value far beyond its worth as a work of Art—as the production of so many women of Ireland, ministers of "condolence"—and no doubt consolation—in the deep sorrow of even the Queen of the United Kingdom of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.

MR. G. L. SEYMOUR, whose illustrations of Egypt, published in these pages, have attracted considerable attention, has gone to the south of Spain and Gibraltar. He has undertaken to make some picturesque sketches of some of the most interesting towns in the district for the *Art Journal*.

THE LATE MR. W. C. AITKEN, OF BIRMINGHAM.—When our old and much-valued correspondent, Mr. W. C. Aitken, died in 1875, a more than ordinary demonstration of public respect for his memory and appreciation of his services to his adopted town was manifested at Birmingham, and it was decided that a suitable memorial should be erected over his grave in Handsworth Churchyard, a locality in which he took great interest when living, as the resting-place of Watt and Boulton, the famous Soho partners, and Murdoch, their servant and friend, the inventor of gas-lighting. The church has been under repair or restoration for some years, and the burial-ground little better than a builder's yard; therefore the erection of the memorial has been delayed. The work is now completed, from a design supplied by Mr. J. H. Chamberlain, architect, and executed by Messrs. Chaplin, of Birmingham. It consists of an oblong block of Portland granite, five feet six inches long, two feet six inches wide, and the same in height, divided at the head into three gables surmounted by canopies, the roofs of which, together with that of the other portion, form a cross. The canopies are filled with carvings of the foliage of the wild rose, columbine, ivy, and hawthorn. This tomb rests upon a stone slab seven feet long by four feet wide, carrying a small wrought-iron railing for the protection of the monument, on which is the following inscription:—"This stone is placed in loving memory of William Costen Aitken, by friends who knew his worth and mourn his loss. Devoted to that which he knew to be good, he spent the best years of his life in teaching men how work was rightly ennobled when thought was joined to labour, and beauty

1879.

wedded to skill. Born at Dumfries 3 March, 1817. Died at Birmingham 24 March, 1875."

THE POTTER'S WORK made famous as that of "Lambeth" has found several energetic and able followers—we do not say imitators, for the art is by no means modern, although its revival results from the efforts of one manufacturer, to whom England owes a large debt. Foremost among those by whom the peculiar style has been taken up is Mr. R. W. Martin: his reputation as designer and modeller is not of recent date. One of his productions in terra-cotta, 'A Girl at a Spring,' was engraved in the *Art Journal* in 1875. The works he now conducts are at Shepherd's Bush: there he has established ateliers in which the clays are moulded, the models designed, and the furnaces erected in which the productions are baked. They are, like those of Lambeth, of all sorts and sizes; utilities for household purposes and vases for decoration, with works of higher importance for the architect and builder. Mr. Martin is an artist, but he is also that which we seldom meet in England, although often encountered in France—he is also the workman, the manufacturer, and the merchant.

THE SKETCHING CLUBS attached to the Metropolitan Schools of Art known as the South Kensington Male School, the South Kensington Female School, the Lambeth School, the Gilbert School, and the West London School, had their competition for prizes on the 28th of October, when the works were exhibited at the Dudley Gallery. The adjudicators were Messrs. G. D. Leslie, R.A., P. R. Morris, A.R.A., and S. L. Fildes, A.R.A. The Lambeth School received the award of honour for general superiority of work, and to Mrs. Sparkes, of the same school, was adjudged a prize for a study in sepia of a 'given subject,' 'The Fugitives.' This lady is the wife of Mr. John Sparkes, late head master of the Lambeth School, to whom it owes so much for the efficiency it has long since attained. Mr. H. Beere, another of the students at Lambeth, gained the sculpture prize, the subject given being 'Victory,' which was in his case represented by a small naked figure kneeling in the attitude of thanksgiving. The prize for landscape was awarded to Mr. Tidmarsh, of the West London School, the subject proposed being 'After Rain;' and that for animals was awarded to Mr. Breach, of the West London School. The number of works submitted for competition amounted to one hundred and eighteen.

THE STATUE OF GEORGE PEABODY, close by the Royal Exchange, has now for a companion an ornamental drinking fountain, erected by subscription at a cost of about £1,500. The fountain itself stands upon a pedestal of red and grey polished granite, having on each of its sides a basin of the same material, taken from the Penrhyn quarries. Above is a marble statue of 'Charity,' seated with an infant upon her knees. This group is surmounted by a bronze canopy and turret ornamented with gold, and represented as resting upon double columns at the four corners of the fountain, which altogether is about sixteen feet in height.

MR. POINTER, of Brighton, continues to be the artist who devotes his skill, experience, and ability to the service of his special sitters—cats. He is a valuable ally of the society for extending "humanity to animals," his portraits conveying conviction that the latter think as well as act: not only the cats, but the dogs he pictures, give assurance of the higher attributes of humanity—memory, comparison, gratitude, affection, devoted and self-sacrificing friendship. They manifest the passions also—the good and the bad—and are obviously endowed with those that elevate or degrade men and women. An examination of Mr. Pointer's singularly large collection supplies material for thought; it greatly amuses, it is true, but it appeals to a much higher sentiment than mere amusement: the phy-

siognomist may study character here. Some of the mere portraits are interesting and touching, the countenances of these lower animals being often full of expressive eloquence. But the artist has certainly understood that a principal part of his business is to amuse—to render his productions popular. A series of Art works better calculated to bring pleasure, amounting to delight, to a fireside at Christmas it would be hard to devise. Take up any one of the hundred we have subjected to examination; they are not caricatures, although they represent the dog or the cat, singly or in groups, as imitating the ways of man. To describe even a few of them would require greater space than we can give the subject, novel and interesting though it be. How the photographer must have trained them—what patience he must have encouraged—what docility he has nursed! How exact is the portraiture of an original that had not studied how he or she should look! How devoutly would all artists pray that his human sitters would be as docile, patient, and yielding as Mr. Pointer's dogs and cats! The collection is one of singular interest; Mr. Pointer will give joy not only to those who love Art, but to those who worship Nature.

THE LATE P. F. POOLE.—The will, dated February 7th, 1877, of Mr. Paul Falconer Poole, R.A., late of Uplands, Green Hill, Hampstead, who died on September 22nd, 1879, was proved by John Mogford and Francis Henry Huntington, the executors, the personal estate being sworn under £16,000. The testator leaves to his wife, Mrs. Hannah Poole, £200, his freehold estate at Elstead, Surrey, and all his horses, carriages, furniture, plate, and household effects, except pictures, drawings, and sketches; to the trustees of the National Gallery any of his pictures that they may select and think worthy of being exhibited in that collection, and will undertake to exhibit permanently; to his executor, Mr. Mogford, his picture of 'Burning Weeds;' and legacies to his sister, Mrs. Ruth Westbury, nieces, nephews, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held upon trust for his wife for life, and then, subject to the payment of a few other legacies, for his five nieces.

MISS C. MAUDE NICHOLS, a young lady who belongs to the long-renowned school of Norwich, has submitted to us several etchings from nature of more than good promise; some of them, indeed, are remarkably excellent examples of Art, and several have been on the line in the Royal Academy. She has sought and found themes in various countries—in the forest of Fontainebleau, among the wild sea coasts of Cornwall, and especially in her native city, where picturesque bits are very numerous; so singular, indeed, as, when pictured, to seem creations of fancy. Miss Nichols has achieved reputation as a painter, but it is to her skill as an etcher we desire to draw attention. It is always a pleasant duty to praise the Art works of a lady; it is not often we are called upon to do so as regards the most graceful and effective of all Art branches. We can select from these examples many that would do credit to a veteran in the art. Their value is enhanced by the knowledge that they emanate from the hand and mind of one who is destined to do even better things, good as these are. The art is, day after day, becoming more and more popular, and there is none better suited to the delicate hands of woman. She may be even more "at home" with the dry point than with the ordinary pencil. The occupation is sure to be a source of enjoyment: it may be also a profitable employment. Collections of etched prints may thus be enriched, while largely aiding the Art progress of lady amateurs or lady professors.

THE SCIENCE AND ART DEPARTMENT.—The total number of persons who received direct instruction as students, or by means of lectures, in connection with the Science and Art Department in 1878 is 794,547, showing an increase, as compared with the number in the previous year, of 113,180, or more than 16 per cent. The attendance at the Art and Educational Libraries at South Kensington and at the National Library of Ireland in 1878 has been 76,064, or an increase of 1,731 over that of last year. The museums and collections under the superintendence of the Department in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh,

were last year visited by 2,329,877 persons, showing a decrease of 218,889 on the number in 1877. The returns received of the number of visitors at the local Art and Industrial Exhibitions to which objects were contributed from the South Kensington Museum show an attendance of 513,986. The total number of persons who during the year 1878 attended the different institutions and exhibitions in connection with the Department has been upwards of 3,589,487. This total, compared with that of the previous year, presents a decrease of 672,152. The expenditure of the Department during the financial year 1878-79, exclusive of the vote for the Geological Survey, amounted to £282,553 11s. 5d.

MESSRS. WOOLLEY & Co., the eminent playing-card makers of London, require from us a few words concerning the Art of their productions. They may be words of high praise, notwithstanding the incomprehensible titles given to some of them—a series of Eureka Harrys, figured Japanese Moguls, and gilt Highlanders: whence the derivations we should be glad to know, for the cards by no means carry with them the needful information. Many of them are very beautifully designed, and may be received as Art educators, teaching those who play, and refreshing heart and mind. They are in great variety—floral, geometric, every style indeed, or of no style in particular, such being often the best. Here, too, the artist has found advantageous employment.

THE CORPORATION OF LONDON has had presented to it, by Mr. Hartridge, one of its members, a large collection of engravings and woodcuts illustrating the various changes which have taken place in the history and topography of the extramural parts of the old city. The prints fill twenty-one volumes.

SILVERSMITHS' WORK.—The prize of £100 offered by Mr. E. J. Watherston, through the Society of Arts, for an Essay on the Art of the Silversmith, has been awarded, with the society's silver medal, to Mr. Herbert Singer. The essay strongly recommends the abolition of the duty upon gold and silver plate, and further that Hall marking should be voluntary, and not a compulsory proceeding. It has been left to Mr. Singer to publish his essay or not, as he may think fit.

MARCUS WARD & Co., of Belfast and London, have issued their season collection of Christmas cards. They are such as justify their claim to lead in this class of Art work, good in design, and excellent in execution, and fully sustaining the firm in the high position they occupy among producers of illustrated publications. The cards are of all sorts and sizes, some costly, some cheap: we are not sure that the cheapest are not the best. As with all such works this year, Christmas, with its yule-log, its chimney-corner, its home meetings and greetings, its sacred and happy memories, its talk of the past and hopes of the future—such seldom supply themes to either the artist or the verse writer. The cards commemorate Christmas, with the part of Christmas omitted. But they are charming, and often beautiful, pictures, that will gladden hearths in winter, and bring to households healthful joys.

NOVEL APPLICATION OF PHOTOGRAPHY.—It is stated in the *Wool Trade Review* that one of the silk-manufacturing firms at Lyons is introducing photography into the ornamentation of textile fabrics. Several pieces of silk thus treated are said to have been exhibited at a recent meeting of the Photographic Society, some of which are taken from pictures by the old masters.

THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A.—Readers of the *Art Journal* are familiar with the name of one of the most useful authors of the century. Some of the more valuable of his productions were originally published in this work: to many they have been boons of gratification and information. Like most "men of letters by profession," he left to his widow nothing but his fame: he had a pension, but that she does not inherit. In addition to the unprovided state in which Mrs. Wright was left, it should be known that she is almost blind—indeed, for any practical purpose, quite so—and therefore requires extra assistance. Up to the present time a few of Mr. Wright's friends and the Literary Fund have found what was needed.

ART PUBLICATIONS.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & Co. are publishing a series of books* which can scarcely fail, for various reasons, to be of the greatest use to Art students of every kind, the first and primary reason being their "handiness," for they occupy a place between the meagre sketches one generally finds in biographical dictionaries and the more elaborate histories which have been written by men whose sole object seems to have been to collect every atom of information that could be gathered together respecting the life and works of the artist who chances to have been made the subject of the book. At present five only of these elegantly got-up and most interesting volumes have made their appearance: these are "Titian," by R. Ford Heath, M.A.; "Rembrandt," by J. W. Mollett, B.A., from the text of C. Vosmaer; "Raphael," by M. D'Anvers, from the text of J. D. Passavant; "Van Dyck" and "Frans Hals," by Percy R. Head, B.A.; "Holbein," by J. Cundall, from the German "Holbein und seine Zeit" of Dr. Woltmann; and "Tintoretto" (J. Robusti), by W. Rosae Osler.

Though the names of these writers are, with one exception, perfectly unknown to us in connection with Art, they have, for the most part, done their work with judgment and discretion, the failures being generally in the attempts to describe the pictures, which seem to awaken no enthusiasm in the minds of the writers, and show almost entire ignorance of practical Art work and of Art language. Glancing over the history of the five painters above mentioned, and with the recollection of many of their principal works vividly impressed on the "mind's eye," one cannot but be struck with the marked contrast presented by each—Raphael and Rembrandt, darkness opposed to light; Holbein and Titian, materialism as against the spiritual—at least in portraiture. Yet each has his points of excellence, which no true connoisseur or Art lover can ignore, or would be desirous of ignoring. These welcome little volumes contain a few illustrations from some of the most popular pictures of the several artists; and a list of a large number of their works, real or assumed, is appended to each biographical sketch.

We are pleased to know the publishers of this series of volumes do not intend to limit them to the painters of the great old continental schools, but that artists of more modern times, with some of our own country, will be included: among these later artists we find the names of Gainsborough, Hogarth, Delaroche, and Vernet are in the hands of various writers, preparing for publication.

MESSRS. LECHERTIER, BARBE & Co. have recently published a very interesting book on painted tapestry,† a translation from one by Julien Godon. The word "tapestry" carries the mind very far back indeed. The temples of Babylon were decorated with it; the palaces of Assyrian kings were hung with gold and silver tapestry; faithful Penelope's web is famous; and later, when heathen temples had given place to Christian churches, royal ladies delighted to employ their leisure hours in decorating the holy edifices with tapestries embroidered with gold and enriched with pearls. But we are more prosaic now. Masses share the elegant employment of the once high-born few, and thousands of buildings need adornment where one stood in the earlier days. Private houses as well as public buildings are now decorated in a princely style; yet what could be more elegant, instead of painted or papered walls, than tapestry? It will clothe the framework of our habitations as well as cover it—a great advantage in our moist and chilly climate. Woven tapestry in the fourteenth century superseded hand-worked hangings, as the invention to which our attention is now drawn has that of painted tapestries, which, though equal in beauty, can be produced at infinitely less cost. The canvas

is woven in imitation of the various fabrics of ancient cloths. "Having no 'body,' the liquid colours used penetrate into the material of the canvas as would a stain or dye." Painted tapestry may either be hung against the wall, or stretched on wood frames, or fastened with an adhesive substance. It is more durable than any process of wall painting, and has what some may think a great advantage, an infinite variety of design that paper cannot allow of—your walls will not be precisely like those of your neighbour!

Mr. Bucknell, an architect and the translator, has given a most interesting account of tapestry from the earliest days, and all the information required by would-be tapestry painters to induce artists and amateurs to try a new field for their invention and the cultivation and satisfaction of their Art tastes. Specimens of famous tapestries are given, and all a student can desire to know is set before him with clearness and in an interesting manner, that cannot fail to induce very many to adopt it as a new vehicle of Art that will be profitable to artists, and satisfy owners of dwellings who desire to beautify and adorn them in a novel, elegant, and not extravagant style.

MR. MORTON EDWARDS has published an interesting and valuable little book, "A Guide to Modelling in Clay and Wax."* It is what it purports to be—"Sculptural Art made easy for beginners." Mr. Edwards is himself a professor of the art, and enters on his task with much knowledge and large experience. His little book is well calculated to become a safe guide and sure instructor. The information is conveyed in simple language; there is no overloading of technical phraseology, nor any professional *mots*; the learner may read as he runs; he will here find all he desires or needs to know, and has only to carry into practice the lessons he obtains.

THE collection of works sent us by those excellent caterers for old and young, Messrs. Griffith and Farran, are, as usual, interesting in subject, charming in style, and beautifully "got up." The first we open is "The Bird and Insect's Post Office,"† by Robert Bloomfield, author of "The Farmer's Boy," a book that, by its illustrations, will delight all readers; but it is questionable whether the letterpress will prove equally "taking" with children. Robert Bloomfield's style is hardly easy and familiar enough to attract their continued attention; the instruction is not disguised sufficiently under a bright and shining veil—the language is too stilted. There is not in these letters the charm of geniality and fun that makes Mrs. Gatty's stories a never-ending joy. But of the illustrations we cannot say too much; every one is a picture, full of poetry, and yet a "speaking" likeness of the bird or insect it portrays. The rising generation is indeed fortunate when such books are brought within the reach of parents, and the eye is educated by truthful portraits of the common sights of the gardens of old England. In brief, the engravings are worthy of better letterpress; but it is an interesting fact that the editor of the work is the grandson of the author.

THIS is a charming and touching story to place in the hands of young people—a story of country life and country interests.‡ The development of character in Lottie, the squire's daughter, and of Effie, the orphan blind girl, is well delineated, and the whole simply told; while the highest and holiest of Christian teaching runs through the tale, though not brought forward so conspicuously as to be wearisome or "goody-goody." The

* "A Guide to Modelling in Clay and Wax, and for Terra-cotta; Bronze and Silver Chasing and Embossing, Carving in Marble and Alabaster, Moulding and Carving in Plaster of Paris." By Morton Edwards. Published by Lechertier, Barbe & Co.

† "Bird and Insect's Post Office." Edited by Walter Bloomfield. Published by Griffith and Farran.

‡ "Silver Linings; or, Light and Shade." By Mrs. Reginald Bray. Illustrated by H. H. Collins. Published by Griffith and Farran.

* "The Great Artists." Published by Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

† "Painted Tapestry, and its Application to Interior Decorations." By Julien Godon. Translated by B. Bucknell, Architect. Published by Lechertier, Barbe & Co.

illustrations, from the pencil of H. H. Collins, are excellent and tender in execution.

FOREMOST among the works issued by Messrs. Griffith and Farran this season we must place a fine translation of "Das Nibelungenlied." * It is beautifully illustrated, and the trials of Siegfried and Criemhild, the treacheries of Brunhild and Hagen, that have been lately brought before the elders of society through Wagner's music, are now laid before the juniors of the family in elegant English, which yet seems to follow most accurately the original German. This poem, which the Germans regard as their national epic, first appeared in the twelfth century, and is a rare and beautiful specimen of mediæval poetry. The illustrations are in the best German style.

As a great treat to lovers of pets of all descriptions, we can safely recommend this book about foreign pets.† Beginning with "Elfit," a pet name for a marvellously small "night ape," sixteen inches from the tip of his turned-up nose to the end of his long tail, continuing with cats, wonderful ponies, bellicose ostriches, native smaller birds, an evil-disposed baboon, the most intelligent and "faithful unto death" of dogs, down to the more generally despised toad (who went to church), and a bat whose nest was an old inkstand, Mrs. Parry has given us as charming and especially interesting a narrative, because *true*, as any that we have ever read on such a subject. Some of her pets we might not care to have, and of many we can well believe her naïve remark, when their untimely death has to be recorded, "I think his death was a relief to my friends." The concluding chapter, "A Few Words about the Kaffirs," is most interesting to read at the present time. Her opinion of them is highly favourable, and the Zulu Kaffirs she calls "the gentlemen amongst Kaffirs." Fowls and eggs are sold to the English, they never using them themselves except for the old people, who have grown fastidious and require such dainties, for Kaffirs take care of their old relations; and the eldest wife is quite a queen over all the others, and is not set aside because she has grown old and ugly. The description of the kraals is interesting, and altogether this is a charming book for old and young—one to make us love the lower animals more, and give us a more friendly and appreciative view of so-called savage life by one who has lived among the dark races of earth.

ANOTHER, but less ambitious, work on the same subject,‡ animal life, is one by Miss Mary Hooper, who has given us so much that is calculated to instruct and amuse. When we say that the twenty-three illustrations are by Harrison Weir and others worthy to associate with him, we can give the book no higher praise. "Jack thinking of his Mother" is charming, and the tale which the cut illustrates shows, if we may say so without offence, that Miss Hooper can indeed enter into a donkey's feelings. "Pink," the conceited hen, is quite a character, her failure to obtain a prize at the Crystal Palace Show being quite touching as to its effects upon her mind, and the result of the disappointment is quite human in its appropriateness, for eventually she becomes a "meek hen," and is content to "lay eggs and bring up chickens for little Bertie and her mamma." The pig who knew Monday was washing day, and had her back well scrubbed with a brush and soap, is a pattern of pigs. The tales of robins and small birds at the end of the book would be profitable reading for boys with a taste for bird's-nesting, and Miss Hooper may certainly feel satisfied with the results of her labour of love, for her little book will surely find many readers, all to

rise merrier and more animal-loving than they were before they read it.

THESE are six chronicles of Cornertown,* a mixture of fairy and domestic lore, very charmingly written, with various pretty outline cuts to illustrate the tales. "The Golden Wedding" chronicle is very taking, and the description of the aged bride, who serves all her own children and friends to the youngest infant before herself tasting a morsel, is quaint and "foreign" in its idea. "Let her alone," said the old grandfather, when the guests wanted to interfere, "it's a bride's duty; she began it on her first wedding day, and has carried it on till now. She will carry it on with the angels in heaven, bless her! some day."

"The Two Birthdays, or the Passion Flower," is also very well told—where the seeker after immortal life on earth finds, after years of toil and striving after truth, that his immortality is in his *son*. "The seeker after truth is immortal on earth, not in himself, but in those who come after him!"

BRITTANY has been made familiar to England by many recent writers. "The Breton folk" are our neighbours, in some sense our ancestors; at least the only conquerors of Britain were of the brave and stubborn race whose descendants yet people the western shores of France. Another illustrated volume descriptive of a deeply interesting country, little changed during the nine centuries that have lapsed since the Conquest, cannot but be welcome to our table.†

The book is designed to take its place among the choicest of the Christmas gift books; and it is worthy to do so, although truth is more directly aimed at than refinement; and the engravings by which it is profusely illustrated seem to approach the verge where the actual becomes so coarse as to be almost repulsive. The theme is rich in legendary lore, and the author has dealt with it very skilfully; while his descriptions are graphic, comprehensible, and forcible in the impressions they leave on the mind of the reader. The artist is well known, is indeed renowned: he seems to have thought that startling effect would aid his purpose better than laboured study, and that a touch or two would suffice to satisfy the "artistic" followers whose company he seeks during his tour among the "Breton folk." The engraver of the whole one hundred and seventy woodcuts is Mr. J. D. Cooper: there is no one of the many who engrave on wood who could have done the work better; he holds a very foremost rank in his profession. If the artist is dry in his details, prefers the commonplace to the picturesque, fact to fancy, and the severity of truth to the inspired suggestions of poetry, the engraver has been *en rapport* with him; and, seen in the light thus produced, artist, engraver, and author have produced a remarkable book.

THERE are few authors who labour more usefully for the young than James Macauley, M.D. and M.A., Editor of the *Leisure Hour*. His "Annual" for boys is before us,‡ full of sound instruction and useful information, but by no means overdidactic, for it contains a great deal to interest and much to amuse, while the Art is decidedly good; some of the engravings, indeed, reach to a degree of excellence that would be creditable in publications that seek readers among those who were boys long ago. Although one of the many valuable publications of the Religious Tract Society, it is religious only in so far as its prevailing tone, and the continual study to impress on the mind of the young the highest of all his duties.

* "Golden Threads from an Ancient Loom (Das Nibelungenlied)." Adapted to the use of Young Readers. By Lydia Hands. With Fourteen Wood Engravings by Julius Schnorr, of Carlsfeld. Published by Griffith and Farran.

† "African Pets, or Chats about our Animal Friends in Natal. With a Sketch of Kaffir Life." By F. Clinton Parry. Published by Griffith and Farran.

‡ "Ways and Tricks of Animals." Published by Griffith and Farran.

* "Cornertown Chronicles: New Legends of Old Lore." By Katherine Knox. Published by Griffith and Farran.

† "Breton Folk: an Artistic Tour in Brittany." By Henry Blackburn. With One Hundred and Seventy Illustrations by R. Caldecott. Published by Sampson Low & Co.

‡ "The Boys' Own Annual: an Illustrated Volume of Pure and Entertaining Reading." Edited by James Macauley, M.A., M.D.

FINIS.

JANUARY, 1879.

THE ART-JOURNAL



STEEL PLATES

ADORATION. After ARY SCHEFFER.
THE LADY IN "COMUS." After J. D. CRITTENDEN.
LEAVING HOME. After F. HOLL, A.R.A.

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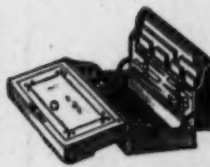
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